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*Henry James Jewett*

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THE LIFE AND DEATH  
OF  
LLEWELLYNN JEWITT,  
F.S.A., ETC.  
WITH  
FRAGMENTARY MEMOIRS  
OF SOME OF  
HIS FAMOUS LITERARY AND ARTISTIC FRIENDS,  
ESPECIALLY OF

SAMUEL CARTER HALL,  
F.S.A., ETC.  
BY



WILLIAM HENRY GOSS, F.G.S., ETC.

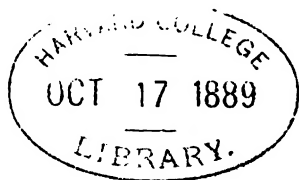
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## CHAPTER I.

ON THE SORROW AT THE DEPARTURE OF A FRIEND, WHETHER FOR THE VALE OF PARADISE OF THIS EARTH OR THAT OF HEAVEN.—CHARACTER AND ACCOMPLISHMENTS OF ARTHUR JEWITT, LLEWELLYNN JEWITT'S FATHER.—TUBAL-CAIN.—ARTHUR JEWITT'S LITERARY LABOURS.

**T**HERE is no one who knew my dear father so well as you ; and you are better able to write a memoir of him than anyone else." This was written to me on the 16th June, 1886, by Edwin Augustus George Jewitt, the only surviving son of my late dear friend Llewellynn Jewitt, seven days after we had sorrowed together at the open grave of that good man. Besides this I am told by all his children that there was no one to whom he wrote so many letters as to myself. I therefore accept his son's invitation to write this memoir, with feelings of mingled sorrow and pleasure—but of sorrow very preponderant. The task will indeed be a sad one, and the only pleasure in it will be the feeling of hope that I may be able to do justice to his dear memory, and exhibit him in his true character as one of nature's noblemen. The sorrow at so happy and triumphant a death of so happy a life is indeed weakness. But his was the power to win the love that must ever selfishly bemoan his departure to another life. And what is the meaning and the nature of this sorrow for a departed friend ? Is it that we really, in our inmost heart, believe that dark annihilation is the result of death and the cold grave, notwithstanding a profession

of religious faith? No; it is not that. Our sorrow and our faith go hand in hand; and the faith, firmer than a rock, chides not the sorrow all in tears.

Those who have watched the departure of a great passenger ship bound to a distant port beyond the seas, will have witnessed the same parting sorrow, although the voyager be only bent on pleasure, or has accepted an appointment abroad which will greatly improve his fortune.

I watched an instance of this the other day on the Mersey. The splendid ship "Valparaiso" was about to start for the sunny land of the same name—which means the Vale of Paradise. There was a young clergyman going out to an appointment there, and his sister had come to see him off. The steam-tender was taking on board the last batch of passengers, and their luggage, and their friends, and myself. The brother and sister were of this party, and were both determined to make light of the parting; chatting merrily as we approached the big ship lying at anchor in the river. He was going to his good fortune in the Vale of Paradise of this earth: what had he to be sad about? She was going to see him start on that happy errand: what had she to be sad about? There was no danger to apprehend in such a ship as that—so well and so often tried on that same ocean-path. They each determined that they would *not* be sad. That was evident from their manner, which evinced effort, as they laughingly conversed about trifles and looked so brave. They were each trying to deceive the other. After the big ship had received us all, and the tender had at last delivered up its last package, its bell sounded the call for visitors to return on board the small vessel from the larger. Then the brother and sister embrace, the last kiss is given, and they still look so brave—especially the sister. We pass down from the big ship to its tender, and then we look up, and he is there looking down upon her from the lofty bulwarks. He is still acting; but while he is forcing a smile, I perceive on his cheeks the shiny paths of the tears that *would* force their way. He pretends it is not so; and won't confess to the tears by wiping away their shiny paths; and still they flow as he looks down smiling and lovingly, pretending he is not weeping. She—hard-hearted sister!—though so beautiful, with complexion of roses and lilies, and hair of fine gold, like the crest of Achilles—she looks up smiling too, but without a tear. As the steam-tender turns and steams back towards the landing-stage, she still looks towards him and waves a crisp white handkerchief, pretending she is quite untouched. That girl had wonderful power of self-repression. But I looked towards her again, and the handkerchief was no longer crisp. It had become very limp with a shower of tears. She had broken down at last and wept bitterly. There was such weeping that the roses and the lilies would all have been washed away had they not been as truly natural as her brave heart proved to be. It is to be hoped that her brother, watching from the big ship while its anchor was being lifted, could yet see through his tears when that crisp white signal of self-repression

was struck, and the beautiful head, crowned with fine gold, was at last bowed down with bitter grief; then he would feel at liberty also to have a good honest cry, and be less ashamed of it. And there was much weeping besides on board that steam-tender—even at that parting from those who were departing only for pleasure or profit.

In the loving sympathies of humanity there are chords which extend from heart to heart, and become deeply rooted there in the course of prolonged fellowship. And these chords are shot from heart to heart through the light of the eye, the magic of touch, and the sound of the friendly voice. The eye, the ear, and the grasp of the hand are all channels of sympathy leading straight to the heart of love, but they are neither of them necessary to its access. The heart of the blind and the deaf is to be also reached, merely by the knowledge of all acts of kindness and sympathy and love. In the separation of hearts thus connected by long fellowship, the chords become strained and pained, and the hearts bleed, and the sympathies become stronger and more yearning than ever. And this is so, whether the beloved one be leaving us to go to the Vale of Paradise of this earth, or to that of Heaven.

And it is not only at great seaports that this parting sorrow is to be seen. At railway stations of manufacturing districts very touching scenes are often to be witnessed at the departure of some son or daughter of toil, who is going out to brighter prospects in the New World, and is attended to the out-going Liverpool train by his or her shopmates. They cannot afford to see the emigrant on board, but they come down to the station in a little crowd—at the loss of an hour's wages, and when the train starts up go the aprons of the work-girls to do the mopping work of the crisp white handkerchief, while there is also weeping in that vanishing train.

It is a beautiful testimony in favour of human nature and the human character generally, that, as a rule, the longer an acquaintance has lasted, the stronger is the mutual attachment, and the greater the sorrow of separation. How often is the general lovability of the human character shown in the expression, "I have known him more than twenty years!" which is about equivalent to saying, "Of course I know all the more what a lovable fellow he is from having known him over twenty years, than if I had only known him ten years!"

He, at whose departure so many have thus naturally sorrowed, because he was one of the most lovable of friends, as well as of fathers and husbands—Llewellynn Jewitt, was born at Kimberworth, near Rotherham, on the 24th of November, 1816. He was the youngest and seventeenth child of Arthur Jewitt and his wife Martha, who was a daughter of Thomas Sheldon, said to have been a connection of the family of Archbishop Sheldon. This Arthur Jewitt was himself a very remarkable man, as the reader will find out. He was the son of another Arthur Jewitt and his wife Mary, whose maiden name was Priestly; and there were Arthur Jewitts, heads of the family, many generations still farther back. I find the age of Llewellynn

Jewitt's grandmother variously stated in the family records as 98, 99 and 100 years at her death. There were many great ages in the family, one extending to 104 years. The first and second Arthur Jewitt here specified were manufacturers of cutlery at Sheffield, and the second insisted upon *his* son Arthur becoming his apprentice, that he might, when of age, inherit the freedom of the Cutlers' Company. His mark was a Mill-rinde between two *fleurs-de-lis*. The third, or youngest Arthur at present referred to, Llewellynn Jewitt's father, detested the occupation, his tastes being all literary, scientific and artistic. But he was obedient to his father, and did his duty to him. He was also obedient to his own prevailing tastes, and spent all his leisure time, not necessary for rest, in acquiring languages, and a knowledge of the arts and sciences, especially mathematics, botany, geography, astronomy and drawing. Thus he prepared himself, perseveringly and patiently, for his days of freedom, when he would scorn the freedom of the Cutlers' Company. So, on its very first day, the twenty-first anniversary of his birthday, the 7th March, 1793, he put away for ever the art and occupation of a cutler, and married his sweetheart, Martha Sheldon, and, in a few weeks, started an academy in Chesterfield, for the conduct of which he had so thoroughly well prepared himself.

But having told of this bold and remarkable experiment in the start of life, of Llewellynn Jewitt's father, I think it only proper that I should follow it with a word of caution to youthful readers who may admire it, and deem it worthy of imitation. It was bold, and proved successful; but it was nevertheless very dangerous and unwise. Arthur Jewitt must have been a very stubborn, as well as conscientious, self-reliant young man. He had served his time to a good, honourable and flourishing trade; energetic attention to which on his part, with all his rare industry, abilities and chances—for his father wished him to join the manufacturing business—must, in a reasonable time, have led on to ample fortune. This would have left him still free to indulge his tastes for the arts and sciences as a pleasant pastime of leisure, as he had been doing during his apprenticeship. Then there was the prospect of ultimate retirement from the business, if he should choose to do so, with full, unanxious opportunity to devote all his remaining life to the Muses. But from this prospect and this reasoning he turned firmly aside. Then another prudent appeal would be made to him; not, in the name of common sense, to throw up his tried means of livelihood for an experiment and uncertainty, and take to him a wife, on one and the same day. Something would be urged about the prospect of children adding to the responsibilities and danger of such a step. But it is doubtful whether the full total of the future seventeen was paraded in the reasoning. Even had that been credibly foretold, it is also doubtful if it would have moved the firm resolution of Arthur Jewitt on the eve of his freedom and manhood and marriage. He was firmly determined to exercise in his own way the liberty of his new liberty; and, Martha Sheldon having implicit faith in his abilities and judgment, they were married on the completion of his 21st year. And in consequence of this change of pursuit she became

the mother of authors and artists, instead of Sheffield cutlers and merchants.

I have spoken of the calling of the Sheffield cutler as "honourable," and I meant the word in its noblest sense. In my opinion the workers in iron and steel are engaged in the most honourable of all the most noble of the physical labours of man. Yes; had it been my own lot to be a leader of workers in iron instead of workers in clay I should have claimed greater nobility for the word smith than for that of potter. As it is I prefer to take up the crude clay, and turn it into things of beauty and utility. The ancients so appreciated the artificers in metals that very early in the history of human labour they deified their Vulcan. And one of the most honoured names recorded in early scripture is that of Tubal-cain, probably the same as the deified Vulcan. No man need be ashamed of his patronymic of "Smith," for it is truly honourable, more so than that of "Goldsmith." As Vulcan was the reputed maker of the thunderbolts of Jove, so the smith of all times, as the maker of the weapons and tools of men, has been the maker of human power, and the subjector of the earth and all its creatures to human rule by means thereof.

Immediately after his marriage Arthur Jewitt, as I have said, started a school at Chesterfield, which became a great success. I shall return to his early history later on, by recording some of his own "Recollections" of his youth, which he wrote towards the close of his life. For various reasons connected with his progressive undertakings he changed his residence several times. After residing again in Sheffield for some years, he removed to Newcastle-under-Lyme, and kept a school there. After that he removed to the parish of Brampton, near Chesterfield, and, subsequently, to Buxton, that he might write the history of that town, and a visitors' guide to the curiosities of the Peak. In 1813 he became the master of Kimberworth School, near Rotherham, and it was there, three years later, that his seventeenth and last child, Llewellynn, was born.

Arthur Jewitt became a well-known and successful topographical writer during the early years of this century. He was the author of a History of Lincoln, a History of Buxton, the "Lincolnshire Cabinet," "Panorama of the Peak," Handbooks of Geometry and Perspective, and many other works. The following, which I have never seen, but of which I have the original advertisement before me, must have been an interesting work, and was probably the foundation of future guide books:

"Remarks on various parts of the Counties of Nottingham, Lincoln, York, Derby and Stafford; being the result of several successive tours and excursions since the commencement of the present century. To which is added an Epitome of the Botany of the districts visited, exhibiting, by synoptical tables, the places of growth, leading properties, general characters, &c., of every plant observed by the author." It was issued in two foolscap octavo

volumes, illustrated with twenty-four aquatinta views of ruins, scenes, antiquities, &c., at fifteen shillings per volume in boards, and one guinea each with plates coloured after nature. And this is Arthur Jewitt's announcement in the advertisement :

"Of a work of this nature, the author (without transcribing the table of contents) finds it difficult to offer any prospectus; he can, therefore, only say that he has followed the steps of no tourist or topographer, and that his remarks are the simple observations of an individual on a tract of country which he has often visited, and of which the greater part has hitherto been but imperfectly noticed.

"Among the places particularly mentioned are the City of Lincoln, the Towns of Louth, Horncastle, Great Grimsby, Saltfleet, Wragby, Gainsboro', and the unfrequented tract of Marsh Country near the Coast of Lincolnshire; the Towns of Newark, Southwell, Mansfield, Retford, Tuxford and Worksop, and the Forest Tract of Nottinghamshire; Derby, Chesterfield, Ashbourne, Dronfield, Wirksworth, Cromford, Matlock, Buxton, Tideswell and Bakewell; Chatsworth, and the mountainous part of Derbyshire; Stafford, Newcastle, Uttoxeter, Cheadle, Burton-upon-Trent, Leek and Longnor; the Moor Lands, and the Potteries of Staffordshire; Tickhill, Bawtry, Rotherham, Sheffield, Hallamshire, and the Cutlery District of Yorkshire."

It would interest many, now, to know what Arthur Jewitt had to say about some of these places at the commencement of the present century.

In 1817 he started the *Northern Star*, a Yorkshire monthly magazine of very considerable interest, which was continued for several years.

His lucid and dignified style of writing is exemplified in the following fragment of "Introduction" to his "Panorama of the Peak," which I transcribe from his original rough MS., a printed copy of the work never having been in my hands :

"The tract of country here selected is comprised within a circle, the periphery of which just includes Buxton, Matlock and Castleton, and has for its centre the picturesque village of Ashford;—a tract whether considered for the variety of landscape it affords, for the contrast which the face of the country exhibits, for the natural curiosities which it contains, or for the superb specimens of architecture it presents, is the most interesting in Derbyshire, and, perhaps, for the same extent in miles, may be unequalled in England.

"By glancing over the map it will be easily perceived that the circle is not entirely confined to Derbyshire, but extends a little way into the county of Stafford, including the most beautiful part of the course of the river Dove within its range, and, as it were, uniting with the Peak a country which art and not nature has separated. The other part of the circle is composed of part of the Hundreds of the High Peak and Scarsdale, and of the Wapentake of Wirksworth.

"Derbyshire is in general said to be composed of three kinds of soil—limestone, gritstone, and coal. Portions of each of these are comprised within the circle, and by the variety which they give to the appearance of the country, add no little to the beauty and interest of its prospects.

"The limestone tract, which extends from the boundary of Staffordshire and the western extremity of the circle to a ridge of rock which runs nearly parallel to the Derwent at the distance of two miles westward from it, is a diversified assemblage of mountain and valley, of hill and dale, of craggy rocks and deep ravines; sometimes exhibiting an apparently interminable wild, devoid of every kind of tree, save here and there a blighted fir, and only intersected with walls rudely built of stones broken from the parent rock; sometimes presenting a luxuriant landscape where every requisite for forming a finished picture are united and harmoniously combined, yet produce an inimitable scene.

"The gritstone tract of this circle is comprised within the Hundred of Scarsdale, a division of the country proverbially beautiful, and in that part of the circle which extends into Staffordshire. In both parts it is principally remarkable for its extensive moors, and its sharp ridges of rock, rising to a great height above the surface; for the richness and luxuriance of its valleys, and for the singularity and extent of its prospects.

"The rivers which ornament this circle are the Derwent, which enters it in two streams on the north near Hathersage, and running nearly due south passes Grindleford Bridge, Barlow, Chatsworth, Rowsley, Darley, and Matlock, leaving its confines at Matlock Bath, having in its course cut off a segment to the east of about one-third of the whole circle; the Wye, which rises near Buxton, and takes nearly an easterly direction till it falls into the Derwent at Rowsley, exhibiting in its course a series of views seldom in so short a space equalled for their variety and picturesque effect; and the Dove, which forms the boundary of Staffordshire, and runs within this tract through the well-known romantic Dove Dale.

"The method of exhibition followed in this Panorama is first to describe the town which forms the centre; then by supposing a line fixed there and extended to Buxton, to give a picture of that celebrated place, and by setting out northward with the extremity of the string in the periphery, to make the tour of the whole circle, bringing successively to view every remarkable object that the string passes over."

Arthur Jewitt was himself the sole tutor of his son Llewellynn. We have seen that he was a man of remarkable energy and activity, and stern firmness of will. He was also a man of strong constitution, and a despiser of all doctors' stuffs. Whenever he felt himself getting out of sorts, his custom, even in his old age, was to put aside his work, have his saddle-bag filled with a few necessities of travel,



mount his horse and ride away, anywhere, until he was weary ; then rest at an inn, and so on for days, and sometimes for weeks, until his health was restored, when he would return home. His panacea until the last was riding exercise, and change of air and scene. The spurs which he used on his journeys are now in my collection of curiosities. He died in 1852, when a memoir appeared in the *Gentleman's Magazine*. His birth-day, as I have said, was the 7th of March ; so was his wedding-day ; and so was his death-day, at the age of exactly 80 years. He died at Headington, near Oxford, and was buried in the churchyard there. But this mention of his death and burial in this place should be regarded rather as a prophecy, for the present, seeing that we have by no means done with him yet.



## CHAPTER II.

ABOUT LLEWELLYNN JEWITT'S BROTHERS.—ARTHUR GEORGE, WHOSE POEMS WERE DEDICATED TO H.R.H. GEORGE, PRINCE OF WALES, REGENT OF GREAT BRITAIN; AND ORLANDO THE FAMOUS ARTIST.



LLEWELLYNN JEWITT'S eldest brother was the Rev. Arthur George Jewitt, and he also was a literary man. He wrote "Wanderings of Memory" and "Self-knowledge," and several of his sermons were published. Some manuscript sheets of his "Wanderings of Memory" are before me, and evince considerable power. There is a vigorous, firm, stately pace in the lines, and every word is to the purpose. Here is an example—a fragment :

" Not so the poor man : he tastes sweet repose,  
Nor fear, nor gnawing care his bosom knows ;  
Tired with his daily task, his bed he seeks,  
No hideous dream his peaceful slumber breaks,  
Calm he lies down,—toil gives repose a zest,  
And poverty enjoys the envied rest.

Yet some there are amongst the rich who taste  
The poor man's joys, nor think their rank disgraced,  
Who, neither avaricious, nor profuse,  
To all around benevolence diffuse :  
So does content reign in their tranquil breast,  
And they prove this,—TO BLESS IS TO BE BLESS'D.

But let us look into this lowly cot,—  
Come, Son of Pride, come view the poor man's lot :  
Come, look around, see here his whole estate,  
No splendid side-board deck'd with massive plate,  
No sparkling wines in vaults beneath are stored,  
No costly viands smoke upon the board.  
' Coarse are his meals,' yet hunger makes them sweet,  
And the pall'd stomach never loathes its meat.

See, on that hanging shelf just overhead,  
A high piled pond'rous batch of oaten bread ;  
This, with sour buttermilk, or whey, or cheese,  
Delicious bacon, which a king might please,  
Milk and potatoes, forms the Peak'rell's food,  
Nerves his stout arm, and swells his veins with blood,—  
That blood which boils against oppression's laws,—  
That arm which strikes in injured virtue's cause.

See there a table, there three chairs are placed,  
A *delft-shelf* there, with white-scoured trenchers graced,  
Knives, forks and spoons suspended in a horn,  
Pan, *cake-sprittle and slice*, the walls adorn,  
A row of *porringers*, all clean and neat  
*Doshean* and saucepan make the house complete.

Look out the door—see there where fenced around  
 Appears a little cultured spot of ground.  
 There cabbages and greens, in many a row,  
 Beans, turnips, lettuce, carrots, spinach, grow ;  
 There of choice pot-herbs is a favourite bed,  
 Where parsley, mint and pennyroyal spread,  
 Chives, sage and rue, with marygolds and thyme ;  
 And there prolific peas commingling climb :  
 Whilst there—the poor man's help in time of need—  
 Grows the potato, 'mongst th' incumbering weed.

Say, Son of Wealth, say, if midst all thy power,  
 Content has bless'd thee with one tranquil hour :  
 Ah no ! the senses by enjoyment cloy'd,  
 Sigh for fresh pleasures, which, when once enjoy'd,  
 Are cast aside, whilst the enfeebled mind  
 Writhes 'neath the sting those joys have left behind.  
 Look at this picture ; here have pass'd their life  
 The tender husband, the adoring wife ;  
 Their wants but few—content and peace they found  
 And happiness—a never ceasing round ;  
 Brought up their offspring—spite of all the cares  
 Which poverty entails—their children theirs ;  
 They in their turn enjoy'd the cot, their own  
 From sire to son for ages handed down :  
 Within these walls content and peace reside—  
 View this and blush, ye pampered Sons of Pride !  
 Think, while ye view this dwelling raised with clods,  
 ' He who wants least, comes nearest to the gods.'

The "poor man" of the foregoing is a "Peakerell," the proprietor of the "Lime Hut." Here is another fragment on the "Pride of the Peak" itself :

"Thou whose kind hand the harp of Bloomfield strung  
 When Cambria's Wye thy favour'd poet sung ;  
 Thou who attun'dst the bard of Clifton's lyre,  
 And touch'dst his lips with pure poetic fire ;  
 Oh ! smile on me ; and teach my trembling hand  
 To strike the sounding chords, and praise my native land.

Near to where Ax-Edge lifts his head on high,  
 Topp'd by the fleecy wand'ers of the sky,  
 Enclosed by lofty hills on every side,  
 Fair BUXTON spreads, of sterile PEAK the pride.  
 Buxton, far-famed, o'er whose mysterious spring  
 'Hygeia broods with ever-watchful wing ;'  
 Instils those virtues, each disease to heal,  
 Thousands have felt, and thousands yet shall feel.  
 Here rheumatism casts away her pains ;  
 Here the sick stomach its true tone regains ;  
 Here pale consumption, dragging to the tomb  
 The sickly youth, gives way to healthy bloom ;  
 The gloomy mind, by keen affliction wrung,  
 Here feels new life ; ev'n age itself grows young ;  
 Whilst invalids aside their crutches throw,  
 'And leap exulting, like the bounding roe.'

Holy ST. ANNE, these honours once were thine,  
 Then useless sticks and crutches deck'd thy shrine,  
 The votive off'rings of each grateful heart,  
 For health thine influence was believed t'impart.  
 But when the mad reforming rebel band

Each pious relique seized with ruthless hand,  
 Thy temple too was doom'd to feel their hate,  
 'Twas for religion's use,—that sealed its fate.  
 By superstition's bigotry defamed,  
 Its spring clogged up, its sculptured statues maim'd,  
 In one sad heap the sacred fabric fell,  
 Nor stood one stone the dismal tale to tell.

Here too resort the thoughtless and the gay,  
 Youth, beauty, fashion, here each charm display :  
 Fav'rites of fortune these, their sole employ  
 To find new means each moment to enjoy :—  
 Lounge to St. Anne's, the posted notes peruse ;  
 Talk of arrivals, fashions, or the news :  
 Visit the shops, where ranged for public view  
 The crystal spar displays its every hue :  
 Stroll through the walks, where Wye's young waters glide,  
 Or take their morning's airing round the RIDE :  
 Or, should the sky with wat'ry vapours low'r,  
 With books or cards they pass the tedious hour,  
 Till emptied teacups tell the close of day,  
 And pleasure summons to the ball or play.

These, of thy pleasures, BUXTON, are but few,  
 An ever-varying round, for ever new :  
 Thanks to that Patron, who, with magic hand  
 Transformed this sterile to a fruitful land.  
 Once thou wast dreary, comfortless and waste,  
 A few rude huts alone thy waters graced ;  
 And though by after ages still improved,  
 Yet thou wast little from that state removed.  
 To him the mighty task was still reserved,  
 To raise thee to that rank thy worth deserved :  
 He saw—he felt—behold the changing scene !  
 The russet heath gives way to cheerful green,  
 Smooth'd are the hills, flow'rs deck the new-made plains,  
 O'er all the land a new creation reigns.  
 'He hung with woods yon mountain's sultry brow,  
 He bade that stream in sweet meanders flow.'

It is a curious circumstance that while I have been writing down these lines by Arthur George Jewitt, in which it is declared that "toil gives repose a zest," while restlessness is the lot of the "pamper'd Sons of Pride," I receive from Llewellynn Jewitt's good friend, Charles Roach Smith, F.S.A., enclosed with a letter, a printed scrap from *Cymbeline*, giving Shakespeare's concise expression of the same thought :

" Weariness  
 Can snore upon the flint, when restive sloth  
 Finds the down pillow hard."

It is as though the learned antiquary, in his study at Temple Place, Strood, were in clairvoyant sympathy with the work I have undertaken.

Since writing the foregoing lines from the original manuscript, and in good time for interpolation here, I have received the complete printed volume from the talented author's nephew—Edwin Augustus G. Jewitt. It is entitled "The Wanderings of Memory, or Buxton and the Peak ; a poem, in three parts. By A. G. Jewitt. Lincoln,

printed by W. Marrat, for A. Jewitt, Kimberworth, near Rotherham, 1815." There is a list of subscribers headed with the following: "His Royal Highness the Prince Regent (6 copies); His Royal Highness the Duke of Kent and Strathern (4 copies)," and other noble names follow. It is edited by the author's father, who in the preface says: "The author (the eldest of eight living children), is a young man yet in his apprenticeship. Ever inclined to study, he has uniformly shunned the frivolous diversions of the youth of his age, and the exercise of those poetical talents with which Heaven has endowed him, has formed the principal AMUSEMENT of his MINORITY." We learn from the same preface that the composition was commenced in October, 1813, and after having been put aside for nine or ten months was taken up again, and the completed manuscript handed to the editor in March, 1815, with the following inscription: "To Mr. Arthur Jewitt, Kimberworth School, Yorkshire, late master of Scarsdale Place Seminary, Buxton, these effusions, descriptive of a tract of country to which he has already devoted the labours of his pen, and where he once hoped to find a resting place for life, are, with the most pleasurable sensations, inscribed, as a tribute due from filial affection, by his son, A. G. Jewitt, Gainsburgh, March 6th, 1815." And thus the editor rededicates the book: "HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS GEORGE, PRINCE OF WALES, REGENT OF GREAT BRITAIN. YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS is well aware, that when a person wishes to perform something *extraordinarily well*, he nine times out of ten does it *extremely ill*. In this predicament I stand at present, for, penetrated by Your Royal Highness' condescension in permitting your august name to dignify the list of subscribers to this little work, I would fain return a suitable acknowledgment, but cannot find words to express my sentiments. Permit me, therefore, as the only token of gratitude in my power, to lay the WANDERINGS OF MEMORY at Your Royal Highness' feet, and to subscribe myself Your Royal Highness' most obedient, and obliged, humble Servant, the Editor."

The high merit of the poem is maintained throughout, and it is well worthy of republication, especially for sale to visitors to the many charming resorts of the Peak and its neighbourhood. It is illustrated with numerous wood-cuts, which appear to be the crude juvenile work of the author's younger brother Orlando, afterwards so famous.

Arthur Jewitt, senior, was an enthusiastic botanist, and his eldest son (so did the others) appears to have inherited the same taste. The divisions of his poem are termed "Flights," and thus commences Flight II.:

"Arise, my Muse,—Behold the orb of day  
Ascends, resplendent his ethereal way;  
His kindling beams illumine the wide expanse,  
And in the light-dispersing vapours dance.  
Each grassy turf, each op'ning flow'r, besprent  
By the soft dew-drop, yields a fragrant scent.  
The grateful odour mixes with the gale,  
Flies o'er the hill, and sweeps along the vale.  
The slender Bell-flower sips the morning dew,  
Which adds fresh lustre to its native blue;

The lesser Sun-flower o'er the lime-rock creeps,  
 And, while she hails her glorious lover, weeps ;  
 His flowery head the *Carduus* proudly rears ;  
 The purple heath smiles welcome through her tears ;  
 Ev'n high born *Rubus*, blushing, lifts her head,  
 With mountain-violet, from their mossy bed.  
 To their old tracks the fleecy flocks resort,  
 Where the young lambs begin their daily sport ;  
 Each feather'd chorister attunes his voice,—  
 All Nature's children with the morn rejoice."

The allusion in "The lesser Sunflower" to the metamorphosis of the beautiful Clytie and her weeping gaze at the ever-adored Apollo, is as happy as it is brief.

And these are his father's notes, in rotation, on the above-named flora of the Peak :—

"The *Campanula rotundifolia* of Linneus, which grows very plentifully in the Peak."

"The *Cistus Helianthemum*, a beautiful little plant peculiar to the limestone soil. In the Peak, the rocks are for the most part covered with it, and its yellow flowers, eyed with a deep orange, and set off with its light green leaves, add an almost inconceivable beauty to their appearance."

"The *Carduus Helenioides*, a tall, beautiful plant of the Thistle kind, with large smooth leaves, white underneath and green above, bearing a fine head of light purple flowers. It grows very plentifully in the fields near Buxton ; and in some parts of the Peak is known by the name of All-Leaf ; about Taddington it is frequently gathered for smoking with Tobacco."

"The *Erica Vulgaris* and *Erica Tetralix*, with which the uncultivated hills and moors in the Peak are in a great measure covered, and from which, when in flower, they contract that beautiful purple tint which distinguishes them at a distance."

"The *Rubus Chamemorus*, a low plant of two or three leaves, which produces the Cloud-berry, and is peculiar to high situations. It grows on the summit of Ax-edge, on the Fynn near Ashford, and on some other of the highest hills of the Peak."

"*Viola Grandiflora*, or Yellow Rock Violet, a plant which covers a great part of the high lands about Buxton, and adds a singular beauty to their appearance."

Many years later, when the young author of the "Wanderings of Memory" had not only finished his apprenticeship, but had long closed his beneficent earthly career, his father, who had been living some years at Oxford, revisited the Pride of the Peak, and was re-inspired with the following rhapsody, which shows the similarity of the genius and tastes of the father and son :

"O give me the land where the wild-thyme grows  
 The heathery dales among,  
 Where Sol's own flower with crimson eye  
 Creeps the sun-burnt banks along !

Where the beetling Tor hangs over the dell,  
 While its pinnacles pierce the sky;  
 And its foot is laved by the waters pure  
 Of the lively murmuring Wye.  
 Oh! give me the land where the crimson heather,  
 The thyme, and the bilberry grow together.

O where upon earth is another land  
 So green, so fine, so fair?  
 Can any within Old England's bounds  
 With the heathery land compare?  
 The mountain air, the crystal springs,—  
 Where health has established her throne,—  
 The flood-swollen torrent, the bright cascade,  
 Belong to this land alone;  
 Oh! give me the land where grow together  
 The marj'rum, cistus, and purple heather.

Oxford may boast its hundred spires,  
 Its colleges, halls, and towers;  
 Built in an ague breeding marsh,  
 Are the Muses' and Learning's bowers.  
 Oh! tell me not of the sluggish stream  
 Too lazy to creep along;  
 Too dull to inspire a poet's theme,—  
 It is not the land of song!  
 No! give me the land where grow together  
 The cistus, the thyme, and the purple heather."

In the printed "Wanderings" there is a note to that part, which I copied from the manuscript, describing the interior of the labouring man's hut. I was at a loss to understand the word "Doshèan," and am glad to find in this note by the editor an explanation of it. He says:

"To those who are strangers to the Peak it will be necessary to observe that the bread universally eaten by the labouring people is made of oatmeal, mixed with water, and left for eight or ten hours to ferment, previously to its being baked, by which it becomes very sour and very light. The *leaven*, as it is called, is then poured and spread on a flat stone, or an iron plate, well greased, placed over a fire, or built with a furnace underneath it, where it remains till it has become dry enough to bear turning. After the under side is sufficiently baked, it is turned a second time, in which situation it remains till it is ready to be taken off the stone.

"The vessel in which the leaven is made is called a doshèan or dashan; the shovel-shaped board with which the cake is turned on the baking-stone (or *bakestone*) is called a *cake-sprittle* or *back-board* (perhaps more properly *bake-board*), and the long knife with which the edges of the cake are loosened from the stone, in order to admit the *cake-sprittle*, is called a *slice*."

At the end of the volume "Wanderings of Memory" there is a notice to subscribers that "In the course of a few months will be published in the same manner and at the same price as the Wanderings, a selection of twenty-four poetical pieces, written previous to that poem, by A. G. Jewitt; and entitled 'AMUSEMENTS OF MINORITY.'



The following are among the pieces selected: 'Creation,' 'The Birth of the Trent,' 'Ode to Melancholy,' 'Progress of Music,' 'Osric and Editha,' 'Monody on H. K. White,' 'Elegy on a Lady,' 'The Greenland Sailor, a Tale too true,' 'Monologue on Thunder,' 'Soliloquy on Sleep,' 'Address to a Sleeping Pig,' 'Contemplation on Night,' Kimberworth, near Rotherham, November 10th, 1815." It is also announced that this notice and other supplementary matters of the volume are "Printed at the Private Press of A. Jewitt, Engraver, Kimberworth."

Llewellynn Jewitt's next eldest brother, as I have said, was Orlando Jewitt the eminent engraver and draughtsman, who was probably, of all wood engravers, the most industrious and successful illustrator of the literature of his generation, especially architectural and antiquarian. Another brother, Edwin, besides being a clever engraver, was author of a "Manual of Illuminated and Missal Painting, with an Historical Introduction by Llewellynn Jewitt, F.S.A." There are some pretty illuminated plates in this work, by Orlando Jewitt. Thus the Jewitts were a talented family, and Llewellynn, the seventeenth child, was the greatest genius of them all.

And now it is time that the *Northern Star*, of which I have spoken, should shed a little light upon the early working and shaping of the destiny of Llewellynn Jewitt, while he lay cradled at Kimberworth. The house there in which he was born was a large and handsome structure, with a stone-slab roof, with two wings, and eleven windows to the front, around which clustered the jessamine. And they looked out upon beautiful gardens, both of fruit and flowers, in which large vases were dotted here and there; and the carriage drive, at the right-hand side, was beautifully edged with flower beds. When Llewellynn was born, his brother Orlando was seventeen years and four months old, and was already a clever artist, both with the pencil and the graver. In May, 1817, when his little baby-brother was only six months old, and himself was a month or two short of eighteen years, Orlando had a holiday before him, and he chose to spend it in a walking tour through a part of Derbyshire, which appears to have been new to him. In July was to appear the first number of his father's new magazine, the *Northern Star*, and he prepared for it an account of his tour, which he completed in the August number. It appears to have been in connection with this tour that in a very few months after it the Jewitts all removed from Kimberworth, and settled at Duffield, in Derbyshire. Thus little Llewellynn, without being consulted in the matter, was carried from his native shire, and not permitted to grow up a good Yorkshireman, like his ancestors before him, and his brothers around him, but was planted where he was destined to grow up a distinguished Derbyshireman instead. This "Tour in Derbyshire" is very interesting on its own account, from the graphic freshness of the young holiday tourist, whoever he might be, with his keen appreciation of the beautiful and the good. But it is still more interesting in being written by Orlando Jewitt—which is not confessed in the book—and in its probable influence upon the

career of the hero of this work. For young Orlando, owing to his rapid progress in his self-acquired arts of the draughtsman and wood engraver, had become of great importance to the family, and his wishes as to the locality of the future home, where he was to exercise his talents to so much profit, would have great weight. I will, therefore, fully transcribe the "Tour." And I take this opportunity of telling the reader that this volume will, all along, be more of a scrap-book dedicated to the memory of my friend, than his mere strict, straightforward biography. For instead of keeping to the highway of his career, I shall be as a child wandering in the lanes and fields of flowery June, hither and thither, onward and back again, gathering every suitable blossom of beauty that I may find, far and near, on the right hand and on the left, wherewith to enrich his tribute-wreath. In fact my journey will somewhat resemble the ramble of uncle Toby, lineally shown in "Tristram Shandy," determinedly erratic, that it may be of more varied interest; yet gradually progressive. Curiously enough, Llewellynn Jewitt himself engraved that lineal illustration for one of the editions of "Tristram Shandy." I have it among the proofs of his earliest wood-cuts that were made after his marriage.



## CHAPTER III

ORLANDO JEWITT'S HOLIDAY TOUR IN DERBYSHIRE, IN MAY, 1817.—  
HIS START FROM SHEFFIELD ; RINGING LOW ; THE EAST MOOR, ITS  
FLORA AND ITS DRUIDICAL REMAINS ; A PHANTOM SCENE WITH A  
NOBLE LORD IN IT ; GRINDLEFORD BRIDGE ; STONEY MIDDLETON ;  
MIDDLETON DALE ; A LOVE STORY AND A LOVER'S LEAP ; THE ROCK  
GARDENS ; CUCKLET DALE ; EYAM AND THE PLAGUE.



WE have glanced at the poetry of the boy Arthur George Jewitt, eloquently declaring to the humble labourer that his lot admits of as much real happiness as that of the rich—how different in its teaching to the ravings of the popular orators of our time all over this little round world ! We have glanced at both the poetry and the prose of his father, Arthur Jewitt ; we shall learn hereafter that his grandfather, another Arthur, was remarkably eloquent ; we shall now admire the prose of his younger brother, Orlando, a boy not yet eighteen, and shall no longer wonder at the future eloquence of the little baby brother, Llewellynn, now six months old, whom Orlando probably kissed in his cot yesterday when he left home for Sheffield, to make a fair start thence early in the morning.

He thus writes to his father's magazine :

" TOUR IN DERBYSHIRE.

*" To the Editor of the Northern Star.*

" The beauties of Derbyshire have been so frequently the theme of admiration ;—its metals and minerals, its plants, fossils, antiquities, and medicinal springs, so repeatedly the objects of research and description, furnishing subjects for the pen of the tourist and the man of science, the pencil of the artist, and the song of the poet, that I had long nourished an inclination, not only to view for myself those charms which have, time out of mind, been sung and said by others, but also, having opportunity for the purpose, to traverse over the greater part of this enchanting county, and leisurely to survey

" The fountain's fall, the river's flow,  
The woody valleys, warm and low ;  
The windy summit, wild and high,  
Roughly rushing on the sky ;  
The pleasant seat, the ruin'd tower,  
The naked rock, the shady bow'r ;  
The town and village, dome and farm,  
With all that can the fancy charm.

"The feelings to which these varied objects have given rise in my mind shall be faithfully described ; and though I profess to portray only the most prominent features of the country, yet I trust that my 'Pedestrian Excursion in Derbyshire' will not be deemed altogether uninteresting by a majority of your readers.

"Having ordered my trunk forward to Buxton by the coach, put a few books and a clean shirt in my pocket, I set out from Sheffield on a fine spring morning, at five o'clock. The different points of view in which the town was presented, as I slowly ascended the hill, were very interesting ; and whilst I noticed the columns of smoke emerging from the chimneys, apparently in sufficient volume to hide the rays of the sun from the inhabitants. I could not but congratulate myself on breathing a purer atmosphere.

"By the time I reached Ringing Low (where the castellated appearance of the inn and toll-house would induce in a foreigner the supposition of its being an important barrier), I was prepared for breakfast, after which I continued my journey, entering immediately on the East Moor, probably so called from its forming the eastern boundary of Derbyshire. It is a rude and sterile tract of land, extending in a direction from north to south for a very considerable distance ; cold and forbidding in its appearance, and without a tree, a hedge, or bush, to break the monotony of the prospect. Yet it is not devoid of interest ; nay, to me it possessed it in the highest degree. Composed of gently rounded hills, rising one behind another in many an interminable series, it produces a landscape soft in its gradations, and pleasing in its arrangement ; while a tottering crag, or enormous stone, peering from the purple heath, and overtopped by a solitary mountain sheep, presents a foreground properly suited to such a scene. To the east and south the prospect is indeed extensive. I knew not the names of the places which I saw, but I am informed that on a clear day, Sheffield, Rotherham, Chesterfield, Dronfield, and Holmsfield, are all in sight ; while Wentworth House and Park, the tall spire of Laughton-le-Morthen, and numerous villas and villages, conspired to form a scene which is but rarely surpassed ; and the calm solitude which reigned around me gave a zest to the enjoyment of it which it is not in the power of language to describe. I know not how it is (for I am not skilful in tracing *effects* to the *causes* which produce them), but wandering over these moors seemed to fill me with new energies, and raise me above myself. Increased strength and elasticity pervaded my frame, my ideas flowed more freely, and as the prospect expanded before me, I enjoyed sensations to which in a more cultivated but confined district, I am altogether a stranger." He then quotes Beattie's grand lines on solitude as expressing his own feelings, and continues :

"This moor produces the *bilberry*, the *clusterberry*, the *crowberry*, and in some places the *cranberry*. The two former afford a profitable employment in the season, for a number of poor women and children, who find a ready market for them in the neighbouring towns. These, with two of the *erikas*, were in bloom, and by the agreeable variety

of their tints, enlivened the moor and gave a richness and variety to the herbage."

Yes, and had he been "skilful in tracing effects to the causes which produce them," he would have found that his beatified condition of body and mind was chiefly due to the ozonization of the moorland atmosphere by this moorland herbage—the berry plants and the heath—acting upon health and a predisposition for holiday happiness. If this "Tour in Derbyshire" was ever interesting to the readers of the *Northern Star* in 1817, how much more interesting to us now must be the following words of the young tourist, Orlando Jewitt:

"Here also are to be found *barrows* or *lowes* (ancient places of sepulture), *rocking stones*, *basons*, and other Druidical remains. But I am not versed in the lore of antiquity, and the description of these relics of the times that are gone, is fitted for a stronger pen than mine."

He had been looking back again and again, as he tells us, towards the north-east as he ascended the hill, rejoicing in his own escape from the smoke of Sheffield, the habitation of his forefathers for generations; and he had gazed beyond Sheffield, in the same direction, at another great smoke, the smoke of Rotherham, and two miles westward of that, in the same parish, was ancient Kimberworth, where iron was forged for the arms and armour of mailed knights, long before the days of Ivanhoe—and this is Ivanhoe-land. And there at Kimberworth lay cradled the tourist's little baby-brother, Llewellynn. And there was the child destined to wield the "stronger pen," and to become the learned examiner and expounder of those very "barrows and lowes," and to add so largely to "the lore of antiquity." And, alas! the relics which he afterwards took from those barrows—the flint and bronze implements, and the fragments of bones and cinerary urns, and other vestiges of the prehistoric past, are now round about me where I am writing the history of that child—a history then belonging to the inscrutable future. I say alas! because these treasures which he had valued so much were added to my collections by his wish when a great sorrow had overwhelmed him, and destroyed his interest in them. These were his words, written to me when I protested strongly against his expressed desire to add his antiquities to mine:

"They have been a source of joy and interest to me—intense interest—but I have no heart now for them, and no motive for continuing my collections. My mind can never, after my deep sorrow, take interest again in much that before was a joy to me."

In this place let us conjure up over the cradle of that child a phantom scene of his future history, which will be found exactly realized later on.

The child has become a stately man, and, although he was not consulted when it was done, he does not complain that they made him into a Derbyshireman instead of a Yorkshireman, for he loves the county and its people. He has chosen for his home Winster Hall on the High Peak, and the completion of a great public service which he has rendered to the people of Winster, is being celebrated with

great rejoicings. Behold in the phantasmagoric scene how the town is gaily decorated for the occasion. Flags wave from every house, and garlands are suspended at frequent intervals across the streets. The bells of the Parish Church ring out a merry peal, and the inhabitants testify in every way their pleasure at the event. After a ceremony has been performed and a great benefit has been conferred upon all the inhabitants, some of the magnates of the county sit down to a public luncheon, with Llewellynn Jewitt in the chair ; in proposing whose health Lord George Cavendish says : " Mr. Jewitt is a gentleman well known, not only to us, but to all Derbyshire, and throughout the length and breadth of the land, for his literary attainments. The position which he holds as an antiquarian is congenial with his residence, for no country is richer than the High Peak in monuments and relics of the olden time. It has been his pleasure to unite with the late Mr. Bateman in researches into the barrows and other antiquities, and to describe them in beautiful and glowing language (cheers). We are all under an obligation to Mr. Jewitt for this, and the inhabitants of Winster are also under an especial debt of gratitude to him," etc. This phantom scene over the cradle is fitly conjured up by Orlando Jewitt's remarks about the barrows and the "stronger pen." Now let it become a dissolving view, to reappear more completely in its proper place ; let little Llewellynn slumber on with his future so inscrutable then, and let his brother Orlando proceed with the account of his tour :

"The hand of cultivation has been extended to these wastes, and in a few years will effect a considerable change in their appearance. Mr. Farey observes 'that every part of the Derbyshire hills might easily be clothed with grass, or with timber and wood ;' and that 'finer plantations of larch and Scotch firs need not be seen than many that are intermixed with, and in the very same stratum and soil, with these unproductive and very disgraceful heaths or moors.' As I continued my route I observed a new farmhouse at a little distance to the left of the road ; it appeared surrounded with recent enclosures and plantations, and I hope that the proprietor will ultimately reap the reward of his praiseworthy exertions. The road, on leaving the moor, winds for a short time through a wood ; a hill rises abruptly on the left, and on the right is a deep valley abounding with romantic scenery. A little further is a respectable inn where a poor maniac has long been favoured with a residence. She possesses, I am told, more bodily strength than is usually allotted to females ; her appearance is rather masculine, and she is remarkable for regularly meeting the Manchester coach, which she accompanies for a short distance, singing or dancing in the most uncouth manner. A little further is *Grindleford Bridge*, on which I rested, dwelling with admiration on the picturesque scenery of the valley. The bays and capes formed by the Derwent in its course give it a wonderful variety, and the appearance of Chatsworth in the distance adds to the richness of the scene.

"About two miles more brought me to *Stoney Middleton*. This little town is situated at the entrance of a narrow dale, formed by the

apparent dislocation of a series of limestone rocks, which form on each side an almost perpendicular wall of enormous altitude. Some of the houses are in the bottom of the dale, others are built along the ledges of the rocks, almost to their very summit, formed of limestones, unhewn and unshapen, as when severed from the quarry. An attempt has been made to convert Middleton into a bathing-place, but hitherto with little success, for though the water of Saint Martin's well is highly medicinal, the forbidding aspect of the country, the manners of the inhabitants, the smoke of the limekilns, and the continual blasting of the rocks, render it a place totally unfit for the residence of an invalid.

"*Middleton Dale.* Some years ago this dale must have been more beautiful than it is at present; for the last twenty years almost the whole of the labourers in Middleton and Eyam have been employed in breaking down the rocks, burning them into lime, or carrying away the fragments to the foundries at Chesterfield; the upper parts of the tors only remain entire, and they present an exact appearance of a congeries of Saxon towers, in which the eye of fancy traces the mouldings, and even the marks of the chisel. Their summits, crowned with shrubs or fringed with wall-flowers, increase the deception, and in a mist, or on the close of evening, almost convince the spectator that he stands at the entrance of some giant's castle, whose frowning turrets seem to threaten him with instant destruction.

"One of these rocks, at the foot of which stands a common pot-house, is called the *Lover's Leap*; a frightful precipice, of a height too great for me, unaccustomed to such measures, even to guess at. It is composed of two rocks, piled one upon another, the uppermost of which stands a few yards backward from the front of the lower one; each part abounds in fissures, and each is decorated with hazles, buckthorns, and other shrubs, which, breaking the profile, take away the otherwise tame monotony of the rock, and render it an object at once interesting and picturesque. This rock is one of the wonders of the village, and is sure to be pointed out to the notice of a stranger. It has, indeed, a better title to the name it bears than any other I have seen or heard of since the days of Sappho, as the following narrative will prove. The accompanying sketch [a wood-cut by the tourist himself] will give some idea of this place.

"About sixty years ago, Hannah Baddeley formed an attachment for a young man who lodged in her father's house, in consequence of the attention he paid to her, and the professions of affection which he was constantly repeating. She believed him sincere, when alas! he was merely gallant; for it is not in towns only that beings in the shape of men can trifle with the feelings and sport with the affections of the fairer part of the creation: wherever duplicity may have had its origin, whether in the crowded city or the secluded dale, we now too frequently meet with it in every situation, destroying alike the peace of the palace and the cottage. When Hannah found that she had been deceived, and that the same soft tale which Johnson had told to her, he had whispered to every damsel in the village, she lost

all hope of earthly happiness, sunk into a state of settled melancholy, and seemed fast hastening to her grave, stricken at the heart, and pining away with secret sorrow. But life had become a burden to her, and the course of nature far too slow in taking off the load. She left her sleepless bed early one summer's morning, and gained the top of the rock I have been describing, which is level, or nearly so, with the surface of a large pasture, then divesting herself of her bonnet, her cap and handkerchief, she laid them on the brow, and, with all her force, threw herself down the frightful precipice, in hopes to finish her woes and her life together. But by a singular interposition of Providence, she was not permitted to commit suicide. Some of the shrubs which jut out of the rock entangling her clothes, broke the force of her fall, by supporting her until her garments gave way, and dropt her gently on another tuft; in this manner she proceeded to the bottom, where a saw-pit, partly filled with saw-dust, from recent working, received her, almost without a bruise! Here she lay, exhausted with what she had undergone, and unable from weakness to crawl out, till the workmen, coming to their employment, raised her up, and she walked home without help. On being questioned how she came into that situation, she said she was walking up the Dale to fetch the cows, when her foot slipped, and she fell in: but her bonnet, cap and handkerchief being found in the field above, and pieces of her clothes being seen hanging on the bushes in various parts of the rock, demonstrated at once the course she had taken. Her fall, however, had a good effect. While lying in the saw-pit she had ruminated on her condition, and repented of her folly; and it appears, by her subsequent conduct, she had profited by her escape, for she conquered her inclination, lived in the neighbourhood till within these few years, and died respected and lamented. This, then, may truly be called a Lover's Leap, and there are many people now living in Middleton who can verify the fact; and who, from that time until her death, were acquainted with Hannah Baddeley. Johnson soon after left the neighbourhood; probably this occurrence might have the good effect of inducing him to act and speak with more sincerity to the females with whom he was afterwards acquainted."

This narration of Orlando Jewitt, written in 1817, sets at rest the question of the locality of this perilous leap and remarkable escape. It has been attributed to the place called Lover's Leap near Buxton. But Orlando Jewitt conversed with the very people who personally knew the heroine of the adventure. It seems to be a fixed instinct, and is a very remarkable one, in poor, heart-broken women—screwed up by the terrible sorrow of some great wrong to the desperate courage of destroying themselves—to take off, deliberately, bonnet, cap, shawl, cape, necktie, or gloves, and often to fold them neatly, and place them carefully aside, before taking the awful leap from parapet, monument, or rock. What a crushing load of guilt rests with the odious scoundrel who drives lovely, timid, reliant woman to the agony of this unnatural courage of self-destruction! No less the load, the crushing load of guilt, if the poor, reliant and deceived one escape the courage—but not the agony—and live on a dishonoured, pitiable,



degraded image of God—I dare not say *lost*!—by that scoundrel's act. I feel the fitness of these words here, because it is as Llewellynn Jewitt would have spoken. And there he still lies cradled at Kimberworth, while his brother Orlando proceeds :

"After passing the Lover's Leap, Middleton Dale increases in its interesting appearance. Huge masses of rock obtrude themselves upon the eye, as varied in their form as in their altitude. Some nearly naked ; others partially covered with rock-plants and verdure : here assuming the appearance of a castle with connected towers and buttresses ; there shooting up in a detached giant pile, like the tall spire of a church. They abound with fissures and caverns, some of which are of a considerable extent ; but none, so far as I could learn, present anything particularly attractive. On the south side of the vale runs a small but rapid stream, bubbling amongst the fallen fragments of the rocks, that vainly endeavour to impede its course ;—its motion gives a sprightliness to the scene, and, on every change in its appearance, adds to the beauty of this romantic dale.

"The Rock Gardens, situated on a promontory at the corner of the two dales of Middleton and Eyam, are yet beautiful, though but the shadow of what they have been. The shelvings of the rocks are covered with luxuriant trees and shrubs, wildly intermixed, and appearing to grow as planted by the hand of nature. Half way up the rock the late Mr. Longsden, of Eyam, to whom the place was indebted for its embellishments, had constructed a grotto, where specimens of the choicest and most beautiful spars and fossils of the county were tastefully displayed to the admiring spectator ; while a vein of lead-ore, placed at the back of the grotto, gave more information as to the appearance, and the manner of finding this metal, than could be attained by the perusal of many volumes. But these are gone ; and only enough is left to make the visitor regret the destruction of the remainder.

"On a ledge of rock beneath the grotto, is the entrance to Merlin's Cave ; but having neither light nor guide, I made no attempt to explore it. Higher up, and directly over the grotto, is a kind of Martello tower ; and a little to the left, on the summit of the rock, are the remains of another building, where the wearied traveller may yet find a seat, and enjoy a prospect, varied, extensive, and sublime. A walk, about a yard wide, runs along the top of the crags, at least 200 feet above the road ; but the rocks being crowned with trees and shrubs, prevents our feeling that dread which walking on so elevated a ridge must otherwise occasion, and gives a sense of security in the absence of which terror would supersede enjoyment, and the eye shrink back from the contemplation of so dreadful a precipice. Sometimes a projecting mass presented itself to view, and enabled me to contemplate its features from the base to the summit. Some, bold, rugged, and of a savage aspect, frown on the vale beneath, and present a striking contrast to the milder appearance of others, whose sides are decorated with a rich variety of flowering plants and herbage.

"From this height I managed to make my way through a wood

into Cucklet Dale, and soon had a beautiful view of that singular perforated rock, which has obtained the name of Cucklet Church. Its history is well known, and as I paused to admire it, imagination presented to my view the figure of the truly devoted Mompesson, earnest in his Master's cause, exhorting, counselling, and comforting the mourning remnant of his wretched flock. Eyam was, at the afflicting period I allude to, above measure favoured in the attachment of its clergy, for the Rev. Mr. Standley, the deprived minister, refused to quit his post in the hour of affliction, and remained with his former flock, assisting, to the utmost of his power, the unfortunate sufferers."

The "hour of affliction" referred to here is the time of the ravages of the Plague at Eyam, respecting which I will presently transcribe Orlando Jewitt's foot-note. He continues:

"The Dale itself is of the sweetest and most romantic description. The variety and verdure of the trees add greatly to its effect, yet has the planting been so judiciously conducted, that nothing of art attracts our attention—all seems natural—all as it should be. The *church* is a mass of limestone, occasionally intersected with black chert, rising from the side of a verdant hill, and in two places excavated completely through in so regular a manner as to have almost the appearance of a work of art. Its top is overgrown with shrubs, and the mantling ivy which hangs loosely on its sides, gives to it altogether the aspect of some ruined abbey. The upper end of the valley terminates in a glen impervious to the sun, from which a small stream, having previously formed two or three beautiful though miniature cascades, bursts violently forth to the day, and runs along the whole of the charming Vale, adding another beauty to a scene almost incapable of improvement.

"From the valley I ascended to Eyam, a pleasant little town, having in and about it several genteel houses. A churchyard, to a wanderer like myself, wears always an inviting aspect, and I entered one here, like the celebrated Dr. Syntax, of picturesque celebrity, to soliloquise and copy epitaphs; but the appearance of an ancient stone cross, which no visitor could omit seeing, prevented my doing either. I have before observed that I lay no claim to the name of an antiquarian, therefore shall form no surmises why or when this singular cross was originally placed here. It seems to be composed (as may be seen by the annexed sketch) [his wood-cut] of two pieces of rough grit-stone, the shaft and the head; the former has two broad and two narrow sides, tapering upwards, and of the length of about five or six feet; the latter the appearance of three cubes, joined to a middle piece by a kind of narrow neck, hollowed above and below. The broad sides of the shaft are ornamented with raised sculpture, resembling a running flower, forming itself into scrolls on each side alternately; the narrower ones have a sort of crossed knotting continued from the bottom upwards. The head is filled with rude carvings of various figures, different in each compartment, but all too much defaced by time for the observer to mark with certainty for what they were designed; they seem to have been intended for figures of angels, the middle one probably for the Virgin Mary. Leaving the churchyard,

I slowly pursued the road which leads to the place where many who fell victims to the plague in 1665 and 1666 were interred. I had been informed that the cemetery was walled round, and that yew trees were planted about the graves; judge then the surprise, I may say horror, which I felt, on seeing, in the place of an enclosed burial ground, a *recently ploughed field*. One blasted yew only remained, and the principal tomb-stone was thrown down. To have beheld cattle grazing on the place would, I think, have raised in me no unpleasant emotion; but the idea of ploughing up the ground which covered the remains of our fellow men seemed so gross a violation of every feeling of humanity, as scarcely any consideration can lead us to excuse."

Orlando Jewitt gives the following quotation as a foot-note to the name "Cucklet Church," which I transcribe, because it is interesting and profitable, as well as because his brother Llewellynn afterwards took great interest in Eyam and its history, which he might never have seen but for this pioneering visit of the elder brother. Orlando says:

"The following is an account of the circumstances which led to its [Cucklet Church] receiving this appellation, extracted from a letter of the late Miss Seward:

"Eyam was one of the last places in England visited by the plague. The summer after its ravages in London it was conveyed to that village in patterns of tailors' cloth. Raging with great violence it swept away four-fifths of the inhabitants. Mr. Mompesson was at that time Rector of Eyam, and in the vigour of his youth. He had married a beautiful young lady, by whom he had a girl and boy, of three and four years old.

"On the commencement of the contagion Mrs. Mompesson threw herself, with her babes, at the feet of her husband, to supplicate his flight from that devoted place; but not even the entreaties and tears of a beloved wife could induce him to desert his flock in those hours of danger and dismay. Equally fruitless were his solicitations that she should retire with her infants. The result of this pathetic contest was a resolve to send their children away, and to abide together the fury of the pestilence.

"Mr. Mompesson, constantly visiting and praying by the sick,

'Drew, like Marseilles' good bishop, purer breath,  
When nature sicken'd, and each gale was death.'

"From a rational belief that assembling in the crowded church for public worship during the summer heats must spread and increase the contagion, he agreed with his afflicted parishioners that he would read prayers twice a week, and deliver his two customary sermons on the sabbath, from one of the perforated arches in the rocks of a deep dingle near the village.

"By his advice, they ranged themselves on its grassy steep, in a level direction to its rocky pulpit; and the dell being so narrow, a speaker, as my father often proved to us, might be distinctly heard from that arch. Do you not see this dauntless minister of God,

stretching forth his hands from the rock, instructing and consoling his distressed flock in that little wilderness? How solemn, how affecting must have been the pious exhortations of those terrible hours.

"The churchyard soon ceased to afford room for the dead. They were afterwards buried in a heathy hill above the village. Curious travellers take pleasure in visiting, to this day, the mountain tumulus, and in examining its yet distinct remains; also in ascending, from the upper part of Eyam, those cliffs and fields which brow the dingle, and from whence the descent into the consecrated rock is easy. It is called Cucklet Church by the villagers.

"Mr. Mompesson remained in health during the whole ravage of the pestilence; but Providence saw fit to call his fortitude to a severer trial than if he had seen the plague-spot indurated upon his own body.

"Amongst other precautions against the disease, Mrs. Mompesson prevailed upon her husband to suffer an incision to be made in his leg and kept open. One day she observed appearances in the wound which induced her belief that the contagion had found a vent that way; and that therefore its danger was over as to him. Instead of being shocked that the pestilence had entered her house, and that her weakness (for she was not in health), must next endure its fury, she expressed the most rapturous joy on the apprehended deliverance of her husband.

"His letters, though he seems to think her conviction concerning his having taken the distemper groundless, make pathetic and grateful mention of that disinterested joy. But Mrs. Mompesson soon after sickened of the plague, and expired in her husband's arms, in the 27th year of her age. Her monument is now in Eyam churchyard, protected by iron rails, its inscription distinct.

"When first the plague broke out in Eyam, Mr. Mompesson wrote to the then Earl of Devonshire, residing at Chatsworth, some few miles from Eyam, stating that he thought he could prevail upon his parishioners to confine themselves within the limits of the village, if the surrounding country would supply them with necessaries, leaving such provisions as should be requested in appointed places, and at appointed hours, upon the encircling hills.

"The proposal was punctually complied with; and it is most remarkable that when the pestilence became, beyond all conception, terrible, not a single inhabitant attempted to pass the dreadful boundaries of the village, though a regiment of soldiers could not in that rocky and open country have detained them against their will; much less could any watch which might have been set by the neighbourhood, have effected that infinitely important purpose.

"By the influence of this exemplary man, obtained by his pious and affectionate virtues, the rest of the county of Derby escaped the plague; not one of the very nearly neighbouring hamlets, or even a single house, being infected beyond the limits of Eyam village, though the distemper remained there near seven months.

"In the summer of 1757, five cottagers were digging on the heathy mountain above Eyam, which was the place of graves after the churchyard had become too narrow a repository. Those men came to something which had the appearance of having once been linen. Conscious of their situation they instantly buried it again. In a few days they all sickened of a putrid fever, and three of the five died. The disorder was contagious and proved mortal to numbers of the inhabitants. My father, who was then Canon of Lichfield, resided in that city with his family, at the period when the subtle, unextinguished, though much-abated power of the most dreadful of all diseases, awakened from the dust in which it had slumbered ninety-one years."

Here ends the "Tour in Derbyshire" and its foot-note, rather abruptly. It is probable that the busy Orlando only found leisure to write of his holiday while it lasted, and what was not written then had to be left undone. And soon after this there was the bustle of the removal into Derbyshire, where in 1818 they were all settled, at Duffield.

The above reference to the ravages of the plague at Eyam, reminds me that Llewellynn Jewitt published in the first volume of his *Reliquary*, some beautiful original verses on "Mompesson's Tomb," written by the late Richard Furness of Eyam, who was author of "Medicus Magnus," the "Rag Bag," the "Lost Lad," and other works. They form a worthy appendix to Orlando Jewitt's "Tour in Derbyshire," and here they are:—

"Wrapt up in meditation here I'll wave  
 The cares of life:—cease they my soul to wound,  
 And let me view the awe-inspiring grave,  
 Made still more awful by the elms around.  
 Didst thou not, Hervey, love the sacred yew,  
 'Midst domes and graves and skulls, pale death's award?  
 Didst thou not, Gray, when melancholy drew  
 Thy muse elegiac to the lone churchyard?  
 That spirit dwell in me, that theme be mine—  
 The yew, the grave, the solitary pile,  
 The midnight hour, the silence so divine,  
 When weary nature ceases from her toil.  
 For thee, my muse shall weave a wreath of praise—  
 The great, the good Mompesson, the divine:  
 O that some nobler minstrel-harp may raise  
 A strain more worthy of thy works than mine.  
 O ye, bright as the light; ye murmuring rills,  
 To endless ages bear his holy name;  
 Ye rugged rocks, and ye eternal hills,  
 Still be for him the monuments of fame.  
 There, like the Saviour teaching from the mount,  
 On your high tops his feeble flock he fed;  
 Struck streams like Moses from the living rock,  
 And stood between the living and the dead.  
 O then behold him tend the sick man's bed,  
 Fearless amid Contagion's poisonous breath;  
 Sooth his deep woe, support his sinking head,  
 And stoop with him into the vale of death.

And oft where Rylee rears its stormy head,  
 On whose broad shoulder rests yon silver cloud,  
 Did he attend the soul, and noisome dead :  
 This to the skies—that in the humble shroud

To native dust ; there may they peaceful lie,  
 And Hancock's grave no rude barbarian know ;  
 Where while yon stones implore the passing sigh,  
 O'er them yet may many a wild-flower grow.

Spare them, Industry, from the savage plough,  
 Nor heedless dig their narrow house of rest ;  
 Here, Veneration, plant thy sacred yew,  
 And guard the verdure on each hallowed breast.

To this lone place I would at ev'n retire,  
 When the red clouds hang in the glowing west ;  
 When dew-drops glisten in the solar fire,  
 And fleecy flocks have laid them down to rest,

Then would I calmly think and meditate.  
 This is the place to fix a wandering mind—  
 Here forward look on man's eternal state,  
 Or human life's vicissitudes behind.

Soft be thy strains and sweet, my mountain lyre ;  
 Shall Catharine's name in dark oblivion lie ?  
 No, while my fingers can thy strings inspire,  
 That name shall live, those virtues never die.

But when upon her character I gaze,  
 There more than mortal virtue meets my sight ;  
 Then why attempt in lowly verse her praise  
 Whose darkest shades are full of heavenly light ?

Who can the struggles of her soul display ?  
 By love and death and horror urged to fly,  
 By love and truth and kindness urged to stay,  
 With the fond partner of her life to die !

Dear martyr to affection's hallowed power  
 Death closed thine eyes in thy maternal prime ;  
 But Faith and Hope watched o'er thy final hour  
 And bore thee past the bounds of space and time.

And O, if earth was in her angel view,  
 And if immortal spirits can look down,  
 She wept and blessed her infants as she flew—  
 Then fell the cross, and she received the crown.

Most sacred Genius of this holy shade,  
 Let Veneration guard her humble tomb,  
 And yearly teach the lowly village maid  
 To offer there the sweetest flowers that bloom.

Ye, too, sleep on in peace, ye humbly born,  
 May bliss and glory be your future fate ;  
 When heaven's loud trump shall wake th' eternal morn,  
 Rise ye from mortal to the heavenly state."



## CHAPTER IV.

ORLANDO JEWITT'S ARTISTIC PROGRESS.—THE REMOVAL TO DUFFIELD, WHERE LLEWELLYNN JEWITT'S MINORITY WAS SPENT.—HIS ARTISTIC AND LITERARY PROGRESS.—FREDERICK WILLIAM FAIRHOLT'S VISIT TO DUFFIELD IN 1835.—HIS START FROM LONDON BY COACH; ST. ALBANS; DUNSTABLE; NEWPORT; NORTHAMPTON; LEICESTER; LOUGHBOROUGH; NOTTINGHAM; DERBY, THE ASSIZES THERE AND A STUPID JURY; THE FIRST SILK MILLS IN ENGLAND; THE TUTBURY "FIND" OF COINS.—TIME PAST.



AMONG my Jewitt memorials is the sketch-book which Orlando Jewitt took with him, and used on his "Tour in Derbyshire." There is his rough sketch of the Smelting Mill, Middleton Dale; of Cucklet Church; of the ancient Cross at Eyam; and of the Burying Ground of the Hancocks near Eyam. This sketch-book shows his familiarity with heraldry, and there are several sketches of plants, he having already acquired considerable knowledge of his father's favourite science of botany. There is also the rough sketch of a design for the title-page of the projected *Northern Star*, which was never adopted. Another of the memorials is an oblong 8vo. scrap-book, containing proofs of wood-cuts engraved by him about this time, and the prices he received for them. There are two hundred and twenty-seven examples, including many done subsequently to the date of the "Tour."

Already, at the date of the "Tour," as I have said, the youth Orlando had become, perhaps, the most important member of the Jewitt family, through his talents and well-paid industry as a draughtsman and wood-engraver, and etcher on copper. In fact, although aided by his father's taste and skill as an amateur artist, it was Orlando's success which caused his father, as well as his younger brothers, to become professional artists and engravers. He had made considerable progress in wood engraving before he had ever seen any other engraver at work, and that too with rude, makeshift tools, and on material that was not the best for the work, such as apple-tree, pear-tree and holly, instead of box. It was because of the rapid development of his skill between 1815, when he illustrated his elder brother's "Wanderings of Memory," and 1817, when he illustrated his father's *Northern Star*, although not yet eighteen years old, that his father gave up his school, and styled himself "artist," and removed from Kimberworth to Duffield in Derbyshire. It will be

hereafter seen in this volume to what an eminence this artist, Orlando Jewitt, attained as draughtsman and wood-engraver; numbering among his numerous successful pupils the famous Professor Delamotte, of King's College. But Orlando's little brother, cradled there at Kimberworth, will quite overtake him in these excellencies, and Charles Roach Smith is quite right where he says in his "Retrospections, Social and Archæological"\* speaking of Llewellynn Jewitt as an engraver on wood:

"In this elegant and indispensable art he vied with his brother Orlando Jewitt, the eminent wood-engraver."

He vied and he succeeded; as another of my Jewitt memorials will shew, namely, the quarto scrap-book, containing "proofs" of his woodcuts, three hundred and four in number, executed in and from the year 1838. These are of rare excellence; but, being unsigned, were unknown to the public as his work.

At Duffield, Llewellynn Jewitt passed all the rest of his minority, and here, under the training of his father and his brother Orlando, his remarkable powers were developed, and before he had reached twenty-one he had become an accomplished writer, artist, engraver on wood and general scientist, being already well able to use that "stronger pen" in dealing with antiquities of which his brother Orlando had spoken nearly twenty-one years previously.

The first glimpse we get of Llewellynn Jewitt here at Duffield is a reflected one. In 1835, Frederick William Fairholt, who afterwards became so famous as an artist and author, first visited Derbyshire. He brought with him a warm introduction from Edwin Jewitt to the latter's father, at Duffield. Fairholt wrote an interesting diary of that journey, which his executor, Charles Roach Smith, afterwards handed to Llewellynn Jewitt, who published it in volume xxi. of *The Reliquary*, entitled, "Diary of the first visit to Derbyshire, by the late F. W. Fairholt, F.S.A."

As Fairholt was Llewellynn Jewitt's earliest antiquarian, scientific and artistic friend, outside his own family, and so greatly influenced his future career, I shall dwell at some length on the journey and visit of this subsequently great man, which led to results so important.

Llewellynn Jewitt prefaces the diary with these words: "In 1835, Fairholt first visited Derbyshire, and in that year I had the pleasure, at my father's house (at Duffield), where he came with a warm introduction from my late brother Edwin, who knew him in London, of first making his acquaintance, and of forming that friendship with him, which lasted uninterruptedly to the last day of his life. His visit to Derbyshire was one of extreme pleasure, both to himself and to all who made his acquaintance. . . . I am now enabled, through the thoughtfulness of my old and much loved friend, Charles Roach Smith, F.S.A., who was Fairholt's executor and residuary legatee, to give some extracts from the diary which he kept of the occurrences of

\* London: George Bell and Sons, York Street, Covent Garden, 1886.



that tour, and his impressions of the places visited. The observations are shrewd and intelligent, and show that even at that early age his love of topography and antiquities was being largely developed. The narrative is simple and unpretentious in matter and manner, but is full of interest for the description it gives of places and buildings now, with lapse of time, much altered." Then we have the following :

"1835, July 27th.—Busied myself this morning in preparing for my long desired visit to Derbyshire. Secured in the morning a place outside the Commercial Coach to Nottingham, a saving being effected in going that way to Derby, the fare being but 15s., while the Derby coaches charge £5, and costing but 2s. 6d. from Nottingham to Derby. The coach started from Lad Lane at a quarter before five, and a most uncomfortable starting it was for me, for I had never before rode on a coach for the night, and had made up in my own mind which seat to take to ensure my own comfort, which I concluded to be the middle seat behind the coachman ; but all seats there were taken, and in the end the only one I could get was the outside seat behind, which obliged me to ride backward, fancying I was falling off every minute. I was so vexed and disappointed that had I not paid for the place, I think I should have got down and deferred my journey. However, by when we had reached the 'Angel,' at Islington, I felt more comfortable, and at Highgate quite so, and enjoyed from thence the ride to St. Albans. As we passed so rapidly through it, I had but a slight view of the town ; but the antique clock-house, surrounded by its equally picturesque gable-fronted dwelling-houses, struck me as very beautiful. The Abbey I was disappointed with ; its distant appearance is (in my opinion) far from picturesque ; it is long, square and inelegant, and is not at all a pleasing object. Further, we journeyed through a sandy tract that had been deeply cut through to admit the road to Dunstable, which place, so famous for its straw work, we reached by nightfall, thence journeying in darkness to Newport, and reaching Northampton by twelve o'clock, passing by the Queen's Cross, which I saw, of course, but indistinctly in the darkness, but what I saw convinced me its proportions were beautiful. This time, being half-way on our journey, a half-hour was appropriated to supper, at the expiration of which time the coach again proceeded. We had now more room on the coach, for a gentleman who had seated himself beside us had left his cloak outside while he himself went in, at least so the guard was informed in answer to his questions concerning him ; but at the next place for changing horses, about ten miles from Northampton, we discovered that he was left on the road, at the supper table. The cold was now very severe, and I was very sleepy, but fear of accident deterred me from indulging myself. As the morning advanced, and the sun rose, I felt that the damps occasioned by it made it still colder ; I should not have thought it possible for the nights to have been so cold, particularly as the days were so oppressively hot as to scorch the grass up in the fields. About daybreak we reached Leicester, and passing many pretty villages (one of the prettiest being Mount Sorel), we reached Loughborough about six o'clock. The church of this town is a very beautiful specimen of

Gothic architecture. Making a brief stay here, we proceeded to Nottingham, the first appearance of which town is very imposing; the streets are sloping, and the town built on a hill, and St. Mary's Church a fine building; but the coach turned us into the Market Place too rapidly for much view. We stopped at the 'Maypole' Inn, at half-past eight in the morning, and got our breakfast at the 'Shoulder of Mutton' opposite, and that being finished, and having to wait till eleven for the first coach to Derby, we spent our time in looking about the town. The Market Place is of immense extent, as large as Smithfield, but, unlike that, is clean and neat to a degree. The town altogether is bustling, lively and pleasant, but I could not discern much of antiquity in its polished appearance, nothing to realise the idea formed of it by reading the old Robin Hood ballads, and which had given me a great desire to see this town, as that and its proud sheriff had been the occasion of some of his exploits. The castle (burnt in one of the Reform Riots) is now exhibited (by a man placed there by the Duke of Newcastle) to strangers, and we went over the ruins. It has been a fine building, very much in the style of Whitehall, but the armaments have been broken, and the fire has spoilt them, that it has a mutilated effect. The bare walls are scrawled over with sarcastic remarks on reformers; on one part is written 'Call ye this Reform?' And on another wall—

'Behold this ruin by Reformers done,  
That all the world their principles may shun.'

Remarks as silly as they are impotent." After further description of the castle and the views therefrom:

"At eleven o'clock we started by the coach for Derby, passing a fine entrance to a nobleman's seat on the right, and several pretty villages on the road, and reaching Derby about two o'clock. The appearance of Derby from the road is imposing, the fine tower of All Saints' showing to great advantage, the handsome bridge over the Derwent, leading to the street called Bridge Gate, being no slight adjunct in forming a picturesque view. Alighting from the coach in Bridge Gate we went to the house of a relative of my friend and companion, whose wife was some years ago well known to me in London. Their surprise was great at seeing us, as we had given no intimation of our coming, but Mrs. S—— immediately set about making us comfortable; and after we had done justice to their genuine hospitality, and bestowed some time in conversation, S—— went to pay some visits to friends of his family, and I, by way of seeing the town, accompanied him. I had not formed much of an opinion in favour of the town itself from that portion called the Bridge Gate, the houses being old and shabby, but Friar Gate and some other streets are very excellent ones, and altogether the town is neat and clean to a degree, the bright red brick of the houses, and the whiteness of the stonework, impaired as the London ones are by smoke, having a cheering, comfortable appearance. The last call we made was on a Mr. W——, whose son took us with him to the court, where the July Assizes were then held. This was a novelty to us, as we had

never witnessed a trial of criminals. The present case was one of horse stealing, and the two prisoners at the bar were listening with fixed attention to the judge; and from the evidence which he was employed in summing up, it appeared that the elder of the two induced the younger to join him in committing the crime; and his too ready acquiescence in this act of robbery had ruined him for ever. The elder was a hard-featured man, with a low brow and sunken eye, dressed in a smock frock; the other seemed to have traces of gentleness in his face, and when the judge had summed up, and the jury had begun their consultation, during those awful moments he seemed to struggle hard to repress those feelings, too well shown by his lips, which quivered convulsively, while a tear now and then peeped forth. His elder partner in guilt was pale, but determined, and his fixed glassy eye, and white sharp features, told a tale of fear, but not of innocence. The thoughts produced in my mind by their situation, and the study of their looks during this silent interval in the proceedings of the court, were totally changed in their course by the conduct of the foreman of the jury, who, on being asked the usual question, 'Guilty or not guilty?' answered 'Guilty,' but recommended the younger to mercy, and when asked on what grounds, he answered, because the jury had not felt satisfied as to his willing participation in the crime! The judge asked him why they had returned a verdict before they had felt satisfied, or why they pronounced them guilty if they had any reasonable doubts, to which the foreman made the ridiculous reply, 'Without doubt there are doubts on both sides, but doubtless they are both 'Guilty.' This assertion, as ridiculous in words as in sense, set all the lawyers laughing, and the judge sent them back to reconsider their verdict, which having done, they brought them both in 'Guilty,' and sentence of transportation for life was passed on them by the judge, and they were removed from the court; the younger evidently too much overcome by grief to speak, but the elder, looking spitefully back over his shoulder, declared 'he wished he could send the foreman there,' where he was going. The court being broken up I retired, guessing in my own mind what the feeling of a sensible man would be, whose fate was to be confided to such a stupid set of fools as this jury were. Leaving the court-house, which is a commodious and handsome-looking building withinside, but a low old-fashioned one without, we walked round and over the bridge, from which there is a pretty view of Sir Thomas Lombe's silk mills (the first erected in England), and so on to our friend's house, where we retired (pretty well fatigued) to bed about half-past ten at night."

The diary proceeds charmingly, and lovely rural and mountain scenes are depicted after they leave Derby for a few days with some of S——'s friends in the country, but I have not space for it. Yet I must not pass over Fairholt's account of the great Tutbury "find" of coins, as the event, when he related it, was only four years old. Writing July 29th, of a visit to Tutbury, he says:

"An extraordinary discovery was made here in June, 1831, by some

workmen employed by Mr. Webb, the proprietor of the cotton mills here, who, in prolonging an embankment between the mill stream and the river much further than it formerly extended, had to wheel a great quantity of gravel out of the stream, and whilst engaged in this occupation, the men found several small pieces of silver coin, about 60 yards below the bridge. As they proceeded up the river more were found, lying about half a yard below the surface of the gravel, as if they had been washed down from a higher source. This was on Wednesday, the 1st of June, and the following Monday the men left their work in expectation of finding more coin, which hope was gratified by the discovery of several thousands. As they advanced up the river, they became more successful, and the next day (June 8th) they discovered the grand deposit of coins, from whence the others had been washed, about 30 yards below the present bridge, and from four to five feet beneath the surface of the gravel. The coins were here so abundant that 150 were turned up in a single shovelful of gravel, and two individuals that day collected nearly five thousand to their own share. They were sold to the bystanders for six, seven, and eight and sixpence per hundred, but a less quantity being procured next day, the price rose. Meantime the discovery was noised about, and folks came from Derby, and much greater distances, to search, till upwards of three hundred might be seen at one time busily employed there. All ages and both sexes joined in the 'foraging'; even old women might be seen with their fire-shovels, up to their knees in water, routing and digging in the gravel for coin, and squabbling and elbowing for the richest spot. And the place from being a quiet silence, was transformed into the most uproarious, while the hundreds employed in searching the stream, the mob witnessing their profitable labours on the bridge, the beautiful village in the background, and the bold hill with the castle of him who had once been the possessor of all this treasure, formed a beautiful scene, the beauty of which, contrasted with the singularity of the event, would form a fine subject for a painter, more especially if he had heard the varied and elegant description from Mr. T——, who was an eye-witness to the extraordinary scene. So many persons were now engaged in finding, that quarrels arose to such a degree that the interference of the magistrates was necessary, and in the end the officers of the Crown asserted the king's right to all coin found there, as the soil belonged to his Majesty in right of the Duchy of Lancaster. Accordingly horse soldiers were marched into the town, and all persons prohibited from further search, but such as had official authority; but those who had previously found coins were allowed to keep possession of them, a board with these intimations being fixed at the bridge, where it still stands; and another on the spot where they were found in the river, threatening prosecution to all trespassers. Another search was commenced on the 28th June, in behalf of the Crown, and discontinued on the 1st July, after discovering upwards of 1,500 more coins. The excavation was then filled up, and gravel spread over it for the purpose of levelling the bed of the river, so that now all further search would prove ineffectual; but the inhabitants of the town imagine that they are yet

found occasionally by the people of the cotton mill. The total number of coins discovered in this remarkable way is supposed to have been, on the most moderate computation, 100,000, the greatest share of which came to the first discoverers, who had the best pickings and the easiest findings. Some were greatly enriched by it, and others who had been but poor labourers, managed with what they got to set up as small farmers, and keep a horse and market cart. One or two of the latter were mentioned to me by name. So extensive a discovery of a like nature is not on record. It is supposed that these coins formed part of the treasure belonging to the Earl of Lancaster, when he had taken up arms against Edward II. (disgusted with the manner in which that weak monarch was guided by his favourites, Gaveston and the two Spencers), and which he had amassed to pay his expenses, the soldiers' pay, etc. Having taken up his position at Burton, and strongly barricading the bridge, on which his safety mainly depended, as the king could not reach his castle at Tutbury without crossing the Trent, there being no other bridge for many miles, and none at all over the Dove. Thus, confiding in the strength of his situation, though deserted by Barons who had promised their assistance, he was much surprised that the king had found a guide who had pointed out a fordable situation about five miles above Burton, and who was now prepared to attack his rear, while another portion of the army pretended to force the bridge in order to draw off his attention from the really dangerous part of the attack. The Earl was now obliged to fly to his apparently impregnable fortress of Tutbury, as his only refuge. After a five mile march he got into it with his remaining followers just as the enemy approached the gates. To stay was not possible, to come out on the Staffordshire side impracticable, and the river Dove, at that time scarcely fordable, appeared to cut him off from entering Derbyshire, and passing through that county to his Castle of Pontefract in Yorkshire. This, however, he was obliged to attempt, and in spite of high floods succeeded; leaving his baggage and military chest in the care of his treasurer, Leicester, to convey to him when safe at Pontefract. This Leicester endeavoured to do, but owing to the confusion in crossing the river in the dark, with a panic-struck guard, the treasure was lost in the Dove, nor had the treasurer ever after an opportunity of returning to attempt its recovery. The unfortunate Earl of Lancaster, poor, and deserted by his false friends, was finally betrayed to his enemies, and beheaded, after many indignities, at Pontefract, A.D. 1322; and from that period to the month of June, 1831, strange as it may seem, nothing was known or heard of the treasure till this accidental discovery. Such is the printed account of this treasure; but the country people generally believe another version, which they affirm to be the truth, asserting that it was the original account given when the coins were first found. Their story is that the money was buried in a field near the river, for the purpose of safety, as was so often done in those troublesome times, and that the course of the river, which has altered since then, and got into another channel, had covered that part of the field where it was buried."

At the time of the discovery of these coins, Llewellynn Jewitt would be about fifteen years old. I know not whether he went to Tutbury and fetched up with his own hands a spadeful or two of the argentiferous and ferruginous river bottom ; but in his collection of antiquities there was (and it is now in mine) a quantity of the river gravel—stones, large and small, cemented together with clay and iron-rust—containing visible about a hundred of the silver coins, some of them still sticking in the clay in original situ, and some probably still concealed in masses of the conglomerate which have not been separated. In this mass there are no less than four horse-shoes thoroughly oxidised, and several other pieces of oxidised iron which may have been parts of a chest. The silver coins are none the worse for their five hundred years of burial in the river bottom, beyond being blackened on the surface. The inscriptions are still perfect—totally unaffected by either sulphidation or abrasion. Accompanying this remarkable conglomerate there is a label in the handwriting of Llewellynn Jewitt, thus : “Parts of the bed of the River Dove at Tutbury, showing part of the famous ‘Tutbury find’ of coins, etc., etc., with a number of the coins, horse-shoes, etc., in situ, and a hundred as examples of the coins found there.—Llewellynn Jewitt, F.S.A.”

The four horse-shoes and other fragments embedded in this conglomerate with the coins, rather indicate the disastrous crossing of a river, than a deliberate hiding of the treasure in a field. Further interest is added to this particular bit of river-bed, from the fact that Orlando Jewitt made a careful drawing and engraving of it on wood, shewing each surfacial pebble and fragment, and the coins sticking here and there ; and that engraving, signed by him, is printed in Charles Knight’s “Old England,” vol. I., p. 237. In my library there is also a book of great interest, entitled “Descriptive Catalogue of the series of coins found at Tutbury, in the county of Stafford, in the bed of the river Dove, in June, 1831, and supposed to have been part of the military chest of the Earl of Lancaster. Temp. Ed. II. Derby : printed by W. Rowbottom, Iron Gate.”

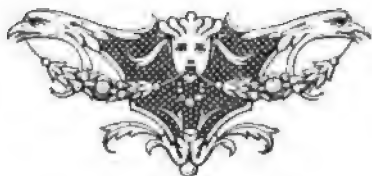
The sight of this little bit of the bed of the Dove which is now before me, and is one of the most treasured of the antiquities in my collection, gives rise to curious reflections. The coins and the horse-shoes, and the other fragments of wrought iron, mementoes of a disaster which happened in the history of England more than five hundred years ago, may truly be classed as antiquities. But how juvenile are they compared to the age of the rounding of the pebbles of quartzite which accompany them, and which, but for this their association we should hardly have thought of as antiquities. The pyramids, which exhibit human work of greater antiquity than these pieces of silver and iron, are still standing ; but glancing at time past, and the records of its progress readable to the geologist in the condition of these rounded pebbles, the pyramids seem to have been erected but yesterday, and yet they are beginning to show signs of decay.

With much regret I pass by young Fairholt’s beautiful description

of Tutbury Castle and the impressions it made upon him, and his return to it the next day, when he made sketches of it, and of the church, when he writes :

"Having finished our sketches we returned to the town, and I there made enquiries for some of the coins that were found in the Dove, expecting to be able to pick out some fine ones for my own collection, from the many I thought to meet with here ; but I was greatly deceived, for I could not meet with one ; the old lady I applied to said she had not seen one for two or three years, that she got a few, but thought nothing of them, and the children had them to play with, and they soon were lost. As for other persons—they turned them into current coin as fast as possible, particularly when they were prohibited from searching for more, as they were fearful that their restitution might be demanded.

"We dined at a public-house off bread and cheese and a pot of ale, and certainly I never ate more at a meal in my life, and Stephen ate equally heartily ; I was almost ashamed when they came to fetch the remains away, and certainly more astonished when I found that for all we had but ninepence was demanded. Having paid this most moderate of demands, we started off to a point of the Burton Road, commanding a fine bridge-ruin, and having sat and enjoyed it awhile, we turned another road to see the 'great elm,' which the inhabitants of Tutbury seemed to think very astonishingly large. I was not astonished, but I was disappointed, and so leaving it with that feeling, walked home to Hilton."



## CHAPTER V.

FAIRHOLT AT REPTON; AT DERBY CHINA WORKS; AT DUFFIELD; AT MATLOCK.—SAMUEL CARTER HALL'S TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF FAIRHOLT, WHO COULD NOT SLEEP AT ADDLESTONE FOR THE NIGHTINGALES.—MASTER ROBERT JUET AND COMMODORE HENRY HUDSON.—WASHINGTON IRVING AND CHARLES DICKENS.—"CHEWIT" AND TOBACCO.—ARMORIALS OF THE JEWITTS.—PERSEUS AND ANDROMEDA.



MUST pass by young Fairholt's charming account of his subsequent visits to Newton, past Egginton Hall, Monk's Bridge, Bladon Castle, his description of the church at Newton Solney; Etwall and its Church; to Derby, and back to Hilton. In the latter walk he says: "Nothing worth noting happening, except the superstitious remark made by an old lady, who being told by her daughter of a tumbler flying to pieces the day before, just as she set it on the table, and she herself being sent for in a hurry home to her sick husband at Ashbourne, frightened herself into a belief that it was an omen of his death, and left us, exclaiming in tears—'Ah! that glass didn't break yesterday for nothing; that was a warning to me.'"

On August 2nd, Fairholt returned to Newton, and spent the day in sketching the monuments in the church. When he returned to Hilton in the evening he found there his friend Edward Rimbault, afterwards famous as a composer and writer upon music, and who became LL.D. and F.S.A. A very pretty and interesting book of his, printed in 1851, is before me, entitled: "A Little Book of Songs and Ballads, gathered from Ancient Musick Books, M.S. and Printed."

The next day, as "Edward and Stephen" arranged to go to Staunton Hall, Leicester, to visit their uncle, Fairholt accompanied them as far as Repton, where he stopped all day, and of which he writes a very interesting description. Stephen turns out to be a Rimbault as well as Edward.

Reluctantly I again pass by much most interesting matter in the diary and hasten on to the 9th August, Tuesday, on which day Fairholt had visited the Derby China Works, and thence started to visit Mr. Jewitt, at Duffield, whose son Llewellynn was then about nineteen years old, and was at home and saw Fairholt, who was then



twenty-one. And that day the two young men formed that friendship which endured to the last day of Fairholt's life. And these are Fairholt's words in his diary:—"Having made a lengthy stay at the china manufactory, and seen the whole process of forming articles simple or elaborate, we left the establishment greatly pleased by the ingenuity and talent evinced in this branch of art, and having taken a short rest, set off for Matlock, but stopped on the road at Duffield to visit Mr. Jewitt [Llewellynn's father]. He made us stop to dinner, and kept us so late that it was nearly six o'clock before we resumed our route. The road, which had not been inaptly described to us as being 'level as a bowling-green,' was very beautiful all the way from Derby.

"Duffield and Belper were beautiful little villages, but from the latter place (which is almost entirely inhabited by the workmen employed by Mr. Strutt in his cotton mills here) the beautiful began to be mixed with the sublime, the rocks and hills on each side towered high above us, covered with wood to the top, or standing bare to the sky, exhibiting their beautiful mellow tints and craggy bold outline to the delighted eye. In the centre of this beautiful wide vale, formed by these hills, ran the Derwent, rippling over innumerable pieces of rock; the banks fringed by wood, or sloping gently and verdantly to its edge. The road ran along a ledge above the valley, and a stone wall of loose material was placed along this side of the path. As we journeyed the sun sank, and I never saw anything more beautiful than the scenery in the mild autumnal light. The hills stood in bold relief against the evening sky, and from among the dark wood that gloomed round their base the bright smoke from the fires of the kilns here had a fine effect. Crossing a pretty little bridge a little further on, our road lay along the other side of the Derwent, which continued its noisy course on our left, its ripples distinguishable through the branches of the trees which lined this side of the road. The other side was closed in by overhanging rocks, broken into numberless jagged forms, and rendering our road rather obscure by their shade. It was now night, and the high rocks on one side, and the dark thick trees on the other made it gloomy enough. The way, too, was longer by some miles than we had imagined, but 'needs must,' and we paced on, till a high rock of chalky hue seemed to arrest our progress; however, as we neared it we found our road lay round it, and hid behind the mossy crag was our resting-place, the village of Cromford.

"We entered the first inn opposite our road, and having bespoke a bed, made a good supper of bread, cheese, and ale, and began to think of going off to bed, when a damsel entered, and told us that her sister had made a mistake when she told us we could sleep there, as all the beds were engaged before. She expressed her sorrow, and directed us to some other houses in the village, promising at any rate to shelter us for the night if we could not get a bed elsewhere. In no very good humour we left the house, and inquired at two or three places for the necessary accommodation, but without success, till at

last we were lucky enough to knock up the people of a closed public-house, who, I believed, turned out some of their own family to accommodate us; but whether it was owing to drinking so much wine, or walking too far, or all combined together, I know not; this only I know, that I felt so hot and so fidgety that I could not sleep, and never passed a more unpleasant night."

Thus the subsequently great Fairholt describes his introduction to the Jewitts on the 9th August, 1835, which visit materially influenced the future career of the then young Llewellynn. And here we get a hint of the old Jewitt hospitality which was so notably perpetuated by the subject of this memoir. For the Fairholt supper was "bread, cheese, and ale," and it was at the prolonged entertainment at Duffield where "he made us stop to dinner, and kept us so late," that they had been "drinking so much wine." It was natural that a lasting friendship should result from this convivial meeting of two young fellows whose tastes and talents as artists, antiquaries, authors, and men of rare wit, were so nearly identical. And after the death of his friend, on the 3rd April, 1866, Llewellynn Jewitt wrote his "Memory," in volume vii. of *The Reliquary*, in which he speaks of him as "one of my earliest and most cherished antiquarian friends, one whom I have known from my youth, and for whom for through more than 30 years of uninterrupted friendship I have had the warmest affection."

This journey of Llewellynn Jewitt's early friend was his very first start out of his native London. In his own words he had reached twenty-one without "ever seeing how cabbages were made." And, strange to say, although this first journey pleased him by its novelty, he ever after grew more attached to London, and more and more disgusted with everything rural. As to never having seen how cabbages were made, that must have been because he had never cared to look, for in his youth he used often to make excursions into the suburbs of London to sketch from nature, and passed many a growing cabbage-garden without heeding it. There was another occasion on which he complained of a bad night in the country, instanced by my venerable friend, Samuel Carter Hall, F.S.A., in his "Retrospect of a Long Life." \*

He says of him: "FREDERICK WILLIAM FAIRHOLT, who was for more than thirty years my close valuable and valued ally in the *Art Journal*, is surely entitled to grateful remembrance in these pages. In that journal most of his best works first appeared; to be subsequently issued as books—text-books for art students and art lovers. . . .

"It was not only that I was aided in the *Art Journal* by his ever-zealous co-operation: to him is owing much of the merit and worth of the more popular among the joint productions of Mrs. Hall and myself—such as the 'Baronial Halls,' the 'Pilgrimages to English Shrines,' and the 'Book of the Thames.' He was our constant

\* London: Richard Bentley and Son, 1883.

companion during our visits to at least a hundred 'show places,' enlightening us with his knowledge and largely aiding us by his antiquarian notes. For he was a genuine antiquary to the heart's core, who loved the old far more than the new; and he was also a genuine Londoner, who, like Dr. Johnson, considered that earth supplied no scene of interest so great as that furnished by Fleet Street and its adjacent alleys and courts."

It is with peculiar pleasure that I thus exhibit in this book the generosity of the venerable Samuel Carter Hall, and I shall have other occasions to do so. It is not every author who possesses the magnanimity to say of a departed friend, who can himself never raise the claim, and never has raised it, such an acknowledgment as this, that "to him is owing much of the merit and worth of the more popular among the joint productions of Mrs. Hall and myself." It is easier to say this respecting the works and friends of somebody else. I have known the author of "Retrospect of a Long Life" during more than forty years of that long life. During a much longer period than that he was the wielder of great power in the literary and artistic world,—a far greater power than any man has ever wielded before or since. As a powerful, fortunate, and happy man he gave offence to some of the envious; as a judge in literature and art, and a great dispenser of patronage, he gave offence to some of the unsuccessful and disappointed; and he made deadly enemies of those who were making fortunes by the sale of counterfeit works of art, with whom he waged war, and whose paths he made very thorny. Some such Adullamites became his detractors; but I never knew him either to detract or flatter during all his remarkably long official career; but I have known him always to be just or generous. Continuing his retrospect of Fairholt, he says:

"I remember his town-bred instincts manifesting themselves in an amusing fashion when he was my guest at Addlestone. The house was full, and I was obliged to allot him a bedroom in the gardener's lodge. In the morning, when he came in to breakfast, I asked him how he had slept. 'Very badly,' he answered; 'I was kept awake all night by the nightingales.' 'Well,' I said, 'If you were destined to be sleepless, it was at least something to be made so by the sweet bird, 'most musical, most melancholy.' 'In plain truth,' he replied, 'If you are to be kept awake, I don't see much difference between nightingales and cats!'"

His host probably had in mind that other garden, and the orchards and vineyards of the land of Beulah, where the pilgrims obtained little sleep because of the melodious sound of the bells and trumpets of the Celestial City close at hand; "Yet they received as much refreshment as if they had slept their sleep ever so soundly." Mr. S. C. Hall continues: "He travelled with me to Ireland; and many of the illustrations in the volumes of 'Ireland: its Scenery and Character,' are from drawings by him; especially those which picture the wild sea-coast of Achill and Connemara. It was 'funny' to see the genuine

Cockney mounted on one of the shaggy ponies of the wild west, holding on firmly by the mane, while his huge cloak was blown about his legs by the fierce breezes from the broad Atlantic, and to note his sigh of relief when he was permitted to dismount—a perilous undertaking. He was with me at Achill during one of its periodical famines, and there he saw some three thousand men, women, and children, literally starving. The man of tender heart was in tears—as, indeed, so was I—from the time he entered the island until he quitted it. Our stock of shillings was soon exhausted, but they little helped to keep death in its most cruel form at bay—for there was neither bread nor food of any kind to be purchased. The sad impression it created was never obliterated from the sensitive mind of the artist. . . .

“During several years Fairholt was the secretary of the ‘Society of Noviomagus,’ being elected to that honour in 1845. George Godwin, F.R.S., was his predecessor, and the meetings of the society gained from the presence of either estimable gentleman a zest and brilliancy the loss of which may well be deplored by the few old members who yet remain.”

Fairholt stands forth thus prominently in this memoir, and will do so yet again, because he not only greatly influenced the career of Llewellynn Jewitt, but was an important figure in the group of hand-in-hand hardworking artists, writers, and antiquaries, which included Samuel Carter Hall, Roach Smith, Thomas Wright, and others, as well as Llewellynn Jewitt himself. C. Roach Smith, in writing to me of his old friend Fairholt, said: “Of him too much cannot be said.”

Judging from what I have quoted from the diary, and from its beauties which I have not quoted, Fairholt must have been at the age of twenty-one an admirer of the natural scenery which he described so appreciatively, and which was then new to him, and it is very curious that as he grew older he should more and more prefer “Fleet Street and its adjacent alleys and courts,” to the sweet lanes of the country, and the city din to the music of the lark and the nightingale.

Fairholt’s diary finishes with:

“August 16th.—Reached the ‘Swan-with-two-Necks,’ Lad Lane, at 8 a.m., and from there in a cab to Rimbault’s, Denmark Street, Soho, by 9 in the morning. Thus ending our Derbyshire trip of three weeks, the expenses of which on my part amounted only to £2 17s. 6d.”

Fairholt designed for himself a seal, with a pen and pencil placed saltire-wise and a letter F. upon them in the centre, surrounded by the legend “The meanes to lyve these dothe me gyve.” The same device without the legend appears on the mural brass enamelled tablet erected in the church of Stratford-on-Avon to his memory, by his friend Roach Smith. After the death of Fairholt, Roach Smith handed this seal to Llewellynn Jewitt, the legend being as applicable

to one author-artist as to the other, and Llewellynn Jewitt used it ever after more often than his own armorial seal. Of his armorials I will speak after leading to that subject by reference to a famous ancestor of the family.

I mean Master Robert Juet, the favourite companion of the great Commodore Henry Hudson, and co-discoverer of Manahata, now called New York. The family being very ancient, or, rather, the name being very ancient, the spelling has become varied in the different branches, and it is also spelt Jouet, Juit, Jewett, Jowett, Jowet, Jowitt, Jowat and Jowatt, but its pronunciation in Yorkshire, however spelt, was always "Jahwit." Washington Irving, author of "Knickerbocker's History of New York," speaking of the great Commodore's friend and companion, says: "By some his name has been spelt *Chewit*, and ascribed to the circumstance of his being the first man that ever chewed tobacco; but this I believe to be a mere flippancy; more especially as certain of his progeny are living to this day, who write their names Juet. He was an old comrade and early schoolmate of the great Hudson, with whom he had often played truant and sailed chip boats in a neighbouring pond, when they were little boys; from whence it is said the Commodore first derived his bias towards a sea-faring life. Certain it is that the old people about Limehouse declared Robert Juet to be an unlucky urchin, prone to mischief, that would one day or other come to the gallows. He grew up as boys of that kind often grow up, a rambling heedless varlet, tossed about in all quarters of the world—meeting with more perils and wonders than did Sinbad the Sailor, without growing a whit more wise, prudent, or ill-natured. Under every misfortune he comforted himself with a quid of tobacco, and the truly philosophic maxim, that 'it will be all the same thing a hundred years hence.' He was skilled in the art of carving anchors and true lovers' knots on the bulk-heads and quarter-railings, and was considered a great wit on board ship in consequence of his playing pranks on everybody around, and now and then even making a wry face at old Hendrick when his back was turned. To this universal genius are we indebted for many particulars concerning this voyage, of which he wrote a history at the request of the Commodore, who had an unconquerable aversion to writing himself, from having received so many floggings about it when at school. To supply the deficiencies of Master Juet's journal, which is written with true log-book brevity, I have availed myself of divers family traditions, handed down from my great-great-grandfather, who accompanied the expedition in the capacity of cabin-boy."

I ask the pardon of the shade of Washington Irving when I say that his statements about the boyhood and school days of Hudson and Juet should be taken with a grain of salt, being, like the *Chewit* idea, chiefly "mere flippancy." As he was a merry good-natured joker when in the flesh, he would not have felt hurt at my hinting that he is joking away the dignity of Master Robert Juet, in whose memory we now take a great interest. Fancy that "merry old soul" Washington

Irving sitting face to face with Charles Dickens over that "enormous mint-julep." Charles Dickens was at Baltimore in March, 1842, about to start to the far West, when Washington Irving came to him from that New York which Hudson and Juet discovered, to take leave, and Dickens says: "Some unknown admirer of his books and mine sent to the hotel a most enormous mint-julep, wreathed with flowers. We sat, one on either side of it, with great solemnity (it filled a respectably-sized round table), but the solemnity was of very short duration. It was quite an enchanted julep, and carried us among innumerable people and places that we both knew. The julep held out far into the night, and my memory never saw him afterwards otherwise than as bending over it, with his straw, with an attempted air of gravity (after some anecdote involving some wonderfully droll and delicate observation of character), and then, as his eye caught mine, melting into that captivating laugh of his, which was the brightest and best I have ever heard."

The writer with the "captivating laugh" continues in his "History of New York":

"From all that I can learn, few incidents worthy of remark happened in the voyage; and it mortifies me exceedingly, that I have to admit so noted an expedition into my work without making any more of it. . . . Being under the special guidance of Providence, the ship was safely conducted to the coast of America; where, after sundry unimportant touchings and standings off and on, she at length, on the 4th day of September, entered that majestic bay, which at this day expands its ample bosom before the city of New York, and which had never before been visited by any European.

"It has been traditional in our family, that when the great navigator was first blessed with a view of this enchanting island, he was observed, for the first and only time in his life, to exhibit strong symptoms of astonishment and admiration. He is said to have turned to Master Juet, and uttered these remarkable words, while he pointed towards this paradise of the new world—'See! there!'—and thereupon, as was always his way when he was uncommonly pleased, he did puff out such clouds of dense tobacco smoke, that in one minute the vessel was out of sight of land, and Master Juet was fain to wait until the winds dispersed this impenetrable fog. . . .

"The island of Manna-hat-a spread wide before them, like some sweet vision of fancy, or some fair creation of industrious magic. Its hills of smiling green swelled gently one above another, crowned with lofty trees of luxuriant growth; some pointing their tapering foliage towards the clouds, which were gloriously transparent; and others, loaded with a verdant burden of clambering vines, bowed their branches to the earth, that was covered with flowers. On the gentle declivities of the hills were scattered in gay profusion, the dog-wood, the sumach, and the wild brier, whose scarlet berries and white blossoms glowed brightly among the deep green of the surrounding foliage; and here and there a curling column of smoke rising from the

little glens that opened along the shore, seemed to promise the weary voyagers a welcome at the hands of their fellow-creatures. As they stood gazing with entranced attention on the scene before them, a red man, crowned with feathers, issued from one of these glens, and after contemplating in silent wonder the gallant ship, as she sat like a stately swan swimming on a silver lake, sounded the war-whoop, and bounded into the woods like a wild deer. . . .

"The journal goes on to make mention of divers interviews between the crew and the natives in the voyage up the river; but as they would be impertinent to my history, I shall pass over them in silence, except the following dry joke, played off by the old commodore and his school-fellow, Robert Juet; which does such vast credit to their experimental philosophy, that I cannot refrain from inserting it. 'Our master and his mate determined to try some of the chiefe men of the countrey, whether they had any treacherie in them. So they took them downe into the cabin, and gave them so much wine and *aqua vitæ* that they were all merrie; and one of them had his wife with him, which eate so modestly, as any of our countrey-women would do in a strange place. In the end, one of them was drunke, which had been aboard of our ship all the time we had been there, and that was strange to them, for they could not tell how to take it.'

"Having satisfied himself by this ingenious experiment, that the natives were an honest, social race of jolly roysterers, who had no objection to a drinking bout, and were very merry in their cups, the old commodore chuckled hugely to himself, and thrusting a double quid of tobacco in his cheek, directed Master Juet to have it carefully recorded, for the satisfaction of all the natural philosophers of the university of Leyden—which done he proceeded on his voyage with great complacency."

Now it seems hardly satisfactory, if all this be not "mere flippancy," to regard this frivolous Master Robert Juet as the ancestor of the learned and stately Llewellynn Jewitt. But it matters little. It is generally considered that the greatest and noblest specimens of mankind had a jackanapes ancestry. Besides, it is better to be greater than an ancestor than to degenerate from him. And after all there is something remarkably co-incidental in the tastes and some of the qualities of the Juet of Washington Irving, and the subject of this memoir. Master Robert Juet was skilled in the art of wood engraving. So was Llewellynn Jewitt. Master Robert engraved anchors and true lover's knots. There never was a man to whom these symbols more truly belonged than to Llewellynn Jewitt. He was ever a most hopeful man, whose faith in a beneficent ruling Providence was too deeply anchored ever to be disturbed by the direst adversity, for he was a man of great sorrow as well as of hope and of joy. And he was a most true and faithful lover from the first to the last. Then Master Robert Juet is described as a great wit. Llewellynn Jewitt was a very great wit, the most ever-ready wit that I have ever met with. Wit was as much half his nature as it was half his name.

Then Robert Juet was a writer and historian in an age when the art was limited to a few. Llewellynn Jewitt was a great writer and historian. But in one thing there was very great dissimilarity. Master Robert Juet could under every misfortune "comfort himself with a quid of tobacco." The commodore, Henry Hudson, had probably imparted to him this habit, he himself having learnt the use of tobacco direct from Sir Walter Raleigh. My dear friend detested tobacco. On one occasion I tried to get him to praise the flavour of a fine Havana. "Whatever it may be," he replied, "it is tobacco: and I detest tobacco in any and every form. It is strange" he continued, "that my very name has been attributed to the circumstance that an ancestor used to *chew it*!" And he looked disgusted, very.

During my very happy sojournings at Winster Hall my bedroom was large, and the windows ample and accessible, and I used to smoke a cigar or two there every night at the open window, without leaving any flavour of it in the room the next day. I remember how during those pleasant summer nights, when the air of the High Peak was so sweet and invigorating, great numbers of entomological visitors used to rush in at that open window to see me at that untimely hour, and out again quickly with buzz and whirr—except those who had burnt their beautiful wings at my candles—for neither did they approve of tobacco smoke. At the Hollies, Duffield, later on, I could not so readily get the smoke of my cigar out of the window, and I was found out without knowing it at that time. But when my next visit came round, I was told by my loving host that "capital" arrangements had been made for my smoking *in the greenhouse*, where there was a comfortable chair, and a comfortable temperature kept up expressly for me. Yet before that visit was ended he repented of the idea, and implored me again and again to smoke "anywhere and everywhere" that I pleased in the house. Much as he detested the smell of tobacco he tried to lure me to smoke in the house with the pretence that dear Mrs. Jewitt would like it. They neither of them liked anything that the other did not like. But they would have enjoyed this self-punishment; so great was their courtesy. Thus Master Robert Juet and my dear friend differed entirely on the question of tobacco.

I have found a written memorandum on this subject in the handwriting of Llewellynn Jewitt's father. It is this: "As to the name 'Chewit,' I never knew but one of the name who would put pig-tail in his mouth, though there have been, and are yet, several who are outrageous smokers."

It has occurred to me that when the Jewitt arms were granted it is possible that the three-masted galley had reference to the good ship "The Half-Moon," in which Juet sailed with Hudson, and in which they discovered New York. Had it been the ordinary one-masted galley it would have been less probable. Then his crest, the Demi-Pegasus is certainly maritime. The origin of Pegasus is attributed to Neptune, as well as to the blood of Medusa; and the emblem of a ship in Egypt and Phœnicia was a winged horse, which was called by



the Egyptians Pegasus. The ancient inhabitants of Cadiz, a Phœnician colony, also called their ships winged horses. The word *sus* signified equally a ship and a horse, and Pegasus meant equally a horse with wings and a ship with oars.

In the Odyssey, Penelope, the chaste Queen of Ulysses, enquires of the herald Medon: "O herald, wherefore is my son gone? It was not at all necessary that he should embark on swift ships, which for men are horses of the sea, and pass over the vast wave."

The story of Perseus and Andromeda was the fabulization of the voyage of Perseus by sea to Ethiopia, whence he brought his wife Andromeda. The earliest historian would say that he went on a winged-horse, meaning on board a ship. The fabulist made him to ride through the air. The old English kings-at-arms knew all about this. But Llewellynn Jewitt seems never to have given it any thought, and in an article on "Derby Signs," in Vol. IX. of *The Reliquary* in speaking of "The Flying Horse," he entirely overlooks its maritime signification. He says: "The Pegasus is one of the supporters of the arms of Lord Berwick, and a Demi-Pegasus, regardant, wings addorsed, holding between its feet a flag of St. George, is my own family crest." The Demi-Pegasus being a poetic symbol, so the oars of the galley in this heraldic charge may merely symbolize the swiftness of "The Half-Moon;" as Ulysses speaks of them in the 23rd Book of the Odyssey—"the well-fitted oars, which are wings for ships."

Llewellynn Jewitt's arms are:—*Azure*; a three-masted galley, sails furled *or*; flags *argent*, each charged with a cross of St. George *gules*. Crest, a Demi-Pegasus regardant, wings addorsed *argent*, holding a flag of the same charged with a cross of St. George *gules*. Motto, *Non Sibi*. Llewellynn Jewitt impaled his arms with those of the family of his wife, whose name was Elizabeth Sage, and they are:—*Gules*; on a chevron *argent*, three old men's heads proper [sages], affrontée, habited in close caps, *sable*. Crest, a sage's head as in the arms. Motto, *Soyez sage et simple*. Some of the Jowett and Jowitt branches of the family bear arms and crest precisely the same as Llewellynn Jewitt's, excepting that the flags are all *gules*, instead of *argent* and St. George's cross *gules*. These all seem to bear allusion to Juet the sailor. Yet those of the family who retain that simple spelling do not bear those arms, but the following:—*Argent*; on a cross *gules*, five *fleurs-de-lis* of the field.

This red symbol of Christianity, and these five *fleurs-de-lis*, emblems of France, remind me that this is the place to say a word more on the probable original spelling of the Jewitt name, a question which exercised the mind of Washington Irving. I have before me the following note in the handwriting of Orlando Jewitt: "The name is French. It is not uncommon in France, and is written JOUET." Then I have before me another note in the handwriting of Arthur Jewitt, Orlando's father: "Leaving the question of etymology for those who take pleasure in such researches, I will only observe that

whencesoever the name is derived, its pronunciation in Sheffield is 'Jahwitt.'" And this, he says, is its pronunciation wherever he has met with it, and however spelt. Now Samuel Carter Hall, in his "Retrospect," Vol. II., p. 423, in speaking of Sarah Elizabeth Fielding, the mother of Mrs. S. C. Hall, says that the grandfather of the former was "of illustrious birth and descent, of the family of De Jaout (I am not sure that I spell the name correctly) in Renz en Champagne." He was one of the refugees from France after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and established a silk manufactory at Spitalfields. It will be remembered that Llewellynn Jewitt's grandfather's cutlers' mark was a mill-rinde between two *fleurs-de-lis*. Altogether it seems probable that the Jewitt's are a branch of the same Huguenot family as Mrs. Fielding's grandfather, and that, like him, they became English for religion's sake, at first retaining as their armorials the red cross and the lilies of their beloved France, until Juet the Sailor, or one of his descendants obtained from the king-at-arms the golden three-masted ship, in which he still hoisted the old red-cross flag at each mast-head, but dispensed with the lilies of France.



## CHAPTER VI

THE DEATH OF LLEWELLYNN JEWITT'S MOTHER.—HER CLAIRVOYANT POWER.—HER HUSBAND'S GREAT GRIEF.—HIS TOUCHING VERSES.—HER TRUE LOVER TO THE LAST.



LET us now return to the year of Fairholt's visit to Duffield—1835. His visit was on the 9th August, when Llewellynn Jewitt made him his great and lifelong friend. On November 25th of the same year, Llewellynn Jewitt lost his best friend of all, and I can imagine the anguish of such a heart as his on the occasion. He referred to it ten years later in his diary in these words: "Ten years ago to-day, I lost the best of friends—my mother—the day following my nineteenth birthday. I well recollect her talking to me on my birthday, and telling me she thought she should go to Belper to-morrow to see my aunt; and she said she should wish me to go with her. But that same night she was seized with an inflammation and died on the morning of the day in which we were to go. And, saddest of all! I was not at home when she died, for I had driven over to Derby early in the morning to fetch my brother George to see her, and in returning some fate seemed to thwart me. I could not make the pony move faster than its usual pace. It was stupid because I had not given it its usual feed of corn at Derby, for want of time, and it would scarcely move. George got out and walked, and in passing through the village the 'passing bell' was tolling—too well I guessed who for—and I met several people with sorrowful faces, which all told me plainly; but at about a quarter of an hour's walk from home, I was met by a friend, Mr. Keck, who told me it was all over. Mournful indeed was our home when I arrived. But why should I recall these thoughts to write? They occur to my mind constantly; but they shall not be written." His father wrote the following lines on the sad event, thus headed:

"STANZAS,

"To my deceased wife, who died after an illness of about fourteen hours, on the 25th of November, 1835. Her age was sixty-two years and ten months, of which she had been a wife forty-two years, eight months and eighteen days:

"Alas for me! thy hour is come!  
God, who lent thee, calls thee home!  
Fruitless now is grief and sorrow—  
Endless grief, with no calm morrow!

E

With tears, with sighs, we heav'n assail,  
 Our tears, our sighs, can nought avail!  
 My anguish, tongue can never tell—  
 Heavenly spirit, fare thee well!

Wrapt in death's cold sleep she lies!—  
 When will the sleeper ope her eyes?  
 Alas! those eyes will open never,—  
 Closed they are in death for ever!—  
 Till when the last loud solemn sound  
 Shall wake the dead who sleep around,  
 Then 'mong the blest which heav'n inherit  
 God will not raise a purer spirit!

And must we, dearest Patty, sever?  
 Must we meet no more for ever?  
 Must my eyes no more behold thee?  
 My fond arms no more enfold thee?  
 Must we thus for ever part?  
 Patience!—heaven hold my heart!  
 Sad must be my future life,  
 Farewell, farewell, dearest wife!"

The portrait of this good mother and wife is before me now—the mother of so many, and, naturally, "the best of friends" to her seventeenth and last child, Llewellynn; whose feelings at the recollection of her death he held too sacred to be written, and determined that they should be cherished only in his heart. And in that face we see remarkably depicted the refined feminine prototype of his. His was the masculine copy of hers, and the resemblance is remarkable. The drawing is in lead pencil, and upon a card, the face alone being tinted with water colour. At the back is written by the hand of Llewellynn Jewitt:

"MY MOTHER.

"Martha (Sheldon), wife of Mr. Arthur Jewitt, . . . She was born . . . January 26th, 1773, and died at Duffield, Nov. [25th], 1835. She was married March 7th, 1793, on my father's twenty-first birthday, she being just turned twenty; and became mother of seventeen children, eleven of whom lived, viz., Rev. Arthur George; Anne Sophia; Thomas Orlando Sheldon; George Augustus Frederick; Edwin; Marianne and Sophia Betsy (twins); Clara; Henry; Theodore; and Llewellynn (myself).

"This portrait (the only one in existence except a black profile) was drawn by my brother, Orlando Jewitt, probably about 1816 or 1817. The pencil outlines of the dress have been strengthened only, having become very faint, by myself—Llewellynn Jewitt."

This mother of artists and authors appears to have had a remarkable, though not unique, faculty of seeing mysterious appearances which were hidden from others about her. When, sometimes, ghost stories used to crop up while we were sitting round the Christmas log-fire at Winster Hall, Llewellynn Jewitt would relate what I have since found recorded in his handwriting, under the title of "Spiritual Appearances," and to this effect:

' When my mother's grandmother was lying ill when she resided at the latter's sister's farm, her mother took her and the other children to see their grandmother, and afterwards sent them into a barn to play to leave the house quiet. While they were there my mother exclaimed 'Oh, here's grandmother come in!' She said she saw her glide among them, and then pass out; but none of the others saw it. They were immediately told that she had just expired." Also at the death of her son Arthur George she saw an "appearance" at Duffield, and called the attention of her daughter Clara to it, who saw nothing. She exclaimed "Oh, dear, I hope nothing is the matter with our Arthur!" The next day a letter came stating that her son Arthur had died at that hour.

On the last anniversary but one of their wedding day preceding the lamented death of his wife, namely, March 7th, 1834, Arthur Jewitt commenced verses on the occasion, but he got no farther than the second :

" Years, dear Patty, forty-one  
O'er our heads have glided on,  
Since at old St. Peter's shrine  
Mr. Goodwin made thee mine.  
  
How many more of years may run  
Before our pilgrimage be done,  
Is only known to Him who can  
Alone prolong the life of man."

I remember that the first time Llewellynn Jewitt and I walked out together in Duffield, after the removal to that place from Winster, we went to the churchyard, and there he pointed out to me the spot where his mother was buried, beneath an old yew tree. These further touching stanzas written by his father on that subject are dated January 18th, 1836. They beautifully express those natural and common throbbings of the heart which interest universal humanity, and so interest chiefly because they are natural and common :

" Lines addressed to my ever-beloved wife, who was snatched from me by a too sudden death on the 25th of November, 1835, and was buried the Sunday following beneath the branches of the old yew tree in Duffield churchyard.

" What heart can ever feel  
A widow'd husband's grief,  
What balm his sorrows heal,  
What comfort bring relief?  
I mourn the loss of one  
I would have died to save.  
Alas ! I'm left alone—  
My heart is in the grave,  
Ah ! why was she  
Thus torn from me  
And laid beneath yon mournful tree !  
  
Thy faded form I view  
Where'er I turn my eyes ;  
Sad thoughts my tears renew ;  
I waste my soul in sighs ;

No rest can calm my mind,  
 Or cool my burning head;  
 No ease, no peace, I find  
 Stretch'd on a widow'd bed;  
 I'd happier be  
 If laid with thee  
 In thy dark grave beneath the tree!

Since last I saw thy face  
 How slowly Time has run!  
 It seems as if my race  
 On earth would ne'er be done!  
 Would but my eyelids close  
 O'er all the scenes of life,  
 I then might find repose  
 With thee, my much-loved wife;  
 Again would we  
 United be,  
 And sleep beneath that churchyard tree!

With thee, my dearest wife,  
 Are laid within the grave  
 All that throughout my life  
 Or joy or pleasure gave!  
 No more my bursting heart  
 Can ease or comfort know!  
 Ah! when can I depart—  
 When leave this realm of woe?  
 When can I be  
 Restored to thee,  
 And share thy bed beneath that tree?

Had all away been torn  
 Which once was dear to me,  
 The loss I could have borne  
 Had heav'n but spared me thee!  
 But thus bereft, what more  
 On earth to love have I?  
 With me enjoyment's o'er;  
 What can I do, but die?  
 Then I with thee  
 Once more shall be,  
 And rest my head beneath that tree!"

Again, on February 1st, 1836, we have him uttering his complaint in Duffield churchyard:

"Not a flow'ret blooms on the brier-bound grave  
 Where the joy of my heart reposes!  
 And only the yew's sad branches wave  
 O'er the spot which her corpse encloses!  
 And shall it be thus—departed Shade?  
 Shall not a single flower  
 Add something of life to the awful glade  
 Of death's dark dreary bower?  
 Yes! yes! dearest Patty, let spring but come,  
 And in life what thy soul delighted,  
 By the hand of affection shall deck thy tomb,  
 Which my every hope has blighted!"

The speedy re-union and rest which he prayed for in his poem of January, 18th, 1836, were denied him. He obtained comfort as he

lived on, but he cherished the dear memory of his wife with unabated love until the very last. Here we have another of his poems referring to her. The first four stanzas are merely a retrospect of happy times that were past :

“THE TWILIGHT HOUR.

“I love the evening twilight hour,  
When seated in my woodbine bower,  
With the dear partner of my life—  
My own beloved, my matchless wife,—  
Our happy children playing round,  
It seems to me a fairy-ground !  
When thus I sit within my bower  
Oh ! how I bless the twilight hour !

The sun is set, the wind is still,  
And mantle grey wraps every hill ;  
Perhaps a gently rising breeze,  
Faintly rustling 'mong the trees,  
Bears on its wings, but soften'd down,  
The humming of the neighb'ring town :  
How sweet within this rural bower  
T' enjoy the evening twilight hour !

The lark has now retired to rest,  
The thrush and blackbird to their nest,  
And all is still in hill and dell  
Save where the sweet-voiced Philomel  
In mournful tones in yonder grove  
Tells the sad story of her love !  
How sweet to hear within my bower  
The plaintive song in twilight hour !

Now borne on Zephyr's balmy wing  
The rich ambrosial sweets of spring,  
From shrub and flower of every bloom  
Spread all around a rich perfume,  
Every sense absorbing quite  
In one delirium of delight :  
Enjoy we thus in fragrant bower  
The bless'd, the happy twilight hour !

Such joys as these were mine and hers,  
Before my pate grew grey with years !  
Of my dear partner long bereft,  
I still have many comforts left.  
My children's children take the place  
Of a kind father's fond embrace,  
And taste with me in humble bower  
The sweets of many a twilight hour !”

On the 7th of August, 1851, when his life was drawing to a close, he wrote the following lines to one of his granddaughters, on her attainment of her twenty-first birthday, showing the freshness of paternal love in his old heart of eighty years :

“’Tis now of years just twenty-one since thou, a lovely child,  
First turn'd toward thy mother's face thy eyes of radiance mild,—  
The first-born of thy parents' love, a pledge of beauty rare,  
In thee was centred all their joys, their happiness and care.

Two loving grandmothers hadst thou, both long since snatch'd away,  
 And aunts and uncles numerous to hail thy natal day.  
 A favourite hast thou been with all from that time until now  
 Who've watch'd through infancy and youth thy op'ning virtues grow.

But now, dear girl, a different scene awaits thy woman's life,  
 Perhaps thou'rt doom'd to live a maid, perhaps to die a wife.  
 Whiche'er it be, or wheresoe'er thy fortune may be cast,  
 May each returning natal day be happier than the last !

Perhaps before another year of thy young life be told  
 The heart that prompts, the hand that writes this, may be dead and cold,  
 And my poor heated, crazy brain have ceased to think of thee,  
 Yet hope I thou, my darling girl, wilt still remember me !"

On the same day he wrote also the following pathetic verses, shewing the mournful freshness of his love for his departed wife, one of the two grandmothers just referred to :

"On a small sprig of yew, from the tree in Duffield churchyard—  
 (sent me in a letter)—under which my wife was buried in November,  
 1835.

"Beneath the gloomy shade  
 Of that funereal tree,  
 In humble brier-bound grave is laid  
 All that was dear to me.

And now, when many years  
 Have rolled above my head,  
 This little sprig renews my tears,  
 My sorrows for the dead !

Nor must I e'er again  
 That time-worn tree re-view,  
 Or hope my bones will e'er be lain  
 Beneath that blighted yew !

Far from that hallowed tree  
 By adverse fortune thrown,  
 Entomb'd my bones will surely be,  
 Unnoticed and unknown !"

Although the withered sprig had thus the power to force tears from the eyes of the old man, he had recovered, as was inevitable, from the sorrowful desire of January 18th, 1836, to repose at once beneath the branches of the old yew tree. Time had answered that query of his :

"But thus bereft, what more  
 On earth to love have I?  
 With me enjoyment's o'er;  
 What can I do but die?"

Time had answered—Live on and love on ; and he was now doing so willingly, even in his eightieth year. We have seen these sad lines of August 7th, 1851. Let us glance at some others written on his birthday of that same year—March 7th. It is interesting to the young to scan the birthday thoughts of an old man on his entering his eightieth year. They were written at Oxford, and posted to his daughter Clara, who was then staying at Plymouth, from whom he had received the annual gift of a birthday plum-pudding :



## "REFLECTIONS. MARCH 7TH, 1851.

## "ADDRESSED TO A PLUM PUDDING.

"Thou annual gift of one dear child, who, distant far away,  
Remembers always March the seventh—father's natal day,  
And sends, to be enjoy'd by all her friends and kindred here,  
Thee, or thy cong'ner, to my board in each revolving year,—  
Thou pledge of filial piety! mayst thou remember'd be,  
So long as loving memory of her remains to me.

This day adds just another year to those already gone,  
And makes the total seventy-nine in eighteen-fifty-one.  
How many more I'm doomed to see, is not for me to know,  
For heaven hides their future from all mortals here below.  
But, be the period long or short, which leaves me vital breath,  
I feel I must contented be till call'd away by death.

And when my time is fully come, may I be found resign'd,  
Though hard the task to leave the whole of those I love behind.  
But 'tis a task imposed upon the children of the earth,—  
A binding obligation from the moment of their birth.  
Then let it come, since come it must, I'll meet it without fear,  
Self-satisfied I've ever striv'n to do my duty here.

'Dear Grandfather'—my children dear, I think I hear you say—  
'Many returns, and happy ones, we wish you of this day!'  
Alas! how futile is the wish! when entering four-score,  
I can't in reason hope to live for many birthdays more.  
I feel my health and strength decline each hour of every day,  
And no long period can elapse before I'm call'd away!

But let us not repine, dear bairns, to think that we must part;  
No! rather let us turn to God, and with a grateful heart  
Return Him thanks for all the years He spared us to enjoy  
Each other's love and company; and let no sadness cloy  
Our present moments; but resolve to fill as best we can  
The various states and duties that remain the lot of man.

Should I, beyond my fondest hopes, remain another year,  
What happiness again to see you all assembled here!  
And those who now are suffering from sickness, grief and pain,—  
How pleasing would it be to see them all in health again!  
This daring thought has now become my fancy's boldest flight,  
Beyond whose range my fancy sees no earthly glimmering light.

As this may be my last address, I bid you all—Farewell!  
May peace and competence with you in every station dwell;  
May you enjoy heav'n's choicest gifts, and truly may you find  
MAN'S GREATEST BLESSING IS THE POWER TO BENEFIT MANKIND.  
So may you, when life's race is run, and you're no longer here,  
Bequeath to your surviving friends a memory very dear.

Now, then, like Israel's sons of old, our Passover we'll eat,—  
Our loins already girded up, our sandals on our feet,—  
I wait but for the final word to summon me away  
From all the pains and pleasures of this tenement of clay;  
Contented with my humble lot, I grieve not nor complain,  
But thankful feel that while on earth I have not lived in vain!"

Thus, while rejoicing at the consciousness that he had not lived in vain, he expected soon to rest in a tomb "unnoticed and unknown." But no; whatever may have been the fate thus far of the remains of

Arthur Jewitt in Headington churchyard, his name will not now remain "unnoticed and unknown," as he anticipated so shortly before his death. His chronicler has turned up at last to rescue from oblivion the record of his faithful, useful, dutiful life, at the close of which he was able to say to his children—

"truly may you find

MAN'S GREATEST BLESSING IS THE POWER TO BENEFIT MANKIND,"

and to finish with the patient and triumphant words :

"I wait but for the final word to summon me away  
From all the pains and pleasures of this tenement of clay ;  
Contented with my humble lot, I grieve not nor complain,  
But thankful feel that while on earth I have not lived in vain !"

He had said :

"Should I, beyond my fondest hopes, remain another year,  
What happiness again to see you all assembled here !"

He was spared exactly another year : and when the 7th of March again came round, and his children and his grandchildren were again assembled there to celebrate his birthday and his wedding day, it was to witness his peaceful departure—his Passover, for which his loins were girded up and his feet were ready sandalled. And thus his birthday of mortality became also his birthday of immortality.

And thus I am faithfully fulfilling my promise recorded in the second chapter, not to keep to the highway of the career of my hero ; but to wander hither and thither, onward and back again, gathering every suitable blossom of beauty that I may find, far and near, on the right and on the left, wherewith to enrich his tribute-wreath.



## CHAPTER VII.

LLEWELLYNN JEWITT'S HAPPY MINORITY AT DUFFIELD.—HIS HAPPY MARRIAGE AT DERBY.—HIS EARLY LIFE AND LABOURS IN LONDON.—DRAWS THE INTERIORS OF BUCKINGHAM PALACE AND DESCRIBES THEM.—HE DECLARES THE YOUNG QUEEN TO BE LOVELY, AND THE PALACE NOT GOOD ENOUGH FOR SO GREAT A MONARCH.—THE PALACE OF VULCAN.



LLEWELLYNN JEWITT'S recollections of his minority spent at Duffield—although mixed up with that saddest thought of all, the loss of his most excellent mother—must have been very agreeable, since he finally returned to end his days there. And it was very natural; for the days of his minority spent there were the days of the loving care of that best of his friends—his mother.

I have said that Fairholt's visit to Duffield, and the friendship to which it gave rise, greatly influenced the career of Llewellynn Jewitt. In 1838, soon after he had attained his majority, he went up to London, to join Fairholt in the work of illustrating the leading popular literature of the day, both by drawing and engraving, under the famous Stephen Sly, for Charles Knight and others. After a few months thus spent he found himself in a position to marry the truly charming young lady of his choice, Elizabeth Sage, whom he had left behind at Derby. His diligence in business was very great, and to save working time it was arranged that the wedding should take place in Derby on Christmas Day of that same year, 1838, and on that same day they started back from Derby, travelling all night—a bitterly cold night—to their London home. During many an anniversary of the day which I have spent with them at Winster Hall and at the Hollies, this happy and bustling period has been dwelt upon. And thus Llewellynn Jewitt refers to it in his "Memory of Fairholt:—" "In 1838, on my leaving Derbyshire and removing to London, we became constant companions, and after my marriage he for a long period spent his available time, especially on Sundays, with us. At this time he was principally engaged in illustrating Charles Knight's admirable series of works, on which I, too, was for years principally occupied. These were the *Penny Magazine*, the *Pictorial History of England*, the *Pictorial Bible*, the *Illustrated Shakespeare*, the *Penny Cyclopædia*, *London*, *Palestine*, *Old England*, etc., etc., etc."

Llewellynn Jewitt was so devoted to his beloved wife—the wife so well worthy of his never-abated love—and ever regarded her with such deference, that he associated herself and her name with himself and his name in everything. Even his armorial book-plate not only bore her family arms impaled with his, and their crest, but was encompassed with the words: “E Libris bibl. Llewellynn Jewitt, F.S.A., et Elizabetha uxor eius.” And here is an impression of the thing itself.



Thus this Christmas-day wedding proved one of the happiest of unions that is possible between man and woman. They continued true and constant lovers from their early youth to old age and until death. They have each assured me, and I am sure it is true, that they had never once quarrelled. And this was not the result of the absolute rule of one, and consequent absolute submission of the other. They treated each other and each other's opinions, uniformly, with such loving deference, that they never differed to the extent of once arousing anger. He was naturally chivalrous towards ladies, and his knowledge of his mother's beautiful character, and his own happy conjugal experiences, so confirmed the feeling in him, that he could hardly ever bring his judgment to the conclusion that the woman could be to blame for any connubial unhappiness. He could hardly realize the case of a husband having to hold in check a termagant. He was always ready to conclude that a Socrates must be to blame for the scoldings and outpourings of a Xantippe, and must have merited them in some way.

His unabating love for his wife was the more admirable seeing that it never obtained renewal of zest from prolonged separation. His occupation during many years of his life was at home, and he would remain in the house working in his study for weeks together. Nor did he shut himself up very closely in his study. He would be in

and out, moving about the house all day. How some wives would have tired of the society of some husbands thus either always at home, or, if abroad, still in company. I remember once asking him, in later years, to join me in some outing; but his wife was not well enough to go, and thus he concluded his letter in reply: "I shall never go away without her. I have scarcely ever left her in my life (and only then when there was *no help* for it!) and now she is so much more feeble, and we are both old together, we shall just never leave each other, but help one another *down* the hill we have had such hard life-work to climb. Thank you *so* much from us both for your loving kindness, which I *feel* intensely," etc.

Of the early years spent in London, Charles Roach Smith, F.S.A., speaks in the second volume of his "Retrospections, Social and Archæological." \* Writing of Llewellynn Jewitt, when he was still living, the famous archæologist says :

"He was one of the earliest members of our Archæological Association, to which he communicated an attractive and valuable paper on the discovery of a Roman Villa at Headington, near Oxford (where he then resided), profusely illustrated by woodcuts of his own engraving. In this elegant and indispensable art he vied with his brother, Orlando Jewitt, the eminent wood-engraver of Mr. J. H. Parker, and of the Archæological Institute; him, indeed, he greatly assisted with his pencil. Like Fairholt, he was employed by Stephen Sly in illustrating most of Charles Knight's popular works. He executed almost the whole of the drawings for 'London Interiors,' and at an immense amount of tedious labour, an architectural picture of London from Hyde Park Corner to Aldgate Pump. Illustrations and letter-press he contributed to the popular works of his friend John Timbs, *The Mirror* included, in which I and Fairholt made our first appearance in the literary world."

It was soon after his marriage that he published his first book, his "Hand-book of British Coins," which has since passed through several editions. And during this the period of his first residence in London, one of the most important and most meritorious of his artistic labours was his series of sketches for the steel-plate illustrations of "London Interiors," referred to by Charles Roach Smith. This sumptuous work, in two quarto volumes, prepared by the command and by the aid of the young Queen, is of unsurpassed merit to this day. To make these sketches he had special means of access to the palaces, government offices, and other great buildings of the metropolis, and the result was a most exact and beautiful display of the glorious interiors. He not only made nearly the whole of the sketches, with every detail so exact that other artists could produce a faithful finished drawing in the studio, at leisure, without ever visiting the places, but he also gave the final finish to many of them, and to others all the finish but some imaginary figures, to add life, or to represent some ceremonial. In the first case he claimed no recognition as artist; in

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\* London : George Bell and Sons, York Street, Covent Garden, 1886.

the second his name appeared on the engraving; but in the third case his name was ignored, and that of the figure-draughtsman only appeared. Although so clever a draughtsman as these sketches and finished drawings proved him to be, his name had not yet become famous, and it was afterwards a cause of annoyance to the young artist that his name was thus ignored. In his copy of these two splendid volumes—now in my library—there are several written slips of protest against this injustice, and this is one of them: "The sketch of this and the coloured drawing were both made by myself—as were the whole of the palace's subjects—and the figures only were sketched in by Gilbert. This was done in many other plates, and artists' names put to them who had never seen the rooms themselves, and could never have made the architectural drawings if they had! My name *ought* at least to have been given with theirs, for I made the sketches from the rooms themselves, and the coloured drawings, the figures alone being put in from fancy by others." Lewellynn Jewitt was never over-anxious about receiving honour for his labours, either literary or artistic, and had no other name appeared on these plates, as of the artist who had drawn them, he would have thought nothing about it; but when, as in some instances, he had done nine-tenths of the work, and he who did the tenth obtained credit for the whole, there was an injustice and an untruth. His coadjutors in this great work were T. H. Shepherd, F. Mackenzie, G. B. Moore, H. Melville—who was a great engraver on steel, as well as a good original draughtsman—J. Holland, Cattermole, Dayes, J. Gilbert—now Sir John,—Jarvis, Rowlandson, W. Lee, Fairholt, MacManus, Sargent, and B. Sly—a brilliant artistic comradeship.

Another of his early labours was the main preparation of the "Journey Book"—illustrated tours by the South-Eastern Railway.

The architectural picture of London, which he drew about this time, and to which Roach Smith has already alluded, was nearly forty feet in length, and represented every house, shop and public building from Hyde Park Corner on the west, to Aldgate Pump on the east, all drawn accurately to scale, and the vista of each street leading from the main thoroughfare given in perspective.

Like Fairholt, he issued so vast an amount of unsigned work that his labours can never be estimated. He was always a hard and rapid worker. Besides the works already enumerated, on which he was engaged in conjunction with Fairholt, he contributed very largely to the *Pictorial Times*, *Illustrated London News*, *Literary World*, and *Saturday Magazine*. And besides furnishing sketches for the illustration of these works, he contributed largely with his pen to some of them. As Roach Smith says, in the second volume of his "Retrospections":

"No one but himself can do justice to his labours. To quote from one of his letters to me, he says, 'Mine has been (happily) a life of work; and the words *holiday* and *rest* have ever been discarded from my dictionary as obsolete!'"

No one outside the circle of his own family could so well bear witness to the truth of this as myself, who was so frequently his guest. In his later years he himself could not have catalogued his past life's literary and artistic labours. And so much of his time was occupied in making gratuitous researches, and imparting gratuitous knowledge, that it will be safe to say more than half the labour of his life brought him no other compensation than—that which to him, however, was ample—the satisfaction of doing good to his fellows. Though stately in person he was not physically strong, yet he was capable of a wonderful amount of literary and artistic labour. Summer and winter, he was the first of his household to be astir, entering his library at from four to six o'clock in the morning, and he was always the last to retire at night.

Llewellynn Jewitt never kept a regular diary for long together. He had little leisure to do lock-up work. But in 1845 he made an attempt, saying :

"I have often been very strongly impressed with the importance of keeping a diary—a book in which the various scenes which pass around may be chronicled, and the ever-varying emotions and visions of the mind can be noted,—in fact a daguerreotype of the scenes and thoughts of every day. I have many times resolved to commence such a methodical remembrance, but one cause or other has invariably prevented my carrying it out. However, having at last made the start, let me hope I may have strength of resolution enough to keep it up, until days and diary end together.

"June 1st, 1845.—I have for many days this week been employed in preparing sketches, &c., of the various dresses which are to be worn at the grand bal-masque to be given next Friday—the 6th—by her Majesty the Queen. I have been at the most celebrated milliners, tailors, perruquiers, shoemakers, hatters, embroiderers, jewellers, plumassiers, &c., &c. In fact I have had a regular tour amongst the tradesmen, collecting all the bits and scraps,—a coat from one, a hoop from another, a pair of smalls from a third, wigs from others, and dresses, hats, swords, shoes, jewels, etc., etc., in endless succession, from an endless list of others. The collection at Vouillon and Laure's, of Hanover Square, was truly magnificent. They are dress-makers and milliners to the Queen, and, therefore, as a matter of course, to the principal nobility. The Queen's dress, composed of silver tissue skirt and body, adorned with lace and ornamented with festoons and rosettes of red ribbon, and the upper or loose skirt, sleeves and body of gold brocade embroidered with flowers in various colours—had a most superb appearance. Amongst others which were remarkable for their beauty were those of Miss Coutts Burdett, the Duchess of Kent, the Duchess of Buccleuch, Lady Peel, etc. The shoes at Gilbert's and —, of Bond Street, were well kept in the shape of the time. Those of the ladies made by Grieve, of Bond Street, were composed of various coloured satins, mostly white, and had high red heels, and red rosettes in front. Those for the young ladies for dancing had low heels. The Duchess of Buccleuch and

others had theirs composed of their own brocade, and formed with pointed toes, and in place of the rosette a tassel or fringe of silver. The gentlemen's, made by Gilbert, of Bond Street, were composed of black morocco or kid, with red heels and diamond buckles.

"June 2nd.—To-day I have been at Buckingham Palace from early in the morning, sketching the various rooms which are to be used for the bal-masque. I have before been to the palace and made drawings of some of the rooms; but the magnificent suite situate up stairs—the state rooms—were quite new to me. My general impression of Buckingham Palace has ever been that it is a meagre, wretched, ginger-bread place, not fitted for the residence of the monarch of so great a country. And what I had hitherto seen entirely confirmed that opinion. I am, however, better pleased with it to-day than I have hitherto been. The furnishing is magnificent and altogether there is an air of grandeur which, pervading the whole place, impresses the mind very forcibly. The rooms are mostly small, but lofty, light and elegant. The ceilings are carved, and profusely decorated with appropriate ornaments. The columns are mostly of marble, and the door-cases entirely of white statuary marble. The walls are profusely hung with immensely large looking-glasses, and pictures, and damask. The chandeliers are all remarkably fine, and the abundance of variously-formed candelabra are all in keeping with the magnificence of the furniture. So far all is well. But there are many drawbacks. The doors are entirely composed of looking-glasses, both inside and out; but the beauty of their appearance is entirely destroyed by the barbarous frames and borders of brass in which they are set. A border of zigzags runs all around, and in the upper panel is a diamond form which encloses a circle, within which is a large star, surrounding a crown, and all composed of brass. Again, in the beautiful white marble of the door cases are certain borders composed of oak-leaves, etc., etc., let in, and all of the same nasty brass. This horrid vulgarity of material and design destroys the harmony of the rooms, and is a complete eyesore. It is painful to see in a building intended to be the very model of nobleness, such poor and paltry details. Lamentable indeed must be the taste of the architect to blend together 'cheek by jowl' the most expensive and luxurious materials with others—as bad in design—only fit for the doors of a bazaar or a dancing-booth at a fair."

Here we have Llewellynn Jewitt objecting to the use of brass in the construction of the house of the greatest empress of the earth, because she is the greatest empress; while Homer preferred brass, and nothing but brass, for the noblest palace of all the Olympian heaven—the palace of Vulcan. Homer evidently preferred brass to gold for this purpose, seeing that he adopted it; for the golden resources of his poetry, like the golden resources of the almighty Artificer, were literally boundless. But the Olympian brass was incorruptible, for "Silver-footed Thetis reached the immortal house of Vulcan, the most resplendent of all the celestial habitations, constructed all of polished brass by the great Artificer himself, its vast



dome glowing like a great bright star." This visit was when she went all in tears to beg new armour and shield for her son Achilles, of which more will be said in an appendix to this volume.

"June 3rd.—The palace again. Here I have been all day in the midst of all the paraphernalia of royalty, walking through the rooms and ranging the whole place, almost fancying myself a king. What empty vanities these kingly titles are, yet how necessary for the common good of mankind. My loyalty has been excited both yesterday and to-day to the highest pitch by the sight of the lovely figure of our Queen. I have seen her two or three times to-day. She has been practising the *Minuet de la Cour* with the ladies of her court in the next room to mine. She dances well and gracefully."



## CHAPTER VIII.

STEPHEN SLY GIVES A DINNER TO THE ENTIRE STAFF OF THE "PICTORIAL TIMES."—LLEWELLYNN JEWITT PROPOSES "THE LADIES" IN A MAIDEN SPEECH.—GOES TO THE MEETING OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION AT CAMBRIDGE.—A WALK BY MOONLIGHT.—CHARMED AND LOST TO THE WORLD.—MUCH SCIENCE.—THE PHILOSOPHERS OF ALL NATIONS JOIN HANDS, FORM A RING, AND HAVE SOME FUN.—AN INTERESTING WALK TO THE FENS.—HUGE BIRDS.—GOOD WEATHER FOR YOUNG DUCKS.—GRANTCHESTER.—A WONDERFUL DOG LETTER-CARRIER.—A BAD MEAN DOG.—HOME AND WORK.



ANY blank pages of the diary follow the last-quoted entry, evidently intended for memoranda for which leisure was never found. The next entry is :

"June 13th.—To-day is to be our grand long-talked-of dinner. I have just been arranging finally the toasts, with Mr. B. Sly and Mr. Mead. The day is remarkably fine, but excessively hot, and there is every prospect of a splendid evening for our amusement. I hope all may pass off comfortably to all parties. I look upon these dinners and meetings as conducive to that mutual good feeling which ought always to exist between the various members of a profession. Unity and concord are almost inseparably united to prosperity and success ; and when a number of persons are employed upon a certain undertaking, their unanimity is absolutely necessary for its successful completion. To obtain that unanimity it is equally requisite that a reciprocal friendly feeling should exist and spread itself through the various members of the body—a feeling not only of personal friendship, but of mutually interested friendship. All the employed should feel that they have an equal interest with their employer in the successful production of those works of art to which their time is devoted. To promote this desirable 'union of soul' dinners and meetings of a similar character to the one about to be held—where all distinction between principals and assistants is for the time waived, and all are men and friends—are in the highest degree valuable.

"June 14th.—The dinner is over, and most cordially and satisfactorily it has passed over. May it have a beneficial effect upon our minds and actions." Then follows a report of the dinner and the

subsequent toasts, the party consisting of the entire staff of the *Pictorial Times*, with its chief, Mr. Stephen Sly, in the chair. The loyalty of the party appears to have been exuberant, and some excellent speeches were made. Here Llewellynn Jewitt made his maiden speech in proposing "The Ladies." He says :

"It was then my turn to propose the next toast, which, of all others, was 'The Ladies.' Though I have attended several public dinners and meetings I had never made a speech, nor ever attempted one ; so that I felt at a loss how to begin. However, having plucked up my courage, and determined to go through and win, I commenced, of course, by saying that after the able manner in which so many toasts had been proposed and received, I considered myself totally inadequate to the task : but for its being so favourite a theme with me I would willingly have left the honour to those who would so much better than myself, have expressed their sentiments in the flowery and poetic language which the toast deserved. I determined however to retain, though selfish, the pleasure of the attempt. I then went on in—I am afraid—a very dog-trot manner, to say that as we all of us so well knew the many rare and valuable qualities possessed by the other sex, the inseparable ties which unite us to them, and the happiness and consolation which we derive from their society, it was needless for me to dilate upon those points. I said that the general phrase was 'Our wives and sweethearts,' but I would not give it so. There were our wives, our mothers, our sisters, and our daughters, and therefore in its broad sense I would give 'THE LADIES, God bless them !' The toast was received and drunk with enthusiasm in bumpers. The joint healths of Mr. Herbert Ingram and Mr. Andrew Spottiswoode were then given by Mr. Sly, and drunk, when we deserted the table, and had coffee brought in. After passing a most delightful evening we broke up at 12 o'clock, some few of the gentlemen being worse for the wine they had taken.

"My maiden speech will long remain fixed upon my mind. The sensation is a most singular one. To get up amid profound silence ; to speak to a number of gentlemen upon a given subject and know that all eyes are turned on one, and all ears attentively listening to every word one utters, is rather 'flummaging,' and, to use another genteel expression, lays one on one's back. It requires more confidence than I am at present possessed of. And when you hear sundry peals of blows inflicted on the table by the knuckles of the company, mixed with those words 'hear, hear !' it confuses one more than a little. I confess candidly that I tried my best, but I made a sorry job of it, and partly through the confusion brought on by the above noises and cheers. However I got through as well as I could, and hope, as an attempt has once been made, that I shall the next time come out swimmingly.

"To-day most of the gentlemen have the head-ache or other ailments, which makes them look very amusing. For my own part, though I drank as much wine as any of them, I feel no ill effects.

Indeed I was as sober when I left the room as when I entered it. This I attribute to my uniform practice of not taking malt liquor to dinner, and drinking water as well as wine.

"Sunday, June 15th.—A broiling hot day. To-night I took all my family for a walk on the common. I heard yesterday that my sister Marianne is coming from Manchester on a visit on Tuesday. She has sent to ask me to meet her, which I intend doing.

"June 16th.—I have just heard, to-night at seven o'clock, from Mr. Sly that he wishes me to be off in the morning to Cambridge to attend the meeting of the British Association, and collect materials for the article and illustrations in the *Pictorial Times*. So I shall not see Marianne. I am very much disappointed; but it is not the only time I have let business carry me away just when I ought to be at home. I shall never forget that within an hour of the death of my dear little son Arthur, I had to start off into Derbyshire, to Chatsworth. That was a most dreadful blow. For my wife, as might be expected, was dreadfully ill with anxiety and fatigue. Indeed she had been in hysterical fits two or three times. I have likewise had to leave her when she has been too ill to be left, so that I am partly injured to these unpleasantnesses.

"However I may feel on this occasion, it is very certain that I will not for a moment let it interfere with my duty in going my journey, and I can only hope that my sisters, so long as they stay in town, will spend as much time as they can with my dear wife.

"Tuesday, June 17th.—I am at Cambridge, comfortably lodged at 'The Hoop' Hotel. I left London at eight this morning, and came by the Eastern Counties Railway to Bishops Stortford, and then coached it forward, the railway not being completed. It was a most delightful ride on the coach. I got my favourite seat—the box—and enjoyed it in spite of the dust, and subsequent thunder-showers. The road is a beautiful one, with many pretty villages. We passed through Stanstead-Mountfitchett, Quendon Street, Newport, and Lord Braybrooke's magnificent seat, Audley End, Ickleham, and a dozen other delightfully rural places. What I have seen of Cambridge I like much. It is a fine town. Many of the colleges are not so fine as Oxford, and there are not so many of them, but it is a larger place, and much busier as a town. King's College is truly magnificent, and the grounds the most delightful for a promenade that I have ever seen. The beautiful Cam winds through them in its stately calmness, and is crossed by numerous picturesque bridges, and overhung with majestic weeping willows, and other trees. The Cantabs and ladies fully appreciate its many beauties, for it is a complete stream of human figures in groups in the evening.

"This is the first day of the British Association, or, rather, to-morrow will be the first day, this being but a preliminary one for registration of addresses, enrolment of members, etc. The reception room where all the business is transacted is at the Town Hall. I saw the Secretary this morning, and he gave me a reporter's ticket to admit me to all

the business of the Association. I have visited most of the rooms where the meetings of the various divisions are to be held ; and have seen Dr. Richardson and Professor Sedgwick, and got promises from them of matters for illustration of their papers. I have also sketched the Lecture Room at the Botanic Gardens, and sent it off.

"Wednesday, June 18th.—To-day having been so very wet there has been little or nothing done. I went early this morning to Dr. Richardson's at Caius College, and got the drawing for the lecture on the large birds from Memphis, which I forwarded to Mr. Sly. I have since then got a lot of Chinese fish from the doctor to illustrate his own lecture on that subject ; and a lot of plans of coal mines from Professor Ansted, in illustration of his lecture on their ventilation. I have made a sketch of the Reception Room at the Town Hall.

"To-night I walked by moonlight round the back of Caius College, and over the bridge and up the avenue. It was a splendid night and there seemed to be a calm enchantment in everything. The Cam wending its noiseless way, gently rippling in its course, and overhung by the most stately and luxuriant trees—the weeping willows bending over it like a mother over the cradle of her child, to guard it from all danger and even to screen it from the gaze of man—while the chaste bright light of the moon was reflected in a thousand playful forms upon its bosom—this so worked upon my imagination that I stood leaning upon the romantic bridge lost to the world, and present only to the perfect stillness. It seemed almost as if to breathe might disturb and destroy the charm. Nature seemed to rejoice with manifold thankfulness. The fish whose life during the day had been spent in lurking in the shadows of the banks or lying lazily in the depths of the stream, now rose in hundreds to the surface and made their presence known by a succession of lops and leaps. Even the worms working their way on the moonlit earth seemed to enjoy the hour. And the gnats indulging in their wonted up and down movement, and the moths flitting about like so many happy spirits of the departed, filling every ærial space, gave unbounded ideas of endless creation. A piano in the distance in one of the rooms of Clare Hall now began to play, and the softness and mellowness of its tone harmonized so sweetly with the stillness and heavenly serenity of the whole scene, that it seemed like the chorus of a choir of Seraphim in praise of the universal Father and Maker of all.

"June 19th, half-past twelve, night.—I am but just come in from as delightful a walk as ever I experienced. It is not so fine a night as last, being rather cloudy ; but it is delightfully cool. I had been attending the general meeting of the British Association, which did not break up till near eleven o'clock, and the room was so full and hot—the Senate House—that I very gladly availed myself of the fineness and coolness of the evening to walk and try to get rid of the headache which the heat had given me. I walked in the grounds at the back of Trinity College, and sat on the rails in complete 'oneness.' This morning I went to the Reception Room and got the list of members who had arrived, and the Journal for the day. But before

that I had a delightful walk, early, to the Observatory, two miles out of Cambridge; then came back, went to Downing College, and made two sketches of the grounds, etc., as arranged for the Promenade and Flower Show—and did all this before breakfast. Then, after breakfast, I went to Section C, at the Senate House, and heard Professor Sedgwick's lecture on the 'Geology of Cambridge,' and made all necessary notes, and sketches of sections; and likewise heard a part of Mr. Murchison's report. I then went to Section D, at the Philosophic Society's room, and heard Dr. Macdonald of Edinburgh deliver a lecture on 'Laminæ,' and heard Dr. Lancaster read Mr. Bonomi's paper on 'The gigantic birds sculptured on the tomb of an officer of the household of Pharaoh Shufur at Memphis.' The birds, which are supposed to be of the Stork kind, are represented as being led by men, one having a cord attached to its leg. The proportions existing in the sculpture between the birds and men and oxen, seem to show that the birds were nearly eight feet high. A drawing of some nests discovered by Mr.—, was exhibited. The nests were fifteen feet high—as high as a camel and its rider—of a conical shape, composed of grass, leaves, etc.

"I heard, too, after making the necessary sketches, the commencement of the paper by Messrs. Alder and Hancock on a new species of Mollusk. From there I went down to Section A, at the Union Room, Jesus Lane, and heard the greater portion of Professor Powell's lecture on 'Elliptic Polarization,' which the Professor furnished me with an abstract of in his own writing. The lecture elicited a deal of animated discussion, in which Sir John Herschell, Professor Challis and others, took an active part. I then walked down to the Botanic Garden, but found the Section there closed, so returned to the Union Room just in time to hear the conclusion of Mr. Lawson's lecture on a 'Meteorological Thermometer Stand.' I afterwards made a drawing of the room, and have since touched up my sketches, written my notes of the meetings, and, along with the remaining plan of the coal-pit for Ansted's lecture, sent them all off to London. Since then I have been at the general meeting and heard a speech by the Dean of Ely upon his retirement from the Presidency, and inducting Sir John Herschell into the chair. Sir John then made a speech upwards of an hour and a half long on science in general, and was followed by Mr. Everett, the American ambassador, who, in one of the most eloquent and elegant of speeches, proposed thanks to Sir John Herschell for his very luminous discourse. Mr. Everett is, I consider, the best speaker I have ever heard. His flow of language is wonderful, and his delivery free, calm, and clear. He stands at his ease and has no action with his arms. Herschell's delivery is not good, and his voice is weak. He read his speech. The Dean of Ely is a good speaker. The Marquis of Northampton is not a first-rate speaker. He has a poor voice but a tolerably good delivery. He is a strange looking man—short and very thin; a merry countenance though long, with slightly hanging cheeks and heavy eyelids. His hair is thin and rather long, and hangs straight down, and he has a small round bald patch at the top of his head.

"June 20th.—This morning I attended the different sections and made a few sketches illustrative of Mr. Jenyns's paper on 'The Turf of the Cambridgeshire Fens,' a most interesting paper, giving a most concise description of the different layers. I likewise got some excellent illustrations of Professor Schömburgh's paper on 'The Ita Palm of British Guiana,' the Baron de Walterhausen's paper on 'Mount Etna,' and Mr. Bonomi's paper on 'An Apparatus for ascertaining the Height of Man.'

"The much-thought-of and long-talked-of Flower Show and Promenade at Downing College took place this afternoon, and was much crowded. The ladies and their dresses were beautiful. It was indeed charming.

"To-night the Astronomer Royal—Professor Airy—delivered his 'discourse'—a lecture three hours long, on that interesting subject, 'Magnetism—not Animal.' This is an exceedingly interesting, important, useful and entertaining science, but at least fifty years ahead of me; so that I am about as wise now as when I entered the Senate House. The lecture was given in a very popular manner, and was pleasing to all. One gownsman near me said to another, 'Well, do you understand it all?' The other—a fine-looking fresh-coloured fellow answered with such a look—'He's told me nothing yet.' The ladies appear to take a great deal of interest in these matters, more so than gentlemen.

"June 21st.—As usual—British Association. Mr. Birt's paper on 'Atmospheric Wave,' Mr. Ramsay's on 'The Denudation of South Wales and the Adjacent Counties,' and Dr. Carpenter on 'The Microscopic Structure of Shells,' have all given me subjects for illustration, as, likewise, have Professor Boutigny's experiments on the 'Spheroidal State of Bodies,' and the 'Freezing of Water in Red Hot Vessels.' His experiments were wonderful. He had his capsule of an intensely red heat, containing water in a spheroidal state, and then, whilst in that state, on the flame of the spirit-lamp, poured his sulphuric acid, etc., into it, and instantly turned it out into his hand a lump of solid ice.

"To-night the Senate House was thrown open at eight o'clock for a soirée, which was well attended and delightfully pleasant.

"Sunday, June 22nd.—King's College Chapel this morning. After that, up to Gog-Magog Hills, Cherry Hinton, etc. Then to see Mrs. Wood, with whom I had tea. From there to Trinity College Chapel to prayers, and from there again to Great St. Mary's to service. This has been my day's employment, excepting lounging about in the College Gardens. I met Mr. Van Voorst last night. Trinity College Chapel is a fine large building, but a strangely poor and meagre attempt at the cathedral style. It is a plain stone building with Gothic windows. But betwixt these windows, which are far away from each other, there is nothing—no columns nor anything. It is a large square blank piece of wall, which attracts the eye and disgusts it at the same time. The organ-screen, the stalls, seats, etc., are of

that heavy ugly mixture of the pediment and broken-backed arch of the seventeenth century. I could not help noticing the attempt at misereres in that 'no-style' which is characteristic of the building.

"St. Mary's is a fine church, but the Vice-Chancellor's gallery destroys it. It is let into what has once been, I suppose, a fine Gothic arch at the east end of the choir, in fact the chancel arch. It is heavy and ugly, and a complete eyesore. Archdeacon Wilberforce, Dean of Westminster, preached a sermon in aid of the District Visiting Society. Sir John Herschell came in, but the place was so full that he, as well as myself, and lots of others, were obliged to stand. We stood together.

"June 23rd.—Mr. Dent's compass was my first occupation this morning. Section after section, and lecture after lecture, have been my employment as usual, and much pleased have I been. To-night Mr. Murchison delivered his lecture on the geology of Russia, to as full an audience as the Senate House could accommodate.

"June 24th.—Walked round the Chesterton Road, and crossed by Jesus Green Ferry, of which I made a sketch, and by Jesus Green home. Since then the Church of All Saints. I have visited and seen poor Kirke White's grave and tablet. The church is small, but very neat and primitive. It has a tolerably good timber roof, and the font is Perpendicular. It is octagonal. The clerk, an old man of nearly eighty, came to me in an abrupt manner which startled me, for I was not aware of his presence. Pointing towards the west end of the church, he said, 'That is Master Henry Kirke White's monument, Mr. H. Kirke White.' And he drew himself up in pride at the knowledge that one so gifted was there buried, and he felt *himself* honoured because his church contained the remains of the poet. He then pointed out the grave or vault in the chancel under which he is buried, the only record being H. KIRKE WHITE in plain letters on the slab of the floor. He then explained to me that a gentleman—a Mr. Bone, of Boston, in America, a perfect stranger, happening to pass through Cambridge, and having admired the poet's works, enquired for him. Finding him dead, he came to the church, that he might at least see the spot where he rested, and discovering that there was nothing but the simple name recorded, he ordered 'Mr.' Chantrey to prepare a tablet, to be erected at his expense. The tablet is plain white marble with a profile bust in a circle at the top, and a verse by Southey.

"Since then I have been to the various sectional meetings, and made lots of memoranda. To-night the soirée at the Senate House was brilliantly attended. It was really a beautiful sight. Armstrong's Magneto-Electric Machine was exhibited, and delighted everybody. It was a strange sight to see all the principal philosophers and scientific men of the world—for both Englishmen and foreigners were present—joining hands and forming rings to enjoy the joke of the electric shock. Sir David Brewster, Dr. Buckland, Professors Faraday, Schonbein, Ansted, Forbes, etc., etc., etc., all took part in the fun, and enjoyed it amazingly. The ladies, too, seemed quite pleased at being shocked.



"June 25th.—The business of the British Association has terminated. The various sections met as usual, and the regular routine of reading papers was gone through. Professor Ansted, on the Ventilation of Coal Mines, was extremely interesting. Mr. Elias Hall, of Castleton, in our old county of Derby, gave a lecture, or rather, read a paper on Derbyshire Toadstone, Whin, etc. He is a queer-looking old man, with white hair, and lame, and has no notion of lecturing, and he likewise speaks very broad High Peak. To-night we have had a wind-up meeting at the Senate House, and had some good speeches from the Marquis of Northampton, the Master of Christ College, Professor Sedgwick, etc., etc., etc. It was stated that the number of members was 1087.

"June 26th.—I went to the new Railway Station this morning early to make a sketch of it. It is a tolerably large building, and tolerably plain, but intolerably low. It is built from the design of Mr. Thompson, of Trafalgar Square, Peckham, the same gentleman who designed the Derby Station, as well as the Leeds, etc. It consists of a covered platform, and a railway for single pair of wheels. On the one side the offices, and on the other a covered arcade for carriages to meet the trains. Between the arches are a series of twenty-three shields, containing the arms of the town, the University of Cambridge, the Lord Lieutenant, the High Steward, and all the colleges and halls. It is to be opened on the sixth of July instead of the first.

"To-day I have seen Mr. Elias Hall, of Castleton, and had a good long chat with him. He is going to London, and will call upon me.

"I have been a very long walk, starting at eleven o'clock. I went along the Barnwell side the river to Fen Ditton, where I sketched the church. The village is purely rustic in the most countryfied sense of the word. It is as quiet delightful a spot for retirement as can be wished for or had. From there I went forward by 'Batesbite'—a little fishing spot where I got some excellent cider—to Hornsey, another quiet unassuming country village with its 'Chequers,' its 'Crown and Punch Bowl,' and its 'Plough and Fleece.' The church is Decorated and has some nice Late windows. From there I went forward to the Fens, at Lin, the old Fen and the Queen Fen. I was much struck with the general appearance of the country, a large flat surface of some miles in extent, rough, coarse in its vegetation, and upturned by patches all over, for the gathering of turf. The soil or turf is composed entirely of vegetable matter; the trunks, leaves, and branches of trees, and other vegetable substances. It is of a dark brown colour—nearly black indeed, and very moist. The men cut it out with spades into pieces of twelve or fourteen inches by about nine, and four or five inches thick. They cut it out of a patch of small dimensions, called a pit, leaving a space between each of these pits, called a wall, for walking upon and drying the turf. When cut it is laid on these walls, and turned over occasionally by women, letting the air pass between the pieces. It generally takes about a fortnight, in good weather, to complete the drying, and it is then stacked. In digging, the depth of the turf varies considerably, in

some places being only one or two 'spits' deep before the water is reached, and, in others, ten or twelve. A 'spit' is a spade-depth. Considerable quantities of wood—trunks of trees, etc., are found, and the 'pipes'—stems of the reed—piercing them in all directions. Acorns and nuts are abundant, and as perfect as when growing upon the trees. I gathered some, and procured others. The horns of the Red Deer, and bones of many animals are found embedded in the turf. Shells are abundant. When the turf is dry it sells for about 4s. 6d. per load, the load consisting of as much as can be put in a cart. I am told that piled upon the hearth and lighted as the cottagers do, it burns with a clear flame and steady heat. One woman told me she would not burn coal if she could get it; she has been obliged to have it once or twice, 'but never will again for the fire has no warmth in it.' In Cambridge it is used at college combined with 'sedge' to light the fires. Sedge is a plant—a reed in fact—which is cut down, dried, tied up in bundles or sheafs, and hawked about for sale, a sheaf selling for twopence-halfpenny. A handful of this is doubled up and laid in the grate, and upon this a portion of turf, and then the coal. A fire is thus obtained in much less time than by means of shavings and wood. The turf is principally brought from the Fens by boat. Another form of turf is called 'batton-hods.' It is cut in long squares about twelve inches long by three inches square. It is cut entirely in this form in some fens.

"Calling at Batesbite on my return, I had some old things shewn me which were found in the neighbourhood, namely: a blade, taper shaped, ten inches long; a spear-head, about fourteen inches long; and a squat-formed red earthen vessel, about four inches high. The two former were found in deepening the Cam, and the vase in forming a fish-pond for the house. A medal of St. Benedict, and another of, I think, Hadrian, were also shewn me. Mr. Neale, the landlord's son, then showed me a pair of ram's horns which had been dug up in Queen's Fen, and which I bought of him. Crossing the river here I returned by way of Chesterton to Cambridge, having made about a dozen sketches in my walk, and gathered lots of plants. Mr. Neale mentioned to me that Bustards are scarcely ever seen now. Indeed he has been offered ten guineas if he can get a pair, but none are to be found. He says that at Denver some time back a stork was shot which measured six feet in height, and he has seen it many times. It was given to the minister. He instanced another bird, supposed to be of the stork kind, fully seven feet high, which was seen about the Fens for a long time, but was not destroyed. It forms a topic of conversation even now to the shots of the Fens. He says the Fens used to be overflowed, and he has seen 30,000 acres of land all under water at once, and has gone out many times in his boat and brought it back completely filled with eggs of wild-fowl. Draining, now, and the mode of bringing the clay from beneath the turf to the surface, has improved the land to a wonderful degree, so that land which sold as it was from three pounds to three pounds ten per acre, will now fetch forty pounds with ease.

"Friday, June 27th.—Wet, dirty, and miserable. A nasty, dull,

heavy drizzling rain is constantly falling. Sometimes, getting a little more lively, it breaks out into a good brisk shower, and then, feeling the exertion too much, it falls off into its old sluggish habit again.

"I have been amusing myself, I hope usefully, by sketching the Museum of the Philosophical Society, and the Geological Museum. They will make three very nice subjects. The Philosophical Society pride themselves on possessing the finest existing collection of British birds. They are in beautiful condition. In the Geological Museum the Irish Elk, the Megatherium, the Ichthyosaurus, etc., etc., are well worth examination. The Museum is called the Woodwardian, from the name of its founder, Woodward, the original collection of whose fossils forms but a very small insignificant portion of the whole affair. The building, from the design by Mr. Cockerell, has been completed within the last three or four years, and is a substantial well-built pile. It is the storey next beneath the Library by King's College, close at the back of the Senate House. Professor Sedgwick, being a Professor of Geology, delivers his lectures in a large well-built room, ornamented with large drawings of the Mastodon, the Megatherium, the Palæotherium, the Dinornis, etc., etc.

"Saturday, June 28th.—Another wet day. Miserable enough. There is an old saying of 'Good weather for young ducks.' Whether for young ones or not I know not; but I have seen some gentlemen to-day with theirs nicely splashed, so that its not good for *them*.

"How nice it is to walk along  
The streets when they are dirty;  
The mud that splashes on your boots—  
It looks so very 'purty';  
Your boots all mud, your stockings mire  
Up your legs a foot or higher,  
Your clothes bespatter'd everywhere,  
Although you use the greatest care  
To step across those nasty holes  
And wear your gutta-percha soles."

Some readers will need explanation of the allusion to gentlemen's "ducks" being "nicely splashed." It was the custom in those days for gentlemen to wear white trousers made of a material called "duck," and it was also the custom when these were not spotlessly clean, for street urchins to shout after the wearer, often in chorus, "White, white ducks wants WARTER!"

"I sketched in the rain several times to-day, sometimes with my umbrella over my head, and at others sheltering either in the cloisters, or arches of the colleges, or under the trees. I made drawings of several parts of the grounds, etc., of King's, Trinity, Caius, and St. John's Colleges, Clare Hall, etc., and in the evening went down to Jesus Green, and sketched Searle's boat-house, whence the boats start in the races. I then went up to Grantchester, a beautiful little village about two and a half miles from Cambridge. The path is across the fields, and leads directly off to the church—as pretty a building as need be seen. It has some good Decorated windows, especially the east one. The church is surrounded by most luxuriant

trees and is nearly covered with fine old ivy and woodbine. The graves and tombs are beautifully quiet. The remains of the humble fathers of the village, as well as of the departed great, literally rest beneath beds of roses, which are flowering in all their beauty, and diffusing around them a halo of sweet perfume. Portions of the graveyard are laid out in beds of flowers, and the gardener was at work when I visited it, arranging and smoothing the earth, and plucking off the withered leaves with all possible care. Several of the tombs are of young members of the university, who have died at college; and a more delightful or appropriate resting-place could not be found. On some of the tombs are pencilled effusions in honour of the dead by friends who knew their worth.

"Sunday, June 29th.—At home. I left Cambridge this morning at a quarter before one o'clock, by the Lynn mail for London. The night, contrary to the day, turned out perfectly fine; indeed I do not remember ever having witnessed a more delightful morning for travelling in my life, although it was at the same time very cold. The road, through a flat uninteresting tract of country, is almost a straight line, and passes by Melbourne, Buckland, Royston, Ware, Edmonton, &c., &c. At half-past two the larks began to rise. First one was heard, then two, and as the numbers increased they were augmented by the thrush, the sparrows, the white-throats, the robins, and several others, until a perfect chorus of sweet sounds filled the air and soared to heaven. It was a truly magnificent sound, if I may so describe it, and seemed to call up in one's breast all the pure thoughts which the bustle and business of life are apt to stifle. On passing through Ware I enquired of the ostler where the great bed, so famous in our history, was kept, and was told at the 'Green Dragon.' I much regret that I had not an opportunity of seeing it. At Edmonton I saw the famous 'Bell,' so celebrated in John Gilpin's ride, and over the door is a large painting of that famous 'citizen of credit and renown' riding past on his charger at full speed. I much wished to stay a little while, but the mail horn blew, and off we flew, so that a passing glance was all I could get. Waltham Cross I saw, too, for the first time. It is not quite so tall as I had expected, but very beautiful. It stands in the High Street, and forms a beautiful and interesting object in the scene. It is far finer than the one at Northampton. Edmonton Cross, too, is a pretty but plain affair.

"I arrived in Aldersgate Street at seven o'clock, and alighted at the 'Bull and Mouth,' from whence I walked home, where I arrived a little before eight, and, of course, found all in bed. Since then the day has been spent in talking.

"There is a dog at Messrs. Mould's Iron Works, at Alderwasley, Derbyshire, which meets the mail coach from Derby to Manchester every morning for letters. In the course of conversation with a gentleman who sat by me I was mentioning the circumstance, and telling him how often I had known the dog, as soon as the coach was in sight, set off at a gallop to meet it. The coachman or guard would then throw the letter-bag down, which the dog would attempt to catch

in his mouth, and if he did not succeed he would pick it up instantly and start off at full speed to his destination. He had to carry the letter-bag from the turnpike down a little lane and across a long wooden bridge over the river Derwent to the forge. This distance he invariably went at full speed without stopping, and deposited the bag safely in the counting-house. The guard of the mail, previous to my relating this, had been sitting apparently asleep, but when he heard this dog spoken of he roused up and opened his eyes, and said :

“‘Sir, I’ve listened a long time to what you’ve been talking about. I’ve heerd you say Buxton, Matlock, Ambergate an’ a many places I know. But when I heerd you talk of my dog I thought, sir, it wouldn’t be very impertinent to speak.’

“I said ‘You know the dog then?’ when he answered :

“‘Know him, sir? I *taught* him, sir. That dog larnt it all of me! I taught him’—with as much pride and self-gratulation as if he had been tutor to a talented and clever statesman. Never did I see pride so well shown as in the ruddy countenance of that mail-guard, muffled up as he was in his multiplicity of coats and capes. His eyes sparkled, and his lips curled, and his red cheeks grew redder, as he proceeded to describe the course of education the dog had had, and to relate many little anecdotes connected with him. He told me of the many glasses of grog that had been lost and won upon his sagacity. He once threw the bag (for this guard was upon that mail some years) to the dog, and he took it up; but when he had carried it a few yards he dropped it on the ground, and all the shouting and pointing would not make him take it up again. He had to stop the coach and go back, when he found he had by mistake thrown the bag belonging to Mr. Hurt, instead of the proper one. The dog, by some instinct knew it was not the proper one, and so would not take it, and, as the guard said, by this saved him from a ‘scrape.’ Afterwards he laid wagers, and always won them, upon this account, betting that the dog would know the right bag. He has known the foreman of the works throw a halfpenny over the hedge as far as he could into a field of mowing grass, in a dark night, and the dog has then started off to seek it. The foreman has gone into the public-house, and in about an hour the dog has come in with the halfpenny in his mouth. When once the guard had begun there was no stopping him, and he kept breaking out afresh all the way to town with ‘Aye, that dog of mine *is* a dog, sir!’ ‘Aye, I taught that dog, sir!’ ‘Well, I’m glad to see somebody as knows that dog!’ and such-like exclamations. He then entered into a lengthy detail of the changes he had seen since then, and the places he had visited, and the ‘larks’ he had had, and the coachmen and guards he knew, and concluded by telling me that his name was Greathead, and that he had known William Watmough a many years, and had travelled a long time with him, from Derby and Loughborough to Manchester; that he knew my family, could remember the house, and I don’t know what”

One day while walking in Hanley, I watched a retriever who was diligently conveying his master’s dinner from home to the workshop.

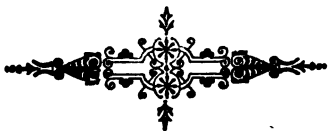
The dinner was in a covered tin can swinging by the handle from the dog's mouth. While thus pursuing his way a bully dog rushed in his path and challenged him to fight. To disengage his weapons for the fight he would have to relinquish his master's property, which he declined to do. The dog-carrier is in a curious predicament when thus basely attacked or threatened, and it was most amusing to watch the expression of the black face as the retriever stood, stiff of leg, and duty-muzzled, before the bully, declining the combat *for the present*. Either the exhibition of the clenched white fangs which held the can-handle, as a threat of punishment hereafter, or a sudden twinge of sense of dog-honour in the mind of the bully, took effect, and the honest carrier was allowed to proceed. From what I have observed of the sense of honour and justice among dogs generally—although there are some bad mean dogs—I should think it probable that this black servant would decline to share his master's meal until he had hastened back to seek his dishonourable neighbour and let him know that he was now at liberty.

"June 30th.—Nothing particular has occurred to-day. I have been classifying my sketches, and talking over my journey.

"July 1st.—Preparing descriptions of the various subjects I had collected, and commencing a series of articles for the *Pictorial Times* of this week, has been my day's employment.

"July 2nd.—I have finished my articles on the British Association for this week's paper, and I hope satisfactorily. They will make a most interesting set of things. Betsy and all my folks have been to the Parks and National Gallery to-day and got regularly soaked with the rain.

"July 3rd.—I have been busy writing on the British Association all day, and have only got through three or four articles. I have shown the horns I bought at Batesbite to Mr. Benjamin Sly, and he advises me to show them to Professor Owen, as he thinks they are important and worth making enquires about. I am inclined to think that if they are not ram's horns they are goat's."



## CHAPTER IX.

LLEWELLYNN JEWITT GOES TO SHREWSBURY TO ATTEND THE 1845 MEETING OF THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY OF ENGLAND.—PASSES THROUGH PANDEMONIUM ON THE WAY.—SHREWSBURY DESCRIBED.—HAUGHMOND ABBEY.—AN EXCURSION INTO WALES.—A CHARMING WELSH GIRL.—WELSHPOOL.—POWIS CASTLE.—BUTTINGDON.—LLANDRINIO AND AN ANCIENT DAME.—ALBERBURY.—BACK TO SHREWSBURY.—THE SHOW.—THE BALL.—ITS BEAUTY ALL FADED NOW.—“TURN THOU TO HIM.”—ZEPHYRUS AND HYACINTHUS.



TUESDAY, July 8th, 1845.—No time to write anything, except that with all possible speed I am about hurrying off by railway.

Wednesday, July 9th,—Lion Hotel, Wyle Cop, Shrewsbury. Last evening, at four o'clock, Mr. Sly told me he wished me to be off to Shrewsbury, to attend the meeting of the Royal Agricultural Society of England. So at half-past four I left the office, went home, got my things ready, and was back at Bouverie Street at seven, to mention some things to Mr. Sly which I thought important. I then went up to Euston Square, and left there by railway at half-past eight. The night was fine when we left London, but it began to rain about the time we reached Wolverton, and with the exception of a few bright snatches, has continued up to the present time. On arriving at Birmingham, I found that the only way to get forward was by coach, and the only coach going was the Mail. There chanced to be one vacant place in the inside, and so, having only Hobson's choice, I was obliged to take it, and to pay pretty dearly for it too. The fares have risen in consequence of the meeting, and I was obliged to pay twenty-five shillings for that little distance. We left Birmingham at two o'clock, and came on swimmingly in two ways, for it poured with rain a good part of the distance. The first place where we changed horses was at Wolverhampton, and I shall never forget the effect which the passing over the few miles immediately preceding our arrival there had on my mind; I mean in passing through the great iron-field. It was just day-break. The dark twilight of a cloudy summer night was illumined here and there with a bright red streak of light, which only threw the purples and neutral tints of the landscape into a more melancholy and cold

sadness, and heightened the outlines and tints of the heaps of iron-stone and slag with which the ground is strewn. The sun had not yet reached the horizon nor was he near it, for there were as yet no indications of his approach except those few streaks. But if the real sun was hidden the scene was lighted up with numberless parhelions, which were scattered over the whole surface of this immense tract of land, flat, and of many miles in extent. I have said mock suns; but miniature representations of the imperial abode of Satan would be more appropriate. The ground was dark, uneven and broken, while at intervals, apparently shooting out of the bowels of the earth, were these immense fires, with flames of terrific magnitude; while other flames issued from the mouths of stacks or smelting furnaces, lighting up the whole country, and roaring with frightful violence. And in the midst of these flames, here and there, the dark form of a human being is seen poking and feeding the burning masses, and flitting noiselessly about amongst posts, poles, cranes, jennies, steam-engines, and gear of all sorts, like infernal spirits in their store-house of implements of torture. There is a wonderful degree of mutual understanding observable between the flame and the man, arising, doubtless, from mutual contempt of each other. The man looks down contemptuously upon the flame, and sneeringly defies it to harm him; and the flame seems to vaunt that man, a grovelling burrowing animal, is unworthy the attack of a great ethereal spirit like itself.

"In passing through Wolverhampton very little of the town was visible; or, rather, we only came through a very little of the town. I could not, however, help remarking the extremely ugly new church, and wishing Pugin might some day see it, if he has not done so already. To attempt to describe it would be to attempt an impossibility. Suffice it to say that it is as bad as a common Methodist chapel of the worst order, but having a tower and spire attached. The roof, however, is remarkable for the originality of its construction and design.

"From Wolverhampton we proceeded by Shifnall, and by another of those large worlds of chimneys and smoke and fires and ironstone pits, to Wellington. 'Wellington, Salop,' has been known to me by name, I think, as long as I can remember; for my father used to visit it, and we, or rather they at home, did a deal of business with Messrs. Houlston's the printers there—Mrs. Sherwood's tales and the Religious Tracts included.

"From Wellington we had a delightful ride to Shrewsbury, where we arrived at the 'Lion' Hotel at six o'clock. About two or three miles before entering the town we passed the seat of the Earl of Berwick, a large residence strongly resembling Keddleston; and on the brow of the hill, a mile out of the town, we came by the foot of Lord Hill's column.

"Shrewsbury is a large town beautifully situated on a fine eminence in the midst of a fine country, and surrounded in such a manner as to be 'all but' an island, by the Severn which washes its base.



"In passing Lord Hill's column from London, we enter a long street of an easy descent, the Abbey Foregate, which, passing the Abbey, or Church of the Holy Cross, and other ecclesiastical remains, conducts to the 'English Bridge,' a fine stone structure, but inconveniently steep. From here the view is magnificent. The Severn, which is very wide, gracefully bends, and is overhung on the one side with the most luxuriant trees, while on the other is an abrupt rise of the hill of considerable height, upon the brow of which in all their stately pride rise the magnificent spires of the churches of St. Mary and St. Alkmund; the Infirmary too is equally conspicuous; and houses of the most pleasing and comfortable appearance, intermixed with trees of the finest growth, complete the picture. Once over the Bridge the scene changes and we are in a crooked street, the 'Wyle Cop,' steep and twisted in all directions—possibly a Norman street made in their favourite zig-zag pattern?! The houses are a strange mixture, many fine old timber structures—the wood painted black and the rest white—are mixed up with modern brick and ancient stone residences and shops, some having good Gothic door-ways, others hip-knobs, and others again with carved barge-boards and gables. Public-houses are plenty, in this street there being no fewer than eleven, of which the 'Lion' is the principal. It is an excellent inn, very large and extensive in every respect, with good rooms, good victuals, good beds, and good charges. Three doors below is the house in which Henry VII. lodged—a picturesque old black and white timber building. The streets of Shrewsbury are mostly, or I might say all, very steep, very crooked, and very narrow; and all, with very few exceptions, pitched with small stones. Many of the streets or rows are so narrow as only to admit a cart without foot passengers, and some not wide enough even for that.

"I went to the top of Lord Hill's column to-day, and the view from there is truly grand. I had previously perambulated the neighbouring hills, to find the best spot for a general view of the town; but when once I got to the summit of the column I sought no farther, but came down for my sketching stand, and made a drawing from there. The panorama from there is extremely fine. Shrewsbury on the one side, backed by the fine hills of Shropshire and the mountains of Wales, and the Lawley and Caradoc hills to the left, while to the right is the fine range on the summit of which, near Haughmond Abbey, is the fine castellated prospect-tower of Haughmond, and behind the pillar that magnificent mountain, the pride of the county, the Wrekin.

"In the evening I called on Mr. John Davis, bookseller, of the High Street, and spent a most delightful hour with him and his family. He was a perfect stranger to me, but behaved with as much friendship as if he had known me for years. He said he remembered seeing my father several times, and the broad-brimmed hat and pony were quite familiar to him.

"He had just published a guide to Shrewsbury, of which he presented me with a copy. It is a beautiful little work, very liberally

illustrated, and is got up in excellent style. I have promised to spend an evening with his family.

"Thursday, July 10th.—To-day I have made a drawing of the Cattle and Implement Yard from the top of the Grand Stand, immediately in front of which they are placed. The Grand Stand is an inn kept by a Mr. Hughes, a good substantial well-built landlord in the good old English style. I here got acquainted with a Mr. Wood, a wine merchant, of the High Street. I am to see him again and he will introduce me to his brother, who is the surgeon to the Infirmary, and a numismatist.

"Friday, July 11th.—This morning by appointment I called upon Mr. Wood, and went up with him to see his brother at the Infirmary. I was much pleased in looking over his collection of coins. He has many fine and valuable specimens, amongst which are a considerable number of patterns and proofs. He is a member of the Numismatic Society, and I have been trying to persuade him to join the Archæological Association.

"I have been to see the progress in forming the Grand Pavilion for the dinner, and to make a sketch of the interior. To-night I took a walk by the banks of the Severn to Haughmond Abbey, about three miles off. It is beautifully situated in the grounds of Simborne Castle at the foot of a goodly hill. In approaching it, after leaving the Severn and keeping the course of the turnpike road, it forms a striking object at more than a mile off, and as the road winds about, its various aspects are highly picturesque. The Abbey is in complete ruin, but from the remains now standing it must have been an extensive building, and of a richly ornamented character. The remains are nearly all Norman. There is, however, a little Early English, and, in one part, a good deal of Decorated. There are some fine Norman arcades with beautifully sculptured columns formed of human figures. The mouldings of the arches are extremely chaste in their design, and of the most exquisite workmanship, the foliage being left clear and hanging loosely from the arch, as if they were leaves laid on, rather than a part of the stone itself. The east end of one portion (but as I had so little time I could not trace the plan), has two Norman turrets, something similar to those at St. Peter's, Oxford.

"I sketched some portions of detail, and bought a couple of tiles of the woman who lives there, in a little cottage built in a part of the Abbey. I was much pleased with her. The tiles, she said, were not their own, so she could not sell them. I persuaded her to let me have two, and I gave the money to her little child.

"Saturday, July 12th, Royal Oak, Welshpool.—This morning I arose at half-past three, and when four o'clock struck I was sketching St. Mary's Church. After breakfast I went to the Pavilion, and drew it; and then having walked round the town went over the river to Kingsland, and made drawings of all the Trades Arbours, seven in number, which are sprinkled over a large open space of ground

belonging to the burgesses, and which is used for the grand rendezvous and dinner of the Shrewsbury Show. It is a large piece of hilly ground on the hill, at the back of the House of Industry; and the Arbours, as they are called, are small houses or cottages, with a dining tent or shed attached, in which the incorporated trades dine. Booths, stalls, shows, roundabouts, and swings, are on that day pitched in every direction, and it is a most busy scene.

"At noon, as I had determined to see Wales during my close proximity, I started by the new 'Greyhound' coach, with four spanking grey horses, and a guard with red coat and very musical horn, for Welshpool. It was a magnificent drive, and we passed through the villages of — and Buddington, where all the people were out to see the new stager. A delightful drive we had, and it was rendered more delightful still by a charming Welsh girl who sat just behind me (mine being the box seat), and who could tell me the names of all the places and hills and mountains; and who very good-naturedly pointed out to me many spots which I might not otherwise have noticed. She told me how much she wished I had been going forward to Aberystwith, as she would then have shewn me some splendid scenery. I left her at Welshpool—having received instructions from her as to the best way to Powis Castle—and ensconced myself at this very comfortable and excellent inn, where is abundance of venison and all the good things of this life. I soon went up to Powis Castle, which lies but a little way out of the town, and was really charmed with the magnificent scenery. It is situate on the summit of a commanding eminence, beautifully surrounded by the most luxuriant trees. The grounds are fine, undulation after undulation, hill after hill, mountain after mountain, and from the higher points the scene is grand in the extreme. Looking towards Shrewsbury, in the valley lies Welshpool, embowered in trees, and surrounded by hills of the finest character, and in the distance is the fine range of the Brythen and Caradoc hills. Powis is but a small castle, with many machicolated turrets and battlemented walls, and must be a delightful residence. After sketching many parts of the castle I returned, and having had tea, walked through the town, which is one long street, with a lesser one running at right angles across the bottom. I then went down the—(some road), to the Severn by moonlight, to the Ferry, and walked up by the river for a good distance, and then returned for bed. This is Market Day, but it is nothing of a market.

"Sunday, July 13th.—Alberbury, Shropshire. Here I am in a good-sized room in a large public-house, 'The Dragon,' kept by one—honest Richard Dyas, who, as the board says, is licensed brewer, victualler and dealer in foreign spirits; and then goes on to inform the curious that he also pays a license to sell that noxious tobacco. A flaming red dragon surmounts this grand announcement, and another small board appears to have but just recollected itself, and sticks itself out in a most insinuating manner to tell you that he is also paying to government for the privilege of lending you a horse. All these various announcements would lead one to suppose that Mr. Richard Dyas was somebody, and so he is. He is as 'likely a young

farmer' as need be seen; that is, a mixture of the farmer's man, the horse-dealer, the veterinary surgeon, the pig-jobber, the market gardener, the game-keeper and the woodman. I went into the parlour when first I arrived, and found it a large room with a very small table in the middle, and another, less, on one side. There are a few wooden-bottomed, straight-backed chairs, and a lot of forms, some standing on their legs and having others piled upon them; a fire-place filled with fir, and a small glass over it, but no fender on the hearth. A lot of hat pegs, two little waiters and a conch-shell complete the whole furniture. The boards, of course, are not concealed by the very bad practice of laying down a carpet. I got tea, then had a chat with the 'missis' and took a walk. I am just come in. I have sat a few minutes by the fire, and had a glass of ale. I am now sitting up in bed writing. My room is a decent-sized one, but the boards, which are 'solid oak,' are, on the same principle as those below stairs, left in all their naked beauty, except two small bits of checked carpet, for all the world like bits of shawl, just big enough to set one's feet on. It is a tent bedstead, hung with white dimity; door with a 'sneck,' and a lock that has not been turned these five years, it is so rusty. A large old worn-out straight-backed chair, six lesser ones, cane-seated; two bonnet-boxes, filled with women's night-caps, etc., and a smaller one tied up in a black shawl; a queer fire-place across the corner; a nursery basket, and a corner wash-hand stand, are all there are, with the exception of one window. The sheets feel damp, so I have got between the blankets, and will now try to snore away like a true grunter until day-break. By-the-by, I must not forget to mention what an odd fish the waiter, dairy-maid, scullion, chamber-maid, and all the etceteras is. She is a complete medley and a true gawky.

"On arising at Welshpool this morning I discovered to my most utter dismay and horror that it was a wet and miserable morning. I could not get out, so contented myself with sketching the town from my bedroom window. After breakfast it gave over raining, and I then went over the church and churchyard. The church is built upon a high piece of ground, and the graveyard rises abruptly behind it. The building is a mixture of Decorated and Grecian architecture. The east window is good and all the rest wretched. The graves are very different from any others I have seen, being mostly formed into the shape of a coffin by tiles, and filled in with small white stones or spar, and having a heart or other-shaped stone on the breast.

"Leaving Welshpool, I walked on to Buttingdon, a pretty little hamlet, with a picturesque toll-bar crossing two roads, and a good substantial fat old dame of a collector. I had a good chat with the old dame. She tells me all the Welsh people are 'likely and kind,' and will injure no one. She says, 'I'm sure I uddent, and I think they is all like me.' She advises me, if I am married, to bring my wife down for a few months in the summer to reside in Wales, and she is sure she would like it, and it would do her good.

"From Buttingdon I kept on by the side of the fine hill—the cop

or copse hill—a fine hill in my opinion. I could not help laughing at the old woman. I said to her, 'What is the name of that hill?' 'That, sir,' said she, 'that's no hill! its only ground.' 'Well, if it is no hill, what is it? I think it is quite a hill.' 'Well, sir, it is; but we don't call it so.' The hill is really a magnificent one, of great height, and beautifully wooded with the most luxuriant trees. The canal is carried on at its base, the turnpike keeping on by the side of it, and the Severn winding down by the lower side. The country is of the most delightful description, with scenery varying constantly: the disputed 'Cop hill' on the left, and the grand range of the Brythen hills on the right, with the Severn winding in the valley beneath.

"On reaching Ardlin Gate we cross the canal, and enter the neat village of Ardlin. It is a small place consisting of about twenty houses, some of which are very pretty little boxes. I called at a little public-house kept by Evan Jones. I wanted a glass of sherry—or anything, in fact, that I could get. But no sherry, no cider, nor anything had they but ale and porter. 'No, sir, we have nothing by us but ale and porter; and the ale's too new, sir.' I tried their home-brewed and found it fair. I caused quite a sensation in the house. When I opened the door the front room was filled with farmers and labouring men, all talking and laughing and enjoying themselves. But the moment a stranger entered all was still. I went into the parlour, a little room, or, rather, a middling sized one, but very scantily furnished, and having staid about five minutes, left, and proceeded forward to the delightfully pleasant little village of Llandrinio, one of the most picturesque and beautiful little spots I have ever seen. It has a finely romantic simplicity about it, with an air of innocence and chastity much to be admired. 'Sin and the lusts of the flesh,' with 'the devices of the devil,' appear never to have effected an entrance into this quiet and heavenly spot. The church is a little building, unassuming in its character, and as plain and unadorned a structure as can be found—fit place for the celebration of that simple and beautiful religion for which it was erected. It lies a little to the right of the road in coming from Welshpool, in a large graveyard. I walked around; and on reaching the porch, found a poor old woman—a real female patriarch—sitting in the porch. She was much like poor old Emm of Duffield Bank in figure; little, crooked, old and wrinkled. Her back, with the weight of so many years, was nearly bent double, and she leaned on a stick. There the poor old dame, in her blue checked dress, her blue handkerchief, her half cloak of blue woollen, and her old-fashioned long poked black bonnet, sat on the stone bench in the porch, her stick firmly planted on the pavement in front, and upon which she rested both her hands, with her arms stretched forward. I passed her and she got up to make a curtsy, and when I tried the door the poor old woman wanted to turn the key for me. I went in and looked at the church, and she followed me to show me all the things. I got a chat with the poor creature, and she told me she had been door-keeper at that church fifty-two years, and had been a widow twenty-three years.

The list of benefactions and the plan of the parish in the vestry were all she had to show me. The font is Norman. I got a sketch of it with measurements and everything necessary. On the south side is the remainder of a Norman arch, and a small single-light Norman window in the chancel. The east window is Decorated. On the north side of the chancel are two good windows. The interior is perfectly plain, and as simple and quiet in its appointments as possible.

"I here saw a specimen of that good feeling which I believe is found nowhere but in Wales. The old woman was telling me of the minister, the Rev. Mr. Russell, and extolling his goodness to the skies. She wished me to go to his house, and she would show me the way, for she was sure Mr. Russell would be so glad to see me. It was no use my assuring her that I did not know Mr. Russell. Her simple answer was 'But he knows you, sir; he knows everybody.' Afterwards she told me that he goes about so much that he must have seen me, and known me, she was sure. I ran the risk of offending her most mortally by not going. And she could assure me that Mr. Russell would be much disappointed and offended at my not calling upon him, when she told him I had been, for he wished gentlemen to call upon him. Having made sketches of the church, I left the village and crossed the bridge; and having passed the end of the Brythen hills, reached Bawsley, a small hamlet breathing a pure spirit of rustic simplicity, and then reached Coyfew, situated on a hill, with several beautiful cottages and a windmill. A little beyond this is a lane turning to the right, at the corner of which is a fine young oak, enclosed in a wall and railing, planted to commemorate the visit of the Prince of Wales (George IV.) to his principality in 1809. [Query, 1806]. The inscription on a brass plate affixed to the wall is:—

"NEAR TO THIS TREE  
 HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS  
 THE PRINCE OF WALES  
 WAS INTRODUCED INTO  
 HIS PRINCIPALITY, BY  
 SIR RICHARD PULLSTON, BART.,  
 ON THE 9TH DAY OF SEPT., 1806.  
 - PRESENT:  
 H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CLARANCE,  
 LORD VISCOUNT PETERSHAM,  
 SIR ROBT. LEIGHTON, BART.,  
 ROBERT HEATHCOTE, ESQ.,  
 COL., NOW M.-GENL., SIR B. BLOOMFIELD,  
 AND COL. LEE, 10TH HUSSARS.

"A few yards from this spot we cross a little stream, and pass a small white cottage, which marks the boundary of the two countries and the two counties, and then come to a cutting in the rock, through the park of Sir Baldwin Leighton to Alberbury.

"This pretty little village contains only about ten houses, but has a most beautiful church. It is remarkable for its windows, its tower, and general arrangement. The tower is gabled, very much in the style of continental, and contains a singular transition window, with the mullion circular. On the south side is a chapel belonging to the

Leightons. The chancel is at the present time being rebuilt, and has reached about three feet from the ground. In the west end of the chapel is a magnificent window with stained glass; and in the south side of the same chapel are good stained glass windows. In the churchyard is a cross with a sun-dial—or, rather, the remains of one—on the top; and quantities of graves of the Owens, the Thomas', the Hughes', the Davis', etc., etc., etc.

"Leighton Park is a fine eminence, beautifully wooded, from which on a fine day—as it was by this time in the evening—is one of the most extensive and splendid views I have ever seen. The eye ranges over a beautiful prospect extending fifteen or eighteen miles away, and then through the blue mist to the mountains about twice that distance. The park hill is composed of a kind of conglomerate limestone. At the foot are a series of large quarries for getting it. It is of a reddish colour, and filled with pebbles and portions of stone of all sizes, shapes and colours. This they burn into lime, and I am told it makes very good lime. It lies in layers, and is loosened by upheaving.

"Monday, July 14th.—I arose early this morning, made sketches of the very extraordinary windows and tower of the church, and then breakfasted. I then got my bill: Bed, tea, ale and breakfast, 3/-! I gave the girl 4/6, and quite astounded her weak nerves. I then started off, and after a most broiling hot walk, in which I was 'regularly done brown,' arrived at Shrewsbury, and went down to Monkmoor to sketch the land where the ploughing matches and implement trials were to take place. I have just been having a chat with some of the exhibitors, and have received an invitation to dine with them to-morrow night at the 'Raven and Bell,' next door,—the first dinner of the implement makers of England.

"Tuesday, July 15th.—This is the first day of the opening of the show. It was wet this morning, so that I could not get done early. I have been there all day, however. Mr. Evans, our *Pictorial* publisher, called upon me at breakfast time, and we went down together. Mr. Weir did not make his appearance until this afternoon, and Mr. Evans then found that he could not get the sketches of the animals in time. So he [Mr. Evans] has gone back to London to-night, and I have given him a lot of sketches to make up the pages with.

"The collection of implements is superb; and I am glad to see that one of our old countrymen has carried off a prize for the best chaff-cutter. I mean Mr. Spencer, of Hopton, Derbyshire.

"I have been at the dinner, or rather, went in when dinner was nearly over, ready for the speeches and toasts. At his own—and Mr. Evans'—urgent request I took Mr. Weir with me."

Llewellynn Jewitt does not mention in the diary that he took any part in the proceedings, but I have a newspaper report of the speeches, and find that he responded to the toast for "The Press, Metropolitan and Provincial."

"Wednesday, July 16th.—Implement show continued. I went on the ground at six o'clock, and staid until twelve before getting breakfast. The Council dinner was held to-day. I did not go, Mr. Weir did. I went to the grand ball at the Assembly or Concert Room to-night, but did not stay. There was more company, and in greater and better style than I could have expected. Even the people themselves seemed astonished at such a 'coming out.'"

How curious it is to reflect now—forty-two years since the ink of the record which I am reading was wet—that all the ball-room freshness, brilliancy and youth—youth with its feeling of immortality—which then glowed before the sympathizing eyes of Llewellynn Jewitt, has by this time utterly faded away. Yet in this we see but the fulfilment of the old and universal rule of nature with all its organisms and their brilliancies—with the flowers of our gardens as well as the human flowers of our households. The flower which has budded and bloomed, and done its duty and destiny, in its yield of beauty and fragrance and honey, at length fades and disappears. But fresh blossoms succeed, and the flower after all seems to have an eternity of existence in a succession of revivals. So in the course of nature, family ties become dissolved, but are succeeded by fresh ties of successive youth, which seem to hand on a sort of eternity of domestic love and beautiful blossom, with its honey-yield of life's loving services.

Such thoughts as these must have been in the beautiful mind of Llewellynn Jewitt when he penned the following lines, which I find among his papers :

"TURN THOU TO HIM.

"A joyous, beauteous maid I knew,  
With dark eyes piercing bright,  
And forehead fair, and rosy cheek,  
And voice that thrill'd me with delight  
When pouring forth the merry song,  
Deeming her life-time very long.

And later on I saw the maid,  
Oh, sadly changed!—her dark eye dim,  
Her lilies and her roses gone,  
With sunken cheek and weaken'd limb,—  
Her life the flicker of a lamp,  
For there grim death had set his stamp.

When strolling through the empty church  
I heard with awe and bated breath  
Approaching tramp, and solemn words  
Of Resurrection, Life and Death.  
And then the earth hid that cold form  
So late in breathing beauty warm.

Oh! boast not thou the mortal gift  
Of youth and beauty, health and joy.  
The arm of God is very swift  
His mortal blessings to destroy.  
Turn thou to Him, who has the power  
To call thee in thy happiest hour."



While thus thinking, and reading Llewellynn Jewitt's stanzas, my eye rests upon the growing blossomed hyacinth in the centre of my table. How delightful it is in the early spring—when there is nothing in blossom out of doors but the modest snow-drop—to watch the gradual development of the hyacinth, its bursting blossoms and its full-clustered beauty. We watch it day after day with all its still undiminished fresh beauty, and its still undiminished perfume. Like the young ripe full beauty of womanhood and manhood, which remains unimpaired so long after it has attained maturity, that it feels and gives the feeling of unchanging immortality—its decline and end so long all-unthought-of, and hidden in the invisible perspective-point of the future. Yet at last the gradual change becomes revealed ; and the bells of loveliness, whether floral or human, fade, and droop, and die. But the living beauty of the hyacinth in due time revives—it rises again. It was a pretty conception of some classic Ancient, that the hyacinth was once a youth of such beauty that Apollo and Zephyrus—the Sun and the Western Breeze—both loved him with a jealous love. He inclining most to the friendship of Apollo, was slain by the jealous Zephyr. But from the blood of Hyacinthus, Apollo caused to arise this lovely flower, to perpetuate his name—and how truly emblematic of the beauty of youth and the decline of age it ever remains !



## CHAPTER X.

STILL AT SHREWSBURY.—A PLEASANT RAMBLE.—SHELTON OAK.—A BUNCH OF ROSES FOR HIS DEAR WIFE.—AT BIRMINGHAM ON THE WAY HOME.—AT HOME.—THE SURREY ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.—FAIRHOLT AND IRELAND.—RICHARD BEAUCHAMP, EARL OF WARWICK.—THE BRITISH CROWN DROPPED AND BROKEN TO PIECES.—THE CHAPEL ROYAL, WHITEHALL.—BOARD OF TRADE.



**T**HURSDAY, July 17th, 1845.—The Cattle Show as well as the Implement Yard is open to-day. Some of the cattle are really magnificent. There is one horse from our old county of Derby, bred by the Duke of Devonshire, which is the largest and finest in the Exhibition. I staid in the Yard until half-past three, and then went to the Pavilion dinner. We had a cold dinner of the most miserable description. Everything very scanty and very poor. The wine was wretched. After dinner we had some good speeches from the Dukes of Richmond and Cleveland, Lords Powis, Hill, Spencer, Portman, Mansfield, Talbot, Hatherton, etc., etc., and then walked off.

“Friday, July 18th.—This has been a packing-up and auction day. I have been on the ground the greater portion of the day. Sent a lot of sketches of implements, etc., off this afternoon. Mr. Cooper, the sub-editor of the *Shropshire Conservative*, presented me with a ticket to the grand concert to-night. So, of course, I have been, and have been highly delighted. I heard the Distin family at Leeds when down there sketching the manufacturing subjects for the *Penny Magazine*. It was at the Exhibition of the Mechanics’ Institution. I recollect being much pleased then; but at the present time I am not quite so well pleased with the performance. Miss Rebecca Isaacs sang beautifully; and Miss Kate Loder, I suppose, played in fine style on the piano: but I am no judge, and am therefore obliged to believe what I am told.

“Saturday, July 19th.—This morning I got up at five o’clock and made sketches of the Free School, and some old houses in Castle Foregate, and the entrance to the Council House, before breakfast. Since then I went up to St. Giles’ Church, and made drawings of it, and several portions of it. Then returned and did the White Hall, and some general bits from the Coleham Road, and the banks of the

Severn. I have also been over the town with the *Pictorial* Mr. Wheatley to all the agents, and have found that he is an antiquary. He has promised me a siege piece of Charles I. To-night I have been to Mr. R. Davis', and have appointed to meet him at ten in the morning to take a long walk. He is a good open-hearted, honest fellow, and one that is sure to be liked. St. Giles' Church is a plain unassuming little structure, built on a piece of ground between the London and Worcester roads, beyond the Lord Hill's column.

"Sunday, July 20th.—This morning, according to appointment, I met Mr. Richard Davis at ten o'clock, and we, with his two sons, Richard and Corbett, had a most delightful ramble along the banks of the Severn for a few miles, and then turned off to Shelton Oak—the tree in which Owen Glendwr stood to watch the fate of the battle, on the spot now known as Battlefield. The windings of the Severn are of the most beautiful and varied description; now moving slowly on amidst level pastures and grassy banks; now overhung with the most luxuriant foliage; and now passing beneath magnificent steepes crowned with trees of gigantic proportions. In one spot a flat plain bounds the river on the one side, while on the other it washes the base of a steep declivity which it is constantly crumbling, and forming new ground on the opposite side, where many acres have been thus formed. The scenery is remarkable, and picturesque in the extreme.

"Shelton Oak stands enclosed in private grounds, about two miles from Shrewsbury, on the Holyhead road, and is a fine specimen of the grand king of trees. Its trunk is completely hollow, and paved or pitched with small white stones kept perfectly clean. There is a good entrance opening on one side, and the room within the tree will accommodate about a dozen persons. The girth at about my own height is 28 feet 8 inches. It still bears leaf, and is in a very healthy state.

"Leaving Shelton we proceeded along the Holyhead road to the New County Lunatic Asylum—a large fine building in the plain Elizabethan style, just about completed from the designs of Messrs. Scott and Moffatt, of London. Dr. Oliver is the Medical Superintendent. Proceeding thence and passing the 'Grapes,' we crossed the old worn-out race-course, and after a most pleasant ramble in the fields, found ourselves in the midst of the Arbours of Kingsland, and with good appetites proceeded at once to Mr. Davis's to dinner.

"After tea we had a long walk round by the Severn, Coleham, the House of Industry, etc., and got home for supper after having spent an hour in his beautiful garden, and smoked a cigar." [!!!]

Surely Llewellynn Jewitt did not smoke the cigar! As only one is mentioned it must have been his friend who smoked it.

"Monday, July 21st.—This morning at six I and Mr. R. Davis went a long walk round the town and called at Instones Nursery, to see his roses. After breakfast I went to the Lunatic Asylum, and made a drawing of it, and in the afternoon, accompanied by the Davises, I went to the House of Industry and made a sketch of

Shrewsbury from that point of view. Since tea I have been to Mr. John Davis's, and sat there discussing the port and sherry, until sent for by Mr. R. D., with whom I supped, and have just appointed to meet him at five in the morning for a long walk.

"The House of Industry is beautifully situated on a commanding eminence, overlooking the whole town and the county.

"Tuesday, July 22nd, Breakfast time.—At five this morning I went with Mr. R. Davis to the Quarry, and made sketches of it and of the House of Industry. Thence we went to Instones Nursery, and there I got the most magnificent bunch of roses for sixpence that I ever saw. I have just been packing them up for my dear little wife. I have also procured from there two beautiful tiles, from the Abbey Church. I found several lying on the rock-work, but could only procure two.

"Wednesday, July 23rd, must be deferred until—

"Thursday, July 24th.—On Tuesday, at two o'clock, I left Shrewsbury by coach for Birmingham, passing through Watling Street, Wellington, Wolverhampton, Wednesbury, Bilston, West Bromwich, etc. We arrived at Birmingham at seven o'clock, and I there staid until one in the morning. I took tea at the 'Swan.' (By-the-bye, I have since had the 'Crown,' in Carrs Lane, recommended to me by O. J.) [Orlando Jewitt]. Birmingham I liked as a town better this visit than I have done before. It seemed cleaner and better, and the people more orderly. I had time to walk through the town and see the principal buildings. The Town Hall, although so much is said in its favour, appears out of place in its present situation, in the midst of chimneys and smoke, and shops and public-houses; and surrounded by the noise and bustle of a large manufacturing town, with its steam engines, its forges, hammers and bellows, its wheels and its grindstones, and the interminable hubbub of its Babel of sounds.

"The Grammar School is a good building, and breaks the monotonous line of shops. The old church in the Bull Ring is being repaired. It is an ugly uninteresting building on the outside. If it be no better inside it must be a wretched place. The best place I saw in the town was the Market. This is really a fine building, the finest market I have seen except Newcastle-on-Tyne, which far exceeds it both in size and arrangement. This one at Birmingham is large and very lofty, and well fitted with fixed stalls for fruiterers, confectioners, and everything else.

"Sin, wickedness, drunkenness and debauchery appear to hold their supreme court in Birmingham, and to revel there in riot and confusion from night until morning. The streets are well stocked with gin-palaces, fitted up in London style, and all night through sounds of music—French pianos, organs, harps, violins, tambourines, hurdy-gurdies, and all other discordant instruments are heard intermixed with oaths, screams and disgusting language.

"At one in the morning I left Birmingham by mail train, and got a very comfortable place in the carriage, by the side of an old maid

from Rugby—a regular blue-stockings—who was just returning from a tour in Wales. I had a good share of amusement with her in ‘drawing her out,’ and hearing her opinions on ‘men and things.’ After a very decent journey in the rain I arrived at the Euston Square terminus at about five o’clock, and took cab and arrived at home a little before six. Having awoke all our good people, I got a cordial welcome home from my dear little wife, who soon after informed me, to my great dismay, that a note had arrived overnight containing a summons to appear as a principal witness upon a trial at Maidstone, for Mr. Sly. I therefore got a hurried breakfast, and went to the city, without staying to change my clothes; and then started off to Maidstone by railway, to have a journey of a hundred and twelve miles extra. At the Court I arrived just in ‘the nick of time,’ as the first witness was in the box when I entered. However, the trial was eventually put off to be submitted to arbitration, so that we were enabled to leave for town the same night, which was a great relief to me. After leaving the Court, Mr. Sly and Messrs. Sergeant, B. Sly, Evans, Wells, Ball, myself, and Mr. Tanswell, the solicitor, retired to the ‘New Inn,’ where we sat and had some little refreshment, and then adjourned to the ‘Haunch of Venison,’ where we had tea and some good mutton chops and cold lamb, which all enjoyed. After tea we had our wine and some good speeches. Mr. Sly’s health was proposed by Mr. Evans, and he returned thanks. Mr. Sly then, in a long flattering and eulogistic speech proposed the health of Mr. Wells, as an animal painter possessing sufficient talent and ability to be an ornament to us—to the profession—and an honour to the country; but whose diffidence and reserve kept him back. Mr. Wells returned thanks in a manner peculiar to himself. Then Mr. Sly, in a long and very praising manner proposed my health. He said he had to thank me for the great personal inconvenience I had undergone in hastening to Maidstone to serve him. He said that although that was not sufficient inducement for other gentlemen to drink my health, to him it was at once a cause of gratitude and gratification, and therefore enough to call for his most warmly giving the toast.

“Friday, July 25th.—Kept myself engaged in touching up my sketches all day, and in looking over and arranging the Society’s papers. Orlando came this morning and called me up. He had just come from Dover. He arrived at five in the morning. He staid breakfast with us, and has had a longer chat than he has ever had with us before.

“Saturday, July 26th.—A very miscellaneous day. I have done two or three little drawings of fossils and diagrams; and the rest of the day has been spent in touching up the sketches I brought with me.

“Monday, July 28th.—Having to go to the Dartmouth Arms Station, to sketch the air shaft of the atmospheric line, I took my wife and daughter with me, and a most delightful little trip we had. I got my sketch done whilst they walked about. How much pleasanter it would be if I could always have them with me. It makes pleasure, instead of a toil, of business. The station is a fine piece of building,

more like a church than a railway. In fact our modern church builders might take a useful lesson from it. The air shaft is very lofty, of an octagonal form with square base, and is built of a hodge-podge medley style of Gothic architecture, but having withal a graceful and elegant appearance.

"Thursday, July 31st.—To-day, for the first time these many weeks, I came home to dinner; for my sister Marianne, her little daughter Clara, Peter Watmough, and Sarah, came to dine with us and spend the day. We have had a most delightful afternoon, and this evening went to the Surrey Zoological Gardens all together. There we were all highly gratified. The gardens appear to have been greatly improved since last season. The animals are all in an exceedingly healthy and good condition; the gardens clean and in good order, and the new gas-lamps, introduced this season, beautiful. The model of Edinburgh is truly magnificent—the best delusion I ever saw. The streets, the houses, the churches, castle, courts, monuments, columns, etc., with the massive rocks and distant mountains, and water with ships in full sail, are managed with the greatest skill.

"Saturday, August 2nd.—I have just got the second part of the Journal of the Archæological Association. It contains many good and valuable articles. The opening paper, on Galway, by Fairholt, is from very slight sketches, notes and memoranda, which I recollect his showing me some year or two back, on his return from Ireland. My opinion then was that from the data he had, it might easily be seen that something might be done in that town, and that a most interesting paper might be written upon the subject. But certain it is that no one but Fairholt himself would have thought of botching up an article from such scanty means. The annual Congress of the Association is to take place on Monday. I should much like to go; but am fearful I shall not. The opening of the barrows at Chilcomb and Twyford Downs would have been particularly interesting to me. If I go I shall take Betsy with me. It will be a delightful trip for her, and will, I hope, do her good by the change of air, for she is far from well.

"Monday, August 4th.—In the Cottonian Library in the British Museum, Julian E. IV., is a MS. Life of Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, by John Rous, of Warwick, which consists of a series of large drawings on vellum, of the various passages and incidents in his life. They are drawn in sepia in outline—'pen and ink' style. The figures are cleverly drawn, and the costumes are remarkably beautiful, and accurately made out in detail. The legend is in English, and written in old text. Various scenes in the Earl's life are depicted, as his Birth, Knighted by Henry IV., Champion to Queen Jane, Battle of Shrewsbury, Owen Glendwr, Knight of the Garter, various Tournaments, Pilgrimage to Jerusalem, Ambassador to the Council of Constance, Reception by the Pope and Emperor Sigismund as 'Lord Royal' of Normandy and France, and his illness and death. I have been selecting some few for the illustration of the Tournament of Calais, in the *Pictorial Times*.

"Tuesday, August 5th.—I have to-day spent my time in looking over the same MS., making drawings and writing a long article. I have filled fourteen folios of paper with it. The MS. is a select one. That is, it can only be seen in the MS. room. So many of the valuable illuminations have been defaced by readers foolishly using their pens, and strengthening or altering the figures and other parts, and by making indecent alterations: several too have been cut. So the best have been picked out for private inspections, and are termed select.

"Wednesday, August 6th.—How often it happens that for the faults of a few, or even of a single person, the whole people are debarred from the use of those things most interesting or useful to them. The public are admitted to a certain exhibition of articles of vertu: a man, from desire to give publicity to his name pokes his umbrella through a painting; smashes a valuable vase with his walking stick; or breaks, or indecently marks some splendid piece of sculpture. The injury is found out, and the public, through this act of one, are judged not appreciative of the boon conferred, and are from thenceforward excluded. Thus it has been with the MSS. before-mentioned. They were under the same regulations as the books, until several readers either disfigured, cut, or stole several of the most valuable, and they are not now allowed to be brought out of the MSS. room. What a pity that gentlemen—men of education, as all are who are admitted to the Reading Room of the Museum, should so far forget themselves.

"Thursday, August 7th.—I have been sitting up nearly all night engraving. It is now fully two years since I attempted engraving at all, and this time it was only to do a block for the *P. T.*, which otherwise would not have been finished. I do not like engraving. I remember how greatly delighted I was—more so than at any other business event—when Mr. Sly first gave me some drawing to do. Since then I have done drawing only, and like it much."

Although Llewellynn Jewitt thus avows his aversion to engraving, he was completely successful in that department. His brother Orlando was the greatest wood engraver of his day, and the master of subsequent masters; yet Roach Smith is right in recording that Llewellynn Jewitt "in this elegant and indispensable art vied with his brother Orlando." I think I have mentioned elsewhere in this volume that I have the book of proofs of his earliest engravings done in London, including his trial work of the few weeks preceding his happy marriage, and nothing of the famous Bewick's surpasses in merit those early productions, especially his birds.

"Friday, August 8th.—I have been told to-day to hold myself in readiness in case I should be called upon to go to Germany with the Queen. She starts to-morrow, immediately after proroguing Parliament. If I go it will be a most delightful trip 'up the Rhine,' so perfectly novel to me in its every character and feature. But I do not think I shall have to go. I shall be much surprised if I do.

"Saturday, August 9th.—The Queen is gone ; but I am not. The only Rhine I shall see is a beautiful German model, from which I am making a drawing. At the prorogation of Parliament to-day, the —, in carrying the crown before her Majesty, fell, and broke the crown to pieces. A pretty exposé for his lordship. I have not heard particulars.

"Sunday, August 10th.—Lots of company to-day. Miss Davis has been with us some days, and this afternoon Mr. Wheatley of the *Pictorial Times* [met at Shrewsbury] has been to see us. Two of the Stanley's boys have likewise been. Mr. Wheatley has presented me with a splendid Newark sixpence of Charles I., siege money.

"Monday, August 11th.—Drawing the Rhine from a beautiful raised model in papier-mache, published in Germany.

"Tuesday, August 12th.—The Chapel Royal, Whitehall, is a remarkably fine room of excellent proportions. The gallery, the cornices, the mouldings, etc., are bold and massive. It is the old Banqueting Hall of the Palace, in which so many good dinners and historical scenes have taken place. It is associated intimately with the most stirring period of our national history, and is, therefore, dear to every one who is a lover of his country. What must have been the feelings of our monarch Charles I. when he last paced across this room, from the window of which he was passed on to the scaffold? And what must have been the feelings of the assembled thousands who saw the inhuman and disgraceful butchery committed?

"Service is regularly performed in this room, beneath the splendid ceiling painted by Rubens, and the public are admitted. The pews, pulpit, royal closet, etc., are all of solid oak. Portions of the walls are hung with crimson drapery, and the floor carpeted with crimson. The dimensions are one hundred and eleven feet long, by fifty-five feet six inches broad, and fifty-five feet six inches high.

"Wednesday, August 13th, and Thursday, August 14th.—Drawing Whitehall for Knight's *Old England*, a coloured plate. In this same room the Queen's Maundy Money, etc., is distributed, annually, by the Lord Almoner, to poor old men and women. Mem.—To try to see it next year.

"Friday, August 15th.—Charlemagne, or *Carolus Magnus*, is buried in the Cathedral of Aix-la-Chapelle, where is his tomb, and in the market-place of the town a large bronze figure of him is placed upon a conduit.

"I have been hunting everywhere, in the British Museum and out, for a representation of his tomb, but have, as yet, had a fruitless search. Strange that the resting place of so great a man should not have been engraved."

The following is amusing, and fairly exhibits the contemptuous feelings aroused in the mind of Llewellynn Jewitt, by the falsehoods of a braggadocio. The artist of whom Llewellynn Jewitt speaks was very clever, but the latter well knew that he was being told boastful



untruths. "Poor fool!" under such circumstances was not an uncommon vent with him; but the "What a lie!" I never heard from his lips. And this instance of strong expression, be it remembered, is from his pen only, and in his confidential diary. It makes all the difference, as Tony Weller conceded to Solomon Pell, whether the Lord Chancellor used strong language in confidence or openly. And, to begin with, the diarist approached this boastful one with preconceived unfavourable feeling. For he had taken this fellow-artist with him to a public dinner not many weeks previously, when the latter had "made a fool of himself, got tipsy, and interfered in many things he had no business with."

"Saturday, August 16th.—To-night I have been to Mr. W——, on some business. He is living in very comfortable style in Grosvenor Park, Camberwell. He tells me he would not sit down to work for less than three guineas a day, and that he always makes a tidy considerable sum more than that. What a lie!!

"He says also that he does not think it complimentary to himself to say he is like Gilbert, Harvey, Prior, or anybody else, in work; and that he will never look at anybody else's drawings, for fear he should get the least like them. Poor fool!!!

"Sunday, August 17th.—An idle day; lying on the sofa, loitering about, and reading 'Childe Harold,' has been my sole employment. I am ashamed to write it, but the whole day has passed over without my having done the slightest thing of any use."

He felt it his duty to be doing some external permanent good work even on the days appointed for rest. And it was so with him to the last. Hence his remark to his friend Roach Smith—"the words *holiday* and *rest* have ever been discarded from *my* vocabulary as obsolete!"

"Monday and Tuesday, August 18th and 19th.—The Rhine, the beautiful Rhine! Although I have not been up it, I have been following its windings on the wood in the drawing which I did from the model. How much I wish we had gone.

"I have been at the Board of Trade these two days sketching the Vice-Presidents' and President's rooms for Lord Dalhousie. The building is nearly coming down for alterations, and his lordship is anxious to preserve as a memorial the two first rooms he used on entering public life.

"Saturday, August 23rd.—All this week I have been busy with the Board of Trade."



## CHAPTER XI

RAILWAY ACCIDENTS.—A JOURNEY OF INVESTIGATION TO ELY.—  
DESCRIPTION OF ELY.—STUNTNEY.—CAMBRIDGE.—WATERBEACH  
FELIX.—GREEN THE AERONAUT.—HOME.—“LIFE OF HER MAJESTY”  
BY LLEWELLYNN JEWITT.—LOYALTY PUT TO THE TEST.—AT  
TUNBRIDGE WELLS.—“RAILWAYS, ALWAYS RAILWAYS!”—“THE  
SOUTH SEA BUBBLE A FOOL TO IT.”

**S**UNDAY, August 24th.—This morning I left home at half-past five, on a journey of discovery, and came down to Ely by the Eastern Counties Railway. I came down expressly to look at and examine the line, and, if possible, come to a decision as to the cause of the late accidents, no fewer than six having occurred within about a fortnight. The last was the mail train, which last Tuesday ran off the line between Waterbeach and Ely, and I must own that in passing along the railway it was to me anything but a pleasant sight to see the engine and tender lying down the embankment partly in the water. A general shudder seemed to run through the whole of the passengers, and everybody was glad when Ely was reached in safety. The road is nearly a dead level, and the city of Ely may be seen for many miles before it is reached, its cathedral forming a prominent mass rising as it were from the midst of the plain. The country is all fen land, and only divided into plots by drains full of stagnant water, and broken here and there by a few stunted willows, and the banks of the drains crested by reeds.

“Ely itself is a straggling village, not a city. There is nothing in it to constitute a town, or give it the slightest claim to civic distinction except its cathedral. From the railway station, which is on the south-west side of the Soham Road, we enter what would be considered the high road through a poor country village, a few unevenly built houses intermixed with the thatched cottages skirting the road on either side. Turning from this to the right we enter a long street—such a one as few towns possess. All the houses are poor, and the inhabitants ‘navvies,’ barge-men, labourers, etc. This street leads to the principal one of the town, which runs at right angles with it from the cathedral and market-place to the water-side, and there it ends. The cathedral is a most magnificent structure, and is at the present time being

restored. Scaffolding is erected at the west end of the nave, and a portion of the old stonework—the Norman arcades, etc.—are being removed for the insertion of new work in the same style, where repair is impracticable. The tracery of the clear-story in the choir is the most beautiful I have ever seen, and I should think it is not surpassed in any of our cathedrals. Some of the monuments, too, are magnificent. I heard a most excellent sermon by the Dean of Ely. The Bishop, too, was there. The procession after service was extremely picturesque. The two vergers, dressed in their long black gowns—and each carrying his silver mace held forward slopingly in front of him—walked down the nave, and were immediately followed by the Bishop, with the Dean on his left hand. The clergy then followed. The Bishop was dressed in his black gown with lawn sleeves, and wore a close grey wig. Half-way down the nave, the Dean, having bowed very low, took his leave of the Bishop, and returned, preceded by one of the vergers, and passed out at the west side, for the Deanery; while the other escorted the Bishop out at the western door across the green to his palace.

“Adjoining the cathedral is a large space of ground—the close, I presume—and one entrance is by the east end of the cathedral, and another through a fine ancient towered gateway, from the field, which forms a most delightful promenade for the citizens, their wives and families. The cathedral looks imposing and grand in the extreme, rising as it does from out the midst of luxuriant trees. The old church of — is an interesting structure, with a spire, of Perpendicular style, and has a chantry chapel attached. On the south side of the tower is a tablet to the memory of five men executed for riot at a special commission at Ely. From Ely I walked up the Soham Road to Stuntney, a pretty, quiet, rural spot, with a pretty little church, or rather a chapel of ease. It is a small Norman chapel, with a bell turret, and has two good Norman doors of equal proportions, and opposite each other on the north and the south sides. That on the north had the billet moulding running round the dripstone, and zig-zag mouldings round the door; that on the south is without the billet, but with the zig-zag. The hamlet is beautifully situated on a little hill, at the top of which is the church. The churchyard has farm-buildings and barns on its sides, and opposite is the village ale house.

“Upon the hill-side is an old mansion—the rectory, once the residence of Oliver Cromwell. It is a quiet little picturesque spot, but the foundations have given way, and it leans on one side. In the evening I returned to Cambridge, where many buildings and many faces were familiar to me. The Station has been finished, and that is the only difference I could find in the town. I fixed myself at the ‘Eagle,’ got tea, walked in the College grounds, and went to bed.

“Monday, August 25th.—I got up this morning at five o’clock and made a sketch of St.—Church from my bedroom window, which is immediately opposite. After that I walked round the town, made a sketch or two in the grounds of King’s, got breakfast and then started off to Waterbeach. From the Station here I walked down the

line to the scene of the accident, about two miles from Waterbeach on the way to Ely. I have made a drawing of the Engine and Tender as they lie; and of the wheels, rails, joints, chairs, etc. I have carefully examined the whole place, the engine rails, etc., and have, I think, made up my mind that there are two faults, viz., the bad joints of the rails, and the defective flanges of the wheels. The general formation of the permanent appears good, but the land to work upon is of so soft and sinking a nature that it is almost an impossibility to get a solid foundation. The surface for a foot or two in thickness is of black turf soil, beneath which is a variable bed of Galt, and this is succeeded by gravel and water. The gravel, so called, is nearly all sand, and there is so much water that it has been found necessary to cut a deep drain varying from about four or five to ten or twelve feet in width, on each side the railway, to carry it off and leave the roadway dry. The rails are of the double flange kind, and placed upon sleepers laid across the general line. The joints in many instances are very defective—nay, bad in the highest degree. I consider that in all cases the joints of the rails ought to be quite close, as close indeed as they can possibly be placed, so that there shall be no space between them, and they shall bind tightly together. But here I observed in many places openings of half an inch in width between the ends, and in some instances even an inch of space was left between them. Thus nothing could be easier than for the flange of the wheel—supposing a slight sinking in the ground—to catch in this opening and thus throw the train off the line. This would be especially the case with the engine which was the cause of the present accident. It was manufactured by Messrs. Stothart, Slaughter & Co., of Bristol (No. 55), and has the flanges very low and not bevelled. The flange is only one inch in depth and is not of a safe form. I can very easily understand that the sharp edge of this flange—which should have been rounded—coming in contact with the bad joint would instantly cut through the metal and turn the engine out of its proper course. This I conceive to have been the cause of the accident I came down to enquire into, and so convinced am I of its truth, that to this opinion I shall bind myself in the *Pictorial Times* in the article embodying my journey.”

Llewellynn Jewitt was probably correct in attributing the accident to the insufficient or defective flanges of the wheels, combined, perhaps, with the yielding sponginess of the railway; but half an inch, or even an inch of space between the joints of the rails, would not cause the engine to leave them. Indeed these spaces are purposely and necessarily left in the laying down of all rails, to allow for expansion during hot weather without curvature.

“After completing my survey I returned to the Station, and then walked up the village of Waterbeach. Many of the Cambridgeshire villages are picturesque, clean, and healthy; but Waterbeach is, perhaps, more so than any other I have seen. It is a large and, apparently, populous village, with a good green containing duck-ponds and stocks, donkeys, and planks for bridges. The houses—for there

are several that have an undoubted right to the name—and the cottages are all clean, comfortable, and snug in their outward appearance, and I doubt not there are as many happy hearts contained in them as there are inmates. Some good farmsteads (one of which by-the-bye was burnt last night), are intermixed with the cottages, and some are literally embowered with roses. Smiling happy faces were to be seen at many doors, and—those sure signs of industrious young women—clean knitted or frilled window-blinds were in use in many of these humble homes. Nearly at the top of the village is the church. It is a spacious edifice with three single lancet windows at the east end; and having on its north side both single, double, and treble lancet windows in the chancel. There is on the south side the chancel a pretty Early English door, with mask dripstone terminations. The rest of the church is principally Perpendicular. It has a tower of singular proportions. Adjoining the churchyard is a large farmyard with famous thatched barns and sheds.

“It is harvest time and most of the villagers are out reaping. Men and women, girls and boys, are busy with it. I have been watching them at work in the broiling hot sun, with their faces as brown as the seared leaf in autumn, cutting the corn, laughing, singing, and driving away all fatigue with their merriment. After spending some time in the village, I crossed the railway and went down to the Cam, to a public-house, the ‘Trout and Eel,’ or some such-like sign, a favourite fishing spot for the Cantabs. There I found a party from Cambridge who had come up in a large house-barge on pleasure, with a band of music, to tea. They were out in the grounds dancing and making merry when I got there. There were thirty or forty of them, young men and maidens. I got some bread, cheese, and ale, which cost me only a shilling, and then returned. This public-house, or inn, is a ferry or boat house. Here is a large ferry for horses, carts, waggons, or what not; and small boats and punts for foot passengers. I made several sketches of bits of the church, station, etc., and then left by the half-past seven train for London, where I arrived safely at about eleven. At Waltham, Mr. Green the aeronaut, who had that day gone up with a party of friends in his balloon from Cremorne House, Chelsea, got into the same carriage with me along with some of his friends, his car-seats, and instruments. He had alighted in the neighbourhood, and was returning home. He is an old man of about sixty, I should think, short and stiff; brief and pithy in his remarks, and has the look of a man not easily daunted, and with plenty of nerve. He says the highest he has ever gone has been one mile and three-quarters. To-day he has not been higher than three-quarters of a mile.”

These notes give a fair idea of the intellectual activity of Llewellynn Jewitt—of the manner in which his quick eye observed, and his absorbent mind digested the scenes and knowledge which were presented to him on every side. Such sights as those of the happy villagers and the merry harvesters were always nourishment to his heart.

"Tuesday and Wednesday, August 26th and 27th.—I have been busy writing the article and making the necessary drawings for the *Pictorial Times*, on the railway accidents.

"Thursday, August 28th.—My report has so thoroughly taken hold of Mr. —'s mind, that nothing can be done but it must of necessity be in his own name. Thus this railway report is made to be a report from actual survey by him. He goes down, dissatisfied with General Pasley's report, and makes one for himself!"

And General Pasley has the smile at Mr. —, especially about the rail-ends, in consequence of his adoption of the error.

"Friday and Saturday, August 29th and 30th.—My time the last two or three days has alternately been taken up with two great buildings, both of which will be immortalized in history, viz.: the Board of Trade and the Chapel Royal, Whitehall—the former for the decisions on railways, and the latter for its intimate association with the most eventful period of our national history.

"Monday, September 1st.—This is partridge shooting morning. Many poor birds who rose early this morning with a light heart, to prepare for the day, doubtless with the intention of dressing for dinner, have found a lady's-maid in the shape of a cook to save them the trouble by dressing them herself."

It would be more correct to say *un*-dressing them!

"Tuesday, September 2nd.—On the 20th of this month the *Pictorial Times* will contain a 'Life of the Queen,' accompanied by the most splendid drawings Gilbert can make. I am now busy getting together the materials for the 'Life,' and the portraits, costumes, etc., for the illustrations. It is an interesting subject, and one which I shall like much; but the time will be very short. I have been looking over the *Times* newspaper for 1819, at Peele's Coffee House, to get the extracts relative to her birth and christening, and shall then proceed regularly day by day to the present time.

"Wednesday, September 3rd.—Stuntney, a mile and a half from Ely, which I have mentioned before, I feel particularly interested in, from its associations with Oliver Cromwell. I have this day made a drawing on the wood [for the engraver] of the church.

"Thursday to Saturday, September 4th to 6th.—Nothing particular.

"Sunday, September 7th.—The badges of royal and illustrious personages are to all antiquaries matters of great interest. I have long been collecting them from various quarters, and have at length got a goodly lot. I should much like to publish a collection of them, but I fear I shall never do it. I have, for want of other things to do, been drawing a few on the wood this last day or two, and shall let Mr. Sly have them to work into the *Pictorial Times*.

"Monday, September 8th.—The Queen, the Queen!—nothing but the Queen. I have been rummaging the museum all day for information. What a busy time it appears to have been in 1820-21.

Death of the Duke of Kent; death of George III.; accession of George IV.; his visits to Ireland, Hanover and Scotland; his coronation and scandalous trial of Queen Caroline; her landing in England, and her death; the death of the Duchess of York, of the Princess Elizabeth of Clarence, etc., and many other remarkable events herein occurred."

An interval, with still nothing but "the Queen."

"Wednesday, September 17th.—I have been at home all day. My loyalty was put to the test last night by keeping me at the office until three o'clock this morning, to get the 'Queen' subjects ready for the paper. The office is being white-washed, and I am at home, working at some Derbyshire bits—Etwall Hospital and monument, and shields, from drawings by Mr. Pratt, of the Potteries.

"Thursday and Friday, September 18th and 19th.—At home still; what a treat.

"Saturday, September 20th.—A bustling day and I am tired. At noon I went to the office, and at half-past two left town for Tunbridge Wells to see the new line of railway, and make sketches. I got to Tunbridge about a quarter past four, and then walked up the line through a long, dark, wet tunnel, to the Powder Mill Valley Viaduct, which I made a drawing of, and then returned; made two sketches of the tunnel, and left Tunbridge for home at twenty-three minutes past six."

Said I not truly that he was a hard and rapid worker? What other artist engaged on a *Pictorial Times* would have left London at half-past two, and reached Tunbridge at a quarter-past four, and, instead of going to the hotel, would go straight to work, making a drawing and two sketches, and be back again at the station homeward within about two hours? To-morrow morning would seem to be the time to be making sketches, even if part of the evening were spent in viewing the scenes to be sketched.

"Monday, September 22nd.—This morning I had a long talk with Mr. Sly, which he commenced by telling me that it was the determination of himself and Mr. Spotteswoode to give a supplement on railways with the *Pictorial Times*.

"Tuesday, September 23rd.—I went round amongst the railway offices yesterday, and got prospectuses of about a score new ones.

"Wednesday, September 24th.—The number of new railroads proposed for the next Session of Parliament is immense. Never was there such a mania for speculation since the world began. The South Sea Bubble, I am persuaded, was quite a fool to it. Never a morning passed without from sixteen or eighteen to thirty new projects being advertised. The newspapers are full of nothing else. The *Times*, *Morning Herald*, and other daily papers are swamped with advertisements, and are obliged to give supplements, a plan which is now being followed by nearly every weekly as well. The *Morning Herald*, which ordinarily consists of four large leaves, gives

almost daily a double supplement the same size as the paper itself, and a second supplement of half the size ; making in the whole twenty pages of immense size, and almost entirely filled with railway advertisements. The *Times*, always considered the best paper for advertisements, has been dead beat by it, for it has never yet exceeded sixteen pages.

"What it will all end in I know not ; but everything is waived for this all-absorbing topic. It is impossible to enter a coffee-room, office, warehouse, workshop, or private dwelling, but in five minutes you are led into conversation on the subject. Ladies lay aside their scandal and their music, their knitting and their love experiences, to talk over the prices of shares ; and instead of reckoning by the number of stitches in a sampler, or a splendid piece of embroidery, count the number of shares and amount of capital in their favourite railway schemes ; and leave their purchases of German wool and floss silk for the time, to buy shares in the newest projects. Even lovers deal now-a-days in letters of application and allotment, rather than in *billets-doux* to their adored ; and young couples on the very eve of marriage spend their evenings in mutual enquiries as to each other's success in the last speculation, and in laying plans for future trials in the share market.

"Thursday, September 25th.—Railways, always Railways ! Capital, number of shares, price of shares, amount of deposit, provisional committees, etc., etc., are now the only order of the day, and millions are flying about in all directions.

"Friday and Saturday, September 26th and 27th.—As usual, devoted to railways. I have been to look after Prosser's patent guide wheels for railway carriages—a most interesting and valuable invention, rendering railway travelling much more safe and less expensive. Four wheels are attached diagonally to the carriages, which run on the edges of the rails and so guide the carriage. The ordinary wheels are without flange, and run flatly on the surface. Wooden rails are also recommended as cheaper, and adding to the speed.

"Monday, September 29th.—This is Michaelmas day, and, of course, rent day. What a many hearts must have ached at dawn of this morning, knowing that rent was not ready, and that their 'goods and chattels' must pay the penalty of their misfortune ! How many landlords in the exuberance of their joy at well-warmed pockets, have exulted in the glorious game of chance which has made them masters of so many homes, and of so many poor families.

"Tuesday, September 30th.—Last evening Mr. Sly invited me to go with him to witness the wonderful performances of Mons. Phillippe, 'The Devil Incarnate,' at the Strand Theatre, where he is giving his celebrated 'Soirées Mysterieuses.'

"Wednesday, October 1st.—It is proposed to erect a new bridge over the Thames at Chelsea, to be called 'The Ranelagh Suspension Bridge.' It is intended to connect the west end squares with the Surrey side of the river, and will be built immediately adjoining the



hospital, and will cross the river to Battersea, near the 'Red House.' A company is formed for the purpose, of which Mr. Spotteswoode is one of the directors.

"Thursday, October 2nd.—The Railway mania increases day by day. Hundreds, nay thousands, are seized with it. In its symptoms it is worse than hydrophobia. It seizes on the brain, which, in the course of a very few hours, is contracted into a wonderfully small space; and it draws all the energies of the mind and body into one small point. Its effect varies much in different constitutions; for while with some it produces a sort of hysterical joy, upon others it has a most vital influence in producing a delirium of despair and ruin. Happy are they who escape it.

"Friday, October 3rd.—The malady is still increasing day by day. The bills of mortality present an enlarged number of victims to its baneful influence. It attacks not only particular classes, but all alike, whether rich or poor, noble or roguish, intelligent or ignorant, the only difference being in its length of duration. But all are attacked, and most perish. The plague or the cholera were nothing to it in its generalization principle. I expect every now and then to hear the old cry revived, as the death carts pass heavily by—'Bring out your dead!'

"Saturday, October 4th.—English, colonial and foreign railways! Railways from east to west, from north to south, from every corner, nook and cranny; above ground and under ground; beneath the water and over it; over valleys and through mountains; by air, steam and water; of broad gauge and narrow; with guide wheels and with flange; with iron rails and with wood; with stationary engines and with locomotive; of all forms, sizes, weights, and constructions, are still the all-absorbing theme!

"Sunday, October 5th.—A day of rest from the turmoil of the rail. My dear wife has now been ill two days of the rheumatic fever—a slight attack, but it has weakened her most sadly. Mr. Hairby has just been in, and recommends great care and change of air as soon as she is sufficiently recovered for the journey. Bless her, she is very weak and very poorly. She gets no rest. What misery it is for a man to see his wife in such pain without the power to give her ease!

"Monday, October 6th.—The Croydon Atmospheric Railway is now, for part of the distance, in a complete state. Trains—training trains, to teach the enginemen, etc., their duties—are now running. I went down to the Dartmouth Arms Station this morning, to draw the station-house, etc., for this week's *Pictorial Times*. The atmospheric engine-houses are highly picturesque. A large building, with triple doors at each end, quite in the ecclesiastical style, and a very tall Gothic spire, or chimney. The whole buildings are in the 'mixed Gothic'—no style, but still have a most pleasing effect. They are from designs by Mr. Gregory, the superintendent of the line. A most ingenious and beautiful contrivance has just been fitted at this station for turning an atmospheric train from one pair of rails to another. It

is the invention of Mr. W. Cubitt, and consists of a number of horizontal wheels attached to bars, which, by the turning of a handle, are drawn along, and so pull the bars across.

"This afternoon, in all the wet, I have been to see Mr. Hablot Browne (Phiz), at his house, 2, Stamford Villas, Fulham Road, but he was not at home. I shall see him to-morrow.

"Tuesday, October 7th.—Betsy is, I find, better this evening. Oh that she may soon recover. She has sat up to-day for a few hours. I have been among railways again all day: indeed there seems to be no cessation.

"Wednesday, October 8th.—I have been preparing a long article on 'Mineral Railways' for this week's paper. Many lines take the geological formations of the country as the basis upon which, to work out their schemes, and the more they do that the more probability there will be of the public having good accommodation.

"Mineral traffic appears to me to be equally as desirable in a commercial point of view, as passenger, and I doubt not ere long mineral lines will be established in all the manufacturing districts for the conveyance of natural produce and heavy goods only, and so clear the passenger lines of the great inconvenience they experience through the goods trains.

"Thursday, October 9th.—We have just got the new number to the printers, along with the supplement, after a very busy hard-working day. I hope it will be satisfactory.

"Friday, October 10th.—The paper and supplement are really very satisfactorily got up, and I doubt not will cause a consternation among the news gentlemen. I cannot help thinking how much I should like to see Mr. C—— when he gets it in his hands this morning. He will stamp and swear, and call forth all the well-known gentlemanly vocabulary of blackguardism he is possessed of. It is regularly out-doing his paper. He has two or three railway advertisements, while we have three or four pages full.

"Tuesday, October 14th.—My father arrived last night, and Betsy has been to Edwin's to see him. She has recovered sufficiently, thank God, to venture out, so rode over to pay her respects to him on his arrival.

"Wednesday, October 15th.—This morning I went to Regent Street, to inspect a working model of Parsey's new atmospheric locomotive engine. It is a most admirable invention. An engine is built having nearly a similar appearance to a regular steam locomotive, but without funnel or tender. The part usually the boiler is in this instance a reservoir for the reception of condensed air. The engine is brought up to the station, where a stationary engine is erected, and by means of a pipe is filled with the condensed air. This operation is performed in a minute, or less. The engine is then ready to start with the train. The motion is given by the driver simply turning a handle, which opens a valve, through which the air passes into the

cylinder and so works the piston in the same manner as a stream of steam would do, the piston, of course, working the cranks and turning the wheels. It is exceedingly simple in construction and efficacious in work, and one of the greatest advantages it possesses over other means of propulsion on the atmospheric principle is that it can be used on any rails, requiring neither tubes, wheels, racks and screws, or any other extra machinery. And its advantage over steam engines is that it is worked without fire, consequently a great saving of fuel, and neither burning nor scalding can take place in case of an accident. Also the engine, which will cost much less than the steam one, will require no tender, and may be worked by one man."

Some readers will ask—"Why is not this engine now in use?" It is curious that its inventor and all interested in it overlooked the fact that whatever force this atmospheric engine had, had to be imparted to it by another engine, which was, after all, a steam engine, and, instead of economy, there would be the friction of two engines in obtaining the propelling power of one, consequently waste instead of gain. The continually declining force of the condensed air would require frequent renewal, and it would soon prove that the steam engine which supplied the force had better take to itself wheels and make the journey itself than stop at home and send forth these, so soon exhausted, deputies.



## CHAPTER XII.

ARTHUR JEWITT, WHOSE DEATH WE HAVE RECORDED, REAPPEARS IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.—A RAISED LAZARUS.—HIS RECOLLECTIONS OF OLD TIMES.—HIS GREAT-GRANDFATHER.—HIS GRANDFATHER.—HIS FATHER.—THE OLD TIMES WERE HARD TIMES WITH THE SHEFFIELD 'PRENTICE.—A HASTY HAPPY MARRIAGE, AND A VERY SMALL CHILD WHO SOUGHT TO SLAY HIS BROTHER WITH A SWORD.



UNDER the same date :—"Edwin told me that my father intended going to the British Museum to-day, so I came round there from Parsey's, thinking to meet him. I went through all the lower rooms and the gallery of minerals, and Egyptian antiquities, and was then walking hastily along the Zoological Gallery, when I saw him coming walking down the middle way very slowly—the most odd-looking specimen in that vast collection of the animal world. He was, as usual, dressed all in black, except his cloak, his long frock-coat reaching to his heels, his waistcoat buttoned up to his throat, and made with a very tight stick-up collar. His hat, as usual, lower than the ordinary ones in the crown, and with broad brim. He had on over all a blue cloth cloak with a cape, and as he came pacing along slowly, with his arms folded, his brows knitted, his mouth contracted, and—as when he is thinking deeply—with one eye closed more than the other, and looking upwards, I could not forbear watching him before I spoke. Everybody turned to look at him, and all, I believe, thought—'What a queer-looking little old man !' I went up to him and held out my hand, and asked him how he was ; but he did not know me. He looked and looked, and looked again, but all recollection seemed to have vanished. In a minute or so, however, he knew me, and said : 'But, my lad, thou'rt not like *thyself* ! Thou'rt so very thin !' We walked through the Museum, that I might point out to him several new things, and then he came home with me to dinner. He has staid all the day with us and has just gone back to Edwin's. This afternoon, being rather talkative, he has been telling me the way in which he first got acquainted with his friend Sir Edward Ffrench Bromhead, of Lincoln. It occurred in this manner :"

Then the diarist ceased to be talkative altogether, and said not a word on the subject, but only left a blank space which he never filled up.

It is curious that after having already solemnly buried this good old Englishman in this book, we have him here again personally introduced to us by his son Llewellynn, like one risen from the grave. A raised Lazarus is interesting, and we will bury him no more, but keep him ever living in our memories as here graphically introduced to us by his irreverent son. Arthur Jewitt had a wonderful memory, and shortly after this visit to his son Llewellynn, on his return to Oxford, he began writing in a book—recollections of his early life. The manuscript volume is before me, and we will hear his stories of old times in place of that about his friend Sir Edward FFrench Bromhead, of Lincoln, of which we have been baulked. This will be a rest and a change, and we will resume our railway progress with his son Llewellynn afterwards. No wonder the father exclaimed: "Thou'rt so very thin!" We have seen that he gave himself no chance of growing fat—and never did. It is lucky for us that this curiosity of curiosities—as his irreverent son makes him out to be—was not detained by the authorities of the British Museum, but was permitted to return home to Oxford, where he wrote the following interesting notes. In speaking of his own great-grandfather's removal from the township of Brightside Bierlow to Sheffield, he says:

"By the Poor Law of Queen Elizabeth, no person could remove from his own parish without a certificate from the overseers, guaranteeing to the parish he was removing to, that he or his family should never become troublesome to that parish. A certificate of this kind was given to my great-grandfather and, which I have often heard my father lament, prevented him from obtaining a settlement in Sheffield. And though he paid all rates, dues, and demands, he could not be considered a parishioner, nor have a right to attend meetings, or be elected to any office. He lived in a good house, rather a large one, which was rented at £6 12s. a year—a large sum at that time—and to increase his rental he took three other tenements of the same landlord, which he re-let, and which raised his rent to somewhere about £12 a year; and thus, by paying a rental exceeding £10, he cut off the certificate and gained a settlement in Sheffield."

This Arthur Jewitt who thus obtained a settlement in Sheffield, was a master cutler, and his great-grandson, Llewellynn Jewitt's father, thus continues:

"The trade of Sheffield, but not the town, was incorporated by Act of Parliament in the reign of King James I., under the title of 'The Company of Cutlers of Hallamshire,' and was governed by a master, two wardens, six searchers, and twenty-four assistants, which government, generally called 'The Master Cutler and Company,' held their meetings monthly for carrying the Act into effect. Among the regulations it was enacted that no person could become a manufacturer of cutlery, or take an apprentice, without having previously the freedom of the company granted to him, and a mark assigned to him wherewith *all* his manufactures should be stamped. Nor could he claim this freedom otherwise than by the servitude of seven years as

an apprentice to a freeman, or by being the son of a freeman. Now my grandfather did take out his freedom, and had granted to him as a mark the Roman letters A and I (I and J being then considered as synonymous), as the initials of his name, and above them a crescent. The original document is now in the possession of my brother at Lincoln. It is written on vellum, bears the seal of the Cutlers' Company, and has appended a flat piece of lead, bearing the impression of the mark."

The Arthur Jewitt to whom this mark was granted, had been apprenticed to his father, the Arthur Jewitt who obtained the settlement in Sheffield. And further, respecting the mark, Llewellynn Jewitt's father writes :

"My grandfather's mark became of so much note, that after his death my grandmother let the use of it at a yearly rent to another manufacturer in the same line, and after her death my father, in order to preserve it for me, paid the regular rent to the Cutlers' Company for it, which was only twopence a year, but this prevented anyone else from making use of it."

The Arthur Jewitt who obtained the A. I. and crescent mark died before his son—the third Arthur of this chapter—was old enough to be apprenticed to him. Consequently this third Arthur was apprenticed to a stranger, "a manufacturer of table knives, an austere and severe master ; a rigid Presbyterian, possessing all the unforgiving, all the intolerant prejudices of the sect. He perhaps never inflicted punishment wrongfully, except when not being able to find the one alone guilty of a misdemeanour, he punished all in his service alike. But his corrections never wanted severity ; never were they tempered with mercy. With this man my father served eleven years."

This fatherless little Arthur Jewitt, the grandfather of Llewellynn Jewitt, was sent very early to the Blue Coat School, and at the age of ten was considered proficient enough to leave school and be bound apprentice, as we have seen. In after years he became a very influential member of the Cutlers' Company, and remembering with affection the old Blue Coat School, he was powerful enough to cause a great privilege to be conferred upon it. There was a law of the Cutlers' Company whereby a manufacturer could only employ two ordinary apprentices at one time ; and he could not take the second until the first had served five years, reckoning from the age of fourteen. But this law did not apply to apprentices who were the sons of freemen. They could be bound at any time, and be employed in any numbers. The great boon that this Arthur Jewitt got conferred on his old school was that every boy educated there enjoyed the same privileges of apprenticeship as the sons of freemen. What these privileges of the young apprentice led to let us now hear :

"And here I would fain draw a picture of the cutler's 'prentice of about the middle of the last century—a picture which in these days there are few to recognise, and which I most heartily wish might be deemed a caricature, but truth forbids.

"The boy generally came a week or two on trial, or, as they called it, 'a liking,' during which time he ran about the workshop or smithy as he pleased, and amused himself with hammering, filing, or boring at his pleasure, and he began to think it must be a pleasant life to be a cutler. He was then taken to the Cutlers' Hall, to be bound until he was twenty-one. And now his misery begins, and he finds what it is to be a *'prentice*. As the youngest boy he becomes a slave to all above him, and the next youngest, just escaped from the same trammels, is generally the greatest tyrant. He has to learn his trade, and how he does learn it heaven only knows, for his master leaves his instruction to the elder *'prentices*, and they cuff him and beat him because he cannot by intuition do as well as themselves. And he is constantly being taken from his proper work to do odd jobs. He has not only to look to the fires and clean the workshops, and obey general orders, but he must clean the knives, grease or black the shoes of his master, mistress and their children, as well as those of the elder *'prentices*; and besides all this he must fetch water for the housemaid and riddle the ashes. In short, as Bloomfield observes :

'There never lacks a job for Giles to do.'

"This, however, might be bearable, for every period of life has its attendant evils. But see him at his work ! Too little to stand at his ease to the vice, he is raised on a platform, where, notwithstanding, to use the file his shoulders are forced almost on a level with his head, and his legs stretched till his knees meet together. At this and the other labours already enumerated, he is kept from early morning until late at night, and this too at a period when his limbs have not attained their proper form and strength. Thus he grows up a weakly, deformed creature, the victim of unfeeling avarice.

"From this practice, within my own memory, Sheffield abounded with deformities, and 'knock-kneed cutler,' had long been a bye-word in the surrounding country.

"My father, from the early period in which he was first apprenticed, was peculiarly liable to have his growth stunted, and to become one of the unsightly of Sheffield cutlers, but he possessed a strong mind, and such a becoming degree of pride and self-respect, as induced him to try every means to counteract such a tendency. I have heard him tell that he made a practice of placing a quarto Bible, or, more frequently, a piece of wood of the same thickness, betwixt his knees, and tying his legs close at the ankles with his garters when he went to bed, and thus remaining all night, though, from the pain, these nights were frequently restless. He, however, persevered, and thus escaped the disgraceful cognomen.

"In the house the apprentices were considered of a different species from the master and his family. Their living was mean and coarse, and frequently very insufficient. They did not dine at their master's table, nor did their mistress see to the proper distribution of their meal. Their dinner was sent out for them into the kitchen, and everyone helped himself, the eldest, of course, taking the lion's share, and leaving but little for the poor young boy. A number of minutes

were allotted them for dining, and if they had not finished at the time, the victuals were taken away, for the master was waiting to give thanks and go to prayers. This was particularly the practice with my father's master. Prayers were never neglected; and I have heard my father say he has often, when they have been kneeling down in the parlour, nibbled the edges of the batch of oatcake which stood near him, to satisfy his hunger. If to this we add the certainty of severe punishment for the most trifling fault, I think we may venture to pronounce that the slaves in the West Indies were not more pitiable objects than a Sheffield 'prentice."

This little fatherless Arthur, the grandfather of Llewellynn Jewitt, had a younger brother William, who, three years later, being then ten years old and *done schooling*, came from the same Blue Coat School to the same Presbyterian master as an apprentice. The Cutlers' law allowed him to do this as the son of a freeman, and not by virtue of the privilege of the school which his brother Arthur, now only thirteen, many years later obtained for it. And the younger brother used to relate in after years how Arthur made his apprenticeship comparatively happy for him by defending him, young as he was himself, from the illusage of the older apprentices, and acting on all occasions as his protector and champion.

Llewellynn Jewitt's father, from whose MS. I am quoting, was, as I have already stated, born March 7th, married March 7th, and died March 7th. It is a further curious coincidence that *his* father of whose apprenticeship we have just been reading, was also born on March 7th, but that was old style. And he also married when he was twenty-one. In looking through the various records of the dates of births and deaths of the Jewitt ancestors, I found the age of the wife of this Arthur Jewitt—Llewellynn Jewitt's grandmother—given as 98, and also as 100, at the date of her death in March, 1842. And now I have found out the curious cause of this discrepancy.

When this third Arthur Jewitt of our present record—there were generations of the same name before the first I have mentioned—became of age, he met at the house of a friend in Sheffield, a young lady visitor whose age was given as twenty-five. He so liked the girl that he made love to her that same evening, thus: Said he—"Young woman, do you want a careless husband?" Said she—"Do *you* want a careless *wife*?" And he said "Yes," and the following Sunday the banns were published, and in three weeks they were married. Their firstborn, Llewellynn Jewitt's father, thus comments:

"Now it is often said 'Marry in haste and repent at leisure.' But though their courtship was none of the longest, I believe they never found enough of leisure to repent."

This Arthur Jewitt immediately took out his freedom at the Cutlers' Hall, and had assigned to him as a mark, a Mill-rinde between two *fleur-de-lis*, all in fess. As, however, his right to use his father's mark had been preserved by the necessary annual payments, he preferred to use that. Sometimes he used the new grant also, stamped over the name "Jewitt."



In due time a very small son was born to them—on the 7th March, 1772, as we know already—so small that it was said “he might easily have been shut up in a silver tankard”—but the size of the tankard is not mentioned, only the metal. So here is the origin of our fourth Arthur of this record, whose seventeenth child was Llewellynn Jewitt. And he, the fourth Arthur, thus writes of himself :

“To dilate on my childhood is unnecessary. I was, in my mother’s eyes at least, a very pretty baby ; and the gossips could always find in my red swelled face a great likeness of my father. I cannot help thinking it strange that the mother is very seldom complimented with a likeness. It appears as if she had no other part to perform in the business than to produce a miniature of her husband, for every separate feature is appropriated to her partner. Nay, it seems as if she was no partner, or, at least, merely a sleeping one who had nothing to do with the offspring but to feed it and bring it up.”

But I was forgetting about the discrepancy in the age of this young mother of the tiny baby, as recorded at her death, some of her children noting it as 98, and others 100. Even her printed funeral card says 98. When she met her lover that evening at the mutual friend’s house in Sheffield, she gave her age as “twenty-five.” But it turned out according to the register of her birth in Dronfield church, that she had two years previously arrived at the proverbial “twenty-five,” at which figure some young ladies prefer to pause and rest awhile from the task of counting the passing years. This is curious, not only as settling the question of her one hundred years, but in showing that our great-great-grandmothers—perhaps even Eve herself—were as reluctant to count their years beyond “twenty-five” as our own contemporary “girls.” The Jewitt ancestors were a long-lived race. Dying at eighty-four they called “dying comparatively young,” the records showing 98, 99, 100 and 104 years.

It is recorded of the grandfather of Llewellynn Jewitt—the brave little apprentice, who has now become a master cutler, and father of the tiny baby which could have been shut up in a silver tankard—that he was very eloquent, and especially made the study of law-books his recreation. In the study of the law, and in giving gratuitous legal advice he is said to have sacrificed much of his time. He also paid a good deal of attention to geography and history, and was generally a well-read man. His intellect was powerful and quick, and he seemed to grasp any subject that was presented to his mind in all its bearings, and with greater mental rapidity than his flowing eloquence could express. It is written of him :

“He was, in fact, an exotic vegetating in an ungenial soil and climate. For had he been brought up a lawyer instead of a cutler, I am firmly persuaded his talents would have raised him to a high rank as a barrister. Such a man I have never seen before nor since.”

Here is a protest by Llewellynn Jewitt’s father—our fourth Arthur—which I think it well to perpetuate :

“I would, in the most forcible language I possess, decry the foolish,

the pernicious practice of uncles, aunts and friends impressing upon the tender and sensitive mind of a child the unhappiness that must arise to it from having a brother or a sister. I was five years and ten months old when my brother was born, and for months I had been told by everyone that the doctor would some day bring my mother a baby which would put my 'nose out of joint.' This made me very unhappy. My father took me to Millthorpe, to spend Christmas with my uncle George and my grandmother, and here this prediction was repeated 'every day and all day long,' not only by my uncle—who laughed to see the trouble I was in and hear my vows of vengeance—but by those silliest of all God's silly creatures, the servants and boys of the farm. I well remember that on the Sunday after the birth had taken place my uncle William Jewitt came to fetch me home, and, as an inducement to go with him my father had sent me what I then thought a very pretty book of fables, each page containing a fable in verse and an engraving of the subject on the head. I was much pleased with the book, but, much as I loved books, I could scarcely be induced to leave Millthorpe. But I did go home with my uncle. My mother was upstairs, sitting near the bed, with the baby on her knee, and she called me to come and kiss her and look at my brother. Oh, I shall never forget with what feelings I approached her, and what anger I felt on seeing the baby. I could not kiss either it or my mother. My father had an old sword, a rapier, which had belonged to a French officer; this he had some time before given to me. I looked up in the corner where it hung, and asked for it that I might kill the child. Such an effect had the foolish tales I had been told upon my fears and imagination, that could I have done it I should certainly have killed the unoffending innocent. I believe I may truly say that I never since have heard foolish people fill the minds of children with such enmity to their expected brothers and sisters but I have shuddered to think what might be the possible consequences of their folly."



## CHAPTER XIII.

ENGLAND'S WAR WITH AMERICA, FRANCE, AND SPAIN.—BAD TIMES, AND  
TRADE DISPUTES IN SHEFFIELD.—LLEWELLYNN JEWITT'S GRAND-  
FATHER'S PART THEREIN.—CURIOUS OLD YORKSHIRE CUSTOMS.—  
THE SMALL CHILD A PRODIGIOUS LEARNER.—ARTHUR JEWITT'S  
ACCOUNT OF HIS OWN MARRIAGE—ANOTHER VERY HAPPY ONE.



ARTHUR Jewitt continuing his narrative says :

“The period of which I have before spoken was that of the American War, when the colonies took for their motto ‘No representation, no taxation,’ and made themselves an acknowledged independent nation by the peace of 1783. During the latter end of the war, when England was opposed not only by America, but by France and Spain, trade became very bad, and, as was to be expected, was still worse in the years succeeding the peace. The cutlers of Sheffield were in great distress, for there was no employment for the workmen. And what rendered the matter worse was the practice of many manufacturers, of taking, contrary to their Act of Parliament, an unlimited number of apprentices. Nor was this all ; they fetched into the town labourers from the fields, or strangers from the neighbouring villages, and employed them in many branches of the cutlery trade at a wage very much below what the freemen could work at. The consequence was that a great deal of rubbish was made in the town, to the injury of the character of the trade ; and half, or more, of those who had served a regular apprenticeship were standing idle and starving for want of employment. Many complaints were made to the governing company at the Cutlers’ Hall, but, as some of the thirty-three were among those who were charged with these malpractices, of course the petitions of the freemen, like those presented at another great house, were treated with disrespect, and their complaints made a matter of mockery and jest. The Cutlers’ Company seemed to have forgotten that there was such a thing as an Act of Parliament, except so far as it enabled them to draw money for apprenticeships and freedoms, and expend it in monthly and annual feasts.

“In this state of things the workmen could not be content to starve. They met together ; they consulted ; but knew not what step to take. They had been informed that there was an Act, but nobody

had ever seen it ; when by accident my father had the good fortune to meet with a copy in the possession of an antiquary. He borrowed it for a few days, had it correctly copied and returned it. It was now decided that a general meeting should be called of the freemen, to take place at Mrs. Marshall's, the sign of "The Ball" in Campo lane, on Easter Monday, the 12th of April, 1784. A handbill was drawn up, but the Sheffield printer—for there was but one in the town at that time—he doing the work of the Company, and being particularly connected with the Master, refused to print the advertisement for a set of poor fellows who were in rebellion against their betters. Not to be put off this way, one of the workmen was sent to Chesterfield, where he got it printed by Mr. Bradley, the only printer, except Drewry at Derby, in the whole county of Derby. He brought the handbills down with him and had them posted up and distributed to every workshop in the town.

"Easter Monday was one of the worst days for weather that I ever remembered. It rained, it blew, and it snowed ; and though I went out, as all Sheffielders do on Easter Monday, to play at trip, and my father, in very low spirits, went with me, I was soon obliged to give it up. We returned, and my father went to the meeting, which being on the anniversary of Rodney's conquest, was thought to be an auspicious day. There he was chosen to take the lead, and thus began his career in public life ; and thus those talents with which God had blessed him first developed themselves, and were exercised for the good of his fellow-townsmen.

"He advised that a subscription be entered into of a penny a week to pay current expenses, and that their meetings should be held once a fortnight, that a committee of twelve persons should be appointed, and that this committee should wait upon the Master Cutler and Company at their next meeting, and respectfully request a redress of grievances. This was agreed to, and my father was appointed president.

"Accordingly the committee waited on the Company at their next meeting, when, as they expected, they were treated with derision and contempt. My father said to them 'Gentlemen, we wait upon you to petition for a redress of our grievances, grievances which you know exist to a very great extent, and which, by the power of your Act of Parliament you have authority to put an end to. We now merely ask, Will you, or will you not, as servants and governors of the Corporation, do your duty ? If you refuse we shall apply to a higher power.' This language they considered insulting, and scornfully told him to go to a higher power. 'Thank you, gentlemen,' he replied, 'we shall certainly follow your advice.'

"This contumelious treatment irritated the freemen, and caused their meetings to be very numerously attended. They saw they had no alternative but to go to law, and Mr. Beckwith, a gentleman of great legal knowledge, took the management of it. His first step, suggested by my father, was to apply for a writ of mandamus as an

injunction to restrain the Company from defending themselves in the coming suit with the Corporation funds. This determined step surprised the tyrants, and they began to see what they had to deal with ; but they were not conquered.

“To give the history of a three years’ contest, and the part my father took with the leading counsellors of the day, his personal applications to many noblemen, and his determination to conquer, would more than fill a volume. I will therefore content myself with saying that everything was going on well for the freemen, and the trial was on the point of taking place, when the opposite party, acting upon the motto ‘Divide and conquer,’ contrived by bribery and intimidation to cause a division among the freeman, and infuse into some of them an enmity and suspicion of my father. The members of the committee agreed to a compromise, and my father stood alone in the determination to await the event of the trial. So embittered against him were some of his own party who had sold their cause that he was under the necessity of carrying loaded pistols to preserve his life. He at last in disgust gave up his papers, and retired from public life. Thus he experienced the fate of many a greater man—to be deceived and injured by those whom to save he would have sacrificed his goods and his life.

“In two years or less after this compromise the manufacturers wished to get a new Act of Parliament. They made two or three attempts, but in so bungling a manner that they were refused by Parliament. My father was then solicited by them to undertake the management, but he steadily and scornfully refused their repeated solicitations. He had been once sacrificed, and would be so no more. Finding they could not prevail, they appealed to the influence of Mr. Robert Barnard, a quaker gentleman of upright character, who was my father’s particular friend. He at length persuaded him to go to London, to send back any of the witnesses who were there whom he might think useless, and to replace them with such as he thought proper, and to receive for his services whatever he might think reasonable. He went; the business was soon completed; a new Act was obtained, and he returned home in triumph. He had again to go a few years afterwards to procure another alteration, and was again successful.”

It must have been on one of these occasions that he got incorporated into the Act the clause giving to the boys of his old school all the privileges of the sons of freemen, whatever may have been the station of their parents. Speaking of the school of his infancy, kept by a Mrs. Ellis, the son records :

“Many were the little observances kept up by Mrs. Ellis in her school, merely, perhaps, because they were customs, most of which are now buried in oblivion. Among them was one which, perhaps, was originally intended to teach children, however young, that one sex was made as a comfort to the other. Shrove Tuesday was a half-holiday, or rather more, for whenever the pancake bell was heard the

school was broken up, and every urchin went home to dine on that annual dish. The afternoon was spent in play ; but, frequently every child went to 'spend his penny' at the alehouse his father frequented, the mistress of which had previously prepared plum cake for her expected guests. Here they sat enjoying themselves over sweetened hot ale, each having his assigned half-pint mug. For this each paid his penny, but, to teach a proper regard to the sex, the boys generally paid each for his partner of the day. And there they sat, and sang, played, or danced, 'huddled'—a Sheffield word for embraced—and kissed, until they fancied they were tipsy, and many an incipient drunkard has gone reeling home, to the great joy of his parents, who saw in this early fuddling the germ of a proper manhood, when the child of promise would be able to take off his pint or quart with the best of his workfellows.

"This custom was not confined to the pupils of Mrs. Ellis' school ; it was the practice of all scholars of three years old and upwards. I was once, and but once, at one of these juvenile orgies ; but it was some years after I had left Mrs. Ellis, when my female companion was a Miss Dewsnap, the daughter of a silversmith, a pretty brunette of about ten years of age, and I well remember her singing me several songs, and particularly one, the burden of which was—

'My pretty brown girl, do not leave me !'

Many of this party went home either drunk or pretending to be so. But Miss Dewsnap behaved with very great propriety.

"Well, on the morning of Ash-Wednesday, when the scholars went to school, the first question asked of a girl was—'Had you a kiss yesterday?' and of a boy, 'Did you give your sweetheart a kiss?' On answering in the negative a new besom, bought for the purpose, was brought forward, and the unfortunate neglected or neglecting wight was swept from head to foot, to take away the mould or any objectionable matter that might be supposed to have prevented the desirable contact. I know that on the first Ash-Wednesday I went to Mrs. Ellis' I trembled at the thought of the besom, and many of the little girls cried sadly when it was their turn to be swept. However I bore it bravely, and I do not remember ever being swept afterwards."

This Arthur Jewitt—the father and tutor of Llewellynn Jewitt—was a very apt and precocious scholar, not only in thus avoiding the besom ever afterwards, but in the acquisition of all sorts of knowledge. He relates that at five years of age :

"I had read my Bible and Testament, from Genesis to Malachi, and from St. Matthew to Revelation." And, young as he was, he had read critically, and highly disapproved of David. He says : "My Bible told me that he rebelled against his King ; that he placed one of his officers in battle where he knew he would be killed, in order that he might have that officer's wife for himself ; and that he did many things which in any other man had been sinful." He relates that he had also got through all the ordinary juvenile literature of that day, both prose and rhyme.

And now that he had reached five years of age, and had already devoured all the learning to be obtained at his first school, his father placed him under a learned tutor who had been in the household of the Earl of Faversham, and he began to practice penmanship, and to study grammar, geography, elocution, mathematics, and other sciences, and to read Homer, Cato, and Shakespeare. He says: "I admired, I enjoyed, I almost devoured the Iliad, and I entered into all the spirit of the poor blind author. I admired the brave and courageous character of Hector; but I detested the bullying of Achilles, and as for the gods and goddesses, so much was I pleased with them that I almost regretted those deities were out of fashion. Homer, with the judicious instructions of my master, was of much service to me in giving me a knowledge of reading heroic poetry. Yet I had one fault of which I did not endeavour to correct myself—a fault very prevalent in young readers—that of reading too fast. I had yet to learn that best of all directions:

‘Learn to read slow: all other graces  
Will follow in their proper places.’

And I thought that if I could understand my author, and give his meaning, all ears might easily follow my enunciation. In fact I had no more mercy on the ears of my auditors than upon my own tongue, and it was not until many years afterwards that I learned how to avoid this greatest of all faults in readers.

"And now I will just revert to the only time in which I ever made the least approach to playing truant. Thursday was then a three o'clock day; that is, we left our studies an hour sooner than on other days. I had got through numeration, addition, and subtraction, and my master copied out for me the multiplication table for me to learn against next morning. Unfortunately I had made an engagement with two companions to go a bird-nesting that afternoon, and that too the only time in my life that I had ever gone on such an errand. I buttoned up the table in my bosom, lest it should be seen when I went home, for I very well knew my father would not let me neglect my task. I got my tea and joined my companions. I know not that I ever passed a more unhappy afternoon. I took no pleasure in bird-nesting; indeed I never looked for a single nest. My conscience kept up a continual upbraiding, telling me every moment I was doing wrong; and when I went home I dared not apply myself to my task, lest the sight of the paper might bring out an explanation. I went to bed very sorrowful, for I could not resolve to face the disgrace that such a neglect would bring upon me from my master. I passed an almost sleepless night, but resolved to rise early and try my utmost to commit my task to memory. I set to it heartily, and, before my breakfast was ready, had it completely by heart. I then told my father what I had done, and requested him to hear if I could say it, when I repeated the whole twelve lines without a single error. He was pleased, but could not help telling me how much he disapproved of my behaviour the day before, in leaving what ought to have been done sooner to the very last moment I had to spare.

My master was pleased when I repeated it to him and thought it a great thing that I had learned the whole in so short a space as one afternoon ; but when my father informed him of the real fact that I had got it by heart in less than an hour, he was astonished.

"This circumstance, trivial in itself, had to me important consequences. I had learned that I possessed a remarkably quick and tenacious memory, and I felt proud to exercise it, and thus so far improved it that I could, after having once heard a song, or a pleasing piece of poetry, remember every word of it. In exhibiting this power my father was always ready to encourage me, and frequently (a practice I now very much condemn) would make me speak a number of pieces before any friends who might happen to visit him. He, I believe, was proud of his boy, but he did not think he was then sowing the seeds of vanity which it has cost many years of care and trouble to eradicate."

The writer complains that although grammar was taught at that time, pupils were never made to apply the rules to practice in their conversation. He says :

"It was not until Lindley Murray brought out his grammar that it was thought of being applied to practice. Like other things it went by extremes, and then grammar, with its parsing, its construing, etc., soon took more time in most schools than more important things. To write and speak correctly was then nothing unless the pupil could reduce every word to its rule of government, and parse accurately a sentence, even if he did not understand its meaning. When, many years afterwards, I began to study the French language, I found the necessity of making a groundwork of English grammar, and often thought of the advice in the quaint lines :

'Let all the foreign tongues alone  
Till you can read and write your own,'"

While still very young this Arthur Jewitt studied navigation and astronomy. He made himself complete master of the globes, of which he writes : "I can never forget the pleasure I experienced in learning the use of the globes. A new world was opened to my view, my mind expanded, and I read, almost devoured every work I could lay my hands upon which treated of geography and astronomy, and to this pleasing study must I attribute many of my lucubrations in after life. Indeed I feel that there is no branch of learning so well calculated to awaken the dormant faculties as the use of the globes when properly understood. I soon became an adept and took to the teaching of the globes to young men of twice and three times my own age. I thus became a teacher in very early life."

In due time this Arthur Jewitt, the father of Llewellynn Jewitt, was, as the reader already knows, bound apprentice to his father, the third Arthur of this record, although he disliked the business of the cutler, and would fain have devoted himself entirely to literature and the acquisition and teaching of science. During business hours he honestly and faithfully did his duty to his father ; but his own time



he devoted entirely to his favourite pursuits. During his apprenticeship he wrote songs which became popular ditties in the streets and alehouses of Sheffield, and prologues which were recited on the stage and received tumultuous applause. His rule was to retire to bed at twelve o'clock at night and rise at five. He especially devoted himself to mathematics, on which he subsequently became the author of several treatises. He joined a learned schoolmaster named Richardson, who kept a large and successful school at that time in Sheffield, both day-school and night-school, and at this night-school young Arthur Jewitt became assistant teacher. He complained strongly of the wilful abstruseness of the great mathematical writers which he had to consult, and said :

"Here let me observe that I have always found our first-rate scientific men, in whatever they have written, have studied to show themselves as masters to other scientific men ; but they have not known how, or they have considered it beneath their notice, to give instruction to the ignorant. This is the case at the present day, and we find our greatest mathematicians rather striving to obscure than elucidate, whatever they write upon. For a proof I would only refer to the publications by the Society for the Diffusion of Knowledge ; their mathematical treatises, though written by men of undoubted talent, are totally useless for those for whom it is presumed they were intended."

There is here a gap in the record of the recollections of Llewellynn Jewitt's father, and he makes a note, dated December 2nd, 1847, stating that he has been travelling about and making prolonged visits to his children in Lancashire, Sheffield, and London. And this gap will furnish good opportunity to insert a recollection of his, which he had written as a separate document nearly twenty years previously. It was on the 7th of March, 1828, that Arthur Jewitt wrote a lengthy recollection of his wedding from which I quote the brief following: "On this day fifty-six years ago I made my first appearance on the stage of this world, and, having played the various parts between infancy and manhood, on this same day thirty-five years ago I undertook the arduous character of a husband. How soon I may be called upon to make my exit I know not. The morning of my wedding-day was frosty, and a slight snow covered the ground, as it did this morning. My beloved partner was about two-months turned of twenty, tall, fair, and plump, with that roseate glow on her virgin cheek which betokens health, and is the true and proper companion of modesty and innocence. For myself, conceive a slender stripling, just emancipated from an apprenticeship the term of which the law had fixed, devotedly—without one wish to try the pleasures of a bachelor's life,—devotedly, I say, rushing forward to another thralldom of unlimited duration, reckless of the world—its frowns, its malice, its deceits, and venturing with his new companion to brave every forthcoming trouble. Conceive a youth of this kind, clean-shaved, his well-powdered hair hanging in flowing ringlets on his shoulders, and his poor pitiful person ornamented, as

is generally the case with that self-devoted victim, a bridegroom. See him with his Patty on his arm, and her sisters walking supported by his brother and his friends; the bride all blushes, the bridegroom simpering at every step, and every passer-by, I mean all who thought us worth notice, smiling in pity at our undertaking—and you will see that my wedding, so far at least, very much resembled what we see at this time. . . .

“I had, of course, seen her the previous evening, and after she had completed her spinning, and had reeled her yarn, arranged the time of meeting in the morning. Agreeably to my promise—though, perhaps, a little behind the time, owing to the tardiness of the barber who had to dress my hair, who had forgotten, many years ago, the nature of wedding haste—I and my friend went to fetch the bride, who, on her part had been vibrating betwixt hope and fear, her mother, by way of comfort, observing—‘There will be no wedding to-day.’ As soon as we were in sight her face brightened up, and receiving us with one of those bewitching smiles which at that time were so natural to her, she bade us ‘Good morning,’ and slipped upstairs to put on her bonnet. She was quickly ready to accompany us, and she crossed her father’s threshold with a sensation she had never before experienced when leaving home. She was abandoning the spot where her helpless infancy had been sustained; she was leaving those dear beings who had hitherto been her protectors, her friends, her everything. And she was going to place herself under the control of a young inexperienced man, once a stranger to her family; a young man of whose disposition and whose conduct she could know but little; who, instead of a comforter, might become a tyrant; who must entail on her through life either happiness or misery according to his whim or caprice. She was about to give up her independence, her all, to this man; yet felt a confidence that he would not deceive her. She felt her happiness centred in him alone; her existence woven with his; and she gave her fears to the winds. The affection of the heart which abhors suspicion could drive away every discouraging idea, and animate her with courage to go through the ordeal; and an ordeal it is. Yet it is possible, even with all the blandishments of the world, all the burning ploughshares of trouble, of distress, of wretchedness, of sickness, or of pain, to pass through it unhurt, and at the end of five-and-thirty years (I dare not say longer) for both husband and wife to feel more true affection for each other than on the day when their hands were first united.

“At church we behaved as young brides and bridegrooms generally do. We experienced an odd sort of feeling, and we conducted ourselves awkwardly. The lesson was a new one, and, perhaps, being too intent on performing our parts well, we happened to hit on the opposite extreme. The service ended, I turned to salute my blushing bride, and after the requisite signing, etc., we proceeded to my father’s. This, I should observe, was a little before twelve o’clock, for though we had got to the church soon after eight, no clergyman could make it convenient to come near us until eleven. We were therefore almost

three hours locked up in the church on a cold frosty day, and yet we kept steadfastly the whole time in the mind to be married ; not but that the bride and her youngest sister cried bitterly at times—most likely at the vexation of being so long delayed ; or, perhaps, from the aching of their fingers, neither of them having anything on her hands and arms but a pair of mits—an ill-contrived kind of gloves which leave the fingers exposed to the cold air.

“ In the afternoon we proceeded to Crooke’s Moor, when a gentleman who lived neighbour to my father-in-law, sent an invitation to the bride, the bridegroom, and all their friends to come immediately to his house and hold the wedding there. This invitation was accepted, and we all—a goodly company—forthwith adjourned to Mr. Owen’s, and were joined by a number of the young people of either sex from the village. We employed the remainder of the day in playing at football, shuttle-cock, and other rustic games at present not so much in fashion as they were about that time.

“ I should like to describe the manner in which we spent the evening, but that would be, perhaps, too uninteresting. I would say who got the ring out of the posset pot, and, consequently, what happy pair were to be next cemented together ; but they would be perfectly unknown to the reader, and, perhaps, may not now be in the land of the living ; for the lapse of five-and-thirty years makes strange havoc in the leases of life. Many who then were full of joy, pleasure, and hilarity ; many who looked to an almost interminable existence, now sleep in peace, all but forgotten : and those voices which then entertained the company with ‘The Woodman,’ ‘Maria,’ ‘Betty Blackberry,’ ‘The Farmer,’ or ‘Old Plato,’ have for the greater part been long mute ; and, with the good old host—at that time suffering under a severe attack of the gout, but who could enter with all the ardour of youth into the spirit of our enjoyment—have long been placed beneath the sod. Such is the frail tenure by which mortality holds its existence. . . .

“ The evening was spent as pleasantly as such evenings usually are. We had plenty of singing, plenty of romping, plenty of dancing, and quite plenty of allusive jokes, some of them indeed very plain to be understood, and of which the female part would affect to be ignorant ; unless they tried another piece of affectation, that of appearing not to have heard them. The bride kept up her colour till I should think her cheeks were sore with the continued burning. . . . The ‘cushion’ dance was ended ; the old gentleman, who had joined in it, had resumed his seat ; the company were all preparing for another dance, and one gentleman, fearful of being deprived of the company of the bride, insisted on having her hand in his, when, perhaps by accident, all the candles became extinguished as the friend who performed the part of the fiddler struck up the music, and I in the dark slipping another hand within Mr. C.’s, took my partner and slipped off with her out of the house, and we made the best of our way to our own hitherto uninhabited dwelling. We had stolen away,

for we had been threatened with the custom of 'Throwing the Stocking.' This we wished to avoid, and our 'ruse' succeeded.

"Such was my wedding-day, on the 7th of March, 1793—a day which I shall never forget so long as 'Memory holds his seat.' Since that period my Patty and I have experienced many troubles, many vicissitudes. We have suffered from false friends, and from declared enemies; and, perhaps, too, from the want of experience, as will always be the case with a young couple. But these sufferings have cemented us more firmly to each other. We are blessed with a family of which any parent might be proud; and we have now only one wish—that our sons and our daughters may be as happy as they deserve, both in this world and the next. A. Jewitt."



## CHAPTER XIV.

ARTHUR JEWITT'S NEW START IN LIFE AFTER HIS HAPPY MARRIAGE.

—A PLEASANT SURPRISE AND A LONG WALK.—HE BEATS THE LONDON STAGE COACH IN A WALK OF NINE MILES.—A GLOOMY AND PERILOUS UNDERTAKING BECOMES A BRIGHT SUCCESS.—A DROWNING MOUSE IN A BASIN OF MILK LEADS TO SERIOUS CONSEQUENCES.—A ROMANTIC MARRIAGE, AND AGAIN A HAPPY ONE.—PICTURES OF THE BEAUTY AND NOBILITY OF HUMAN NATURE, AND ALSO OF ITS MEANNESS.—“HOME! HOME! SWEET HOME!”



ARTHUR JEWITT writes in his biographical book, under date January 25th, 1849: “When I commenced this book it was with an intention of relating in a connected narrative some of the principal events of my life. To the period of my marriage I have in some measure adhered to my intention, though with many breaks and chasms in the times of my writing. I now begin to ask myself for what purpose I am taking the trouble. I find no one takes any interest in what I write, or indeed in anything that I do; and I feel convinced that no one will give my manuscript a reading. I have therefore now resolved to change my mode of proceeding, and if I do continue to write as a means of passing the time, which always lies heavily on my hands, I will confine myself to a few unconnected recollections and observations, as they from time to time occur to my mind, whether relative to myself personally, to places I have known, to persons with whom I have been acquainted, or to scenes which I have witnessed. Such a series of sketches might not, perhaps, be improperly entitled ‘Recollections, Lucubrations, and Observations of an Old Man.’ Perhaps, if I live to attain the age of fourscore, of which I want but three years, ‘Old Man’ might be changed for ‘Octogenarian.’”

Then we learn that just two months after his marriage Arthur Jewitt, abandoning for ever the lucrative business of a Sheffield manufacturer, opened an academy at Chesterfield, offering instruction in all the sciences. Having done all the usual advertising, he went alone to Chesterfield to open his school on the 6th of May, leaving his wife at Sheffield until he saw what came of his Chesterfield adventure. There were already two schools in Chesterfield, and he

speaks of himself as the intruder, regarded by the other schoolmasters as "a rash unthinking young fellow, who would soon be obliged to give up the attempt." The first day brought him only one scholar.

"At four I closed my school ; that is, I bolted the door and locked the house door and then went to my lodgings and took tea, and then a walk into the town and the fields to pass away the time and reflect on my propitious opening and the splendid prospect which awaited me. My cogitations were not of the most comfortable kind, for I found myself a complete stranger in the place without a friend with whom I might confer. I had left my wife behind me, and she had to pass the weary time sometimes at our own house, or at the dwelling of her own parents or mine. I felt for her, and almost repented the step I had taken, instead of depending on my trade. But the die was cast. There was no retreat, and therefore I had only to make up my mind to await the event.

"The next morning I added two more pupils to my list, and these three formed the whole of my school for the remainder of the week, and on Saturday I set off to Sheffield to give my wife and friends an account of my wonderful success.

"On Monday morning I again left Sheffield early, and reached my school in proper time for opening, sat myself down at my desk, and presently added two more to my number of scholars. With these I had to be contented the second week.

"On the third Monday my school increased to seven. But on the fourth Monday the favourable reports of the parents of those I had, and my apparent determination to persevere, resulted in a total of over a score of pupils, and the week following they came in almost by droves."

So here is the true dawn of success, independence and happiness for the loving young couple, and they begin to plan for their removal from Sheffield to Chesterfield. But, before it is too late, the young wife plans a pleasant surprise for the now successful schoolmaster, who says: "I recollect one of these Saturday afternoons, when I had left school at twelve o'clock, and was on my way to Sheffield, I met on Whittington Moor, at about two and a half miles from Chesterfield, my wife and her twin sister Mary, who had intended to surprise me before I left the school, but who were rather later than they intended. I turned back with them to Chesterfield, showed them our future habitation, took them round the town, and then to tea."

Before they sat down to this tea, these twin girls, Martha and Mary, the mother and aunt of Llewellynn Jewitt, had done a walk of about eighteen miles already that day, and had about fourteen more miles before them to walk that evening, for they had not gone direct from Sheffield to Chesterfield, nor were they going back direct. Yet Arthur Jewitt declares that his wife was not much used to walking, at the same time that he estimates this walk at about thirty-two miles. Such a walking feat by twin sisters must be uncommon.

Arthur Jewitt himself must have been a good walker. He relates that when he had occasion to go to Sheffield, some days successively, he walked there from Chesterfield, a distance of thirteen miles, after the close of the school, and back again in the morning, starting at five o'clock, and "I remember that in returning the next morning to Chesterfield, the coach, which then ran to London, overtook me in Derbyshire-lane, and feeling very much tired with over-exertion, I asked the coachman what I must give him for a ride to Chesterfield. He answered, 'Three shillings.' 'Three shillings!' said I, for a ride of nine miles?' He saucily said he would take no less. 'Well, then,' I replied, 'I shall walk; and I tell you this, I will be in Chesterfield before you.' He laughed at me, and the passengers laughed; but, somehow, I felt my spirits revive, my fatigue went off, and, feeling a pride in not being worse than my word, I put the best foot foremost, and had actually entered the town when the coach came up. The coachman, heartily ashamed, called out and told me that rather than I should thus have disgraced him, he wished he had let me ride for nothing; and that he would at any time give me a lift. I never put his promise to the proof. This may be thought a piece of idle boasting by those who know not now what the roads were then. That between Sheffield and Chesterfield, although the regular road to London, was in such a state as no one now can comprehend. At little more than a mile from Sheffield commenced a hill called Derbyshire-lane, which very soon became very steep, and continued so for more than a mile; then there was a short level, perhaps a quarter of a mile, when the road lay down a hill much steeper than that already passed, and, without twenty yards of level, ran up the other side equally as steep. From the summit—the village of Little Norton—it continued level till within about half-a-mile of Coal Aston, when, encountering another hill, it had a down run to Dronfield, whence it continued comparatively level until it passed through Unston. It then ran up another hill and down till it reached the foot of Whittington Hill, a long hill terminating at the top of the village of Whittington, when descending to Whittington Moor it became nearly level to Chesterfield. Such was the road in regard to its unevenness, with not one complete mile of level ground till we get to Whittington Moor; add to this the wretched state in which the roads were kept, and it will be seen that I had not so much to contend with as would at first appear. It will scarcely be believed, yet it is no less a fact, that in some parts of the road, and particularly in that part called Dyche-lane, the ruts were more than two feet deep, and the path in the middle—for the horses were forced to follow each other's footsteps—was either a foot deep in mud, or too stiff when partly dried up to permit any horse or carriage to proceed at more than a foot's pace. When mended it was always with large unbroken stones, almost large enough to overturn a carriage when the wheel encountered one in a deep rut. Such was the road, and such the progress that a coach could make, that I felt certain it could not reach Chesterfield in so short a time as I could, especially as I, knowing the country, could cut off some of the worst by taking footpaths across

the fields. The road is now much altered and improved. Its direction has been changed, and the most rugged and steep of the hills cut off. Dyche-lane is struck out of the route as well as Coal Aston and Whittington, and it is now equal in condition to most other roads in the kingdom "

Thus wrote Llewellynn Jewitt's father thirty-nine years ago, his recollections of fifty-six years previous to that. His description of the hilly bad road between Sheffield and Chesterfield renders the thirty-two mile walk of the twin girls still more remarkable.

The school prospered exceedingly, but in a few months the young husband had a terrible trial in the dangerous illness of his beloved wife, brought on by a fright. She had a great horror of snakes, which she had been told sometimes found their way into the cellars of Chesterfield. One day she found a drowning mouse in a basin of milk brought up from the cellar, and taking it to be a snake was very greatly shocked. Being in that condition in which a fright is attended with danger, she was taken suddenly ill. Her husband writes of the event that "it nearly cost her her life, and made me the most unhappy of husbands."

He speaks of the people of Chesterfield as being remarkably friendly and generous, the parents of the pupils constantly sending the young couple presents in kind, and says: "I know not whether the practice is now continued in country places of presenting now and then a goose, or anything that might be thought to please the master and mistress. It was then followed to a great extent and was of no little service in the housekeeping department, besides increasing the good feeling which ought to subsist between parents and teachers. We were well looked upon, and the oftener we could contrive to visit and take tea with them, the better we were received. Our school prospered and we were much respected."

Arthur Jewitt must have been pretty well up in his French, which is the more remarkable seeing that he had never been in France, nor had any French companion from whom to acquire the pronunciation. The Mayor of Chesterfield, Mr. Elam, wished his sons to be taught French, but required first that the master should undergo an examination by a French lady who was governess to the children of a baronet residing not far away. They met at a family party, the governess speaking in English and Arthur Jewitt answering in French, "and so far succeeded as to obtain a report from her that I was extremely qualified for a teacher of French."

The year after the establishment of the school at Chesterfield Arthur Jewitt became acquainted with Mr. Clarke and his family, of Sutton Hall, about five miles from Chesterfield, and this is the "recollection" which he records about them:

"Sutton Hall was built by, and was once the residence of, the Earl of Scarsdale. It came, I think, by purchase into the family of Clarke. Of this family was the Mr. Clarke who contested the election for a Knight of the Shire with the family of Harpur, and who carried the



election. Such a contest had never before, and I believe has never since, been known in Derbyshire. This Mr. Clarke, I think, had two sons and a daughter. The two sons both died unmarried, and it was willed that in that event Miss Clarke must either marry a Clarke, or her cousin—Mr. Kinnersley, of Staffordshire; on the failure of which conditions the estate was to go to Mr. Kinnersley. She refused her cousin, and meeting with an Irish barrister, of the name of Job Hart Price, and, they loving one another, he took the name of Clarke, and became her husband. Kinnersley now laid claim to the estate, and, after many years of litigation, the suit was determined in favour of Mr. Clarke. But, though he gained the trial, the expenses had almost brought him to ruin. Mr. and Mrs. Clarke came to live at Sutton Hall, put all the estate into the hands of trustees, to pay off the demands of the lawyers, and limited themselves to an expenditure of £2,000 a year till all was settled." Of them Arthur Jewitt writes :

"If any family was ever a blessing to its neighbourhood, Mr. and Mrs. Clarke were to the surrounding villages. They were all but idolized by their poor neighbours, for they were never weary of doing good; and their company was sought for by all the leading families round about. As master and mistress their only fault was too much indulgence of their servants, making them almost forget their relative duties. When without visitors Mr. and Mrs. Clarke would often direct their servants to invite their friends or relatives to a dance in the evening, and refreshments, leaving the house at their sole disposal, except the library or a suite of rooms to which they would retire, leaving their company at perfect liberty to enjoy themselves in their own way, and feeling happy to observe—as they sometimes did by stealth and unperceived—the pleasure and happiness of the company."

These excellent people had a son, whose name was Godfrey, who inherited their generous nature. There was a Mr. Blank who had frequent business at the hall, and who, his residence being at a considerable distance, used to make his calls on a pony. One day he arrived on foot, and young Godfrey asked why he had not brought his pony. The reply was that Winifred, the Welsh pony, had taken it into his head to bolt right away, and much search had led to no recapture, and he was considered beyond recovery. The child Godfrey immediately went to his father, and told him how poor Mr. B. had lost his pony.

"Well, Godfrey," said the father, "what can be done? Mr. B. must have another pony. What will you give him towards buying one?" "Why, papa," answered the generous boy, "I have five guineas; I will give Mr. B. that." "Good boy," said the father, "you shall give it him," and Godfrey immediately fetched a five-guinea bank bill, and gave it to him. Godfrey Clarke was little more than eight years old at that time—a fine promising boy, full of goodness and generosity. Indeed, I know not how he could be otherwise, for his father and mother were the personifications of all that was kind and generous, and his sister—about two years younger—already manifested the same spirit, and was, if I may so express myself, all goodness."

These children became the pupils of Arthur Jewitt. The value of these little portrayals lies in the circumstance that they are all facts ; and they may possibly come under the notice of the descendants of these good people, to their great joy.

Another happy friendship extended to the young couple in their early start in Chesterfield, was that of a Mrs. Fernell, a wealthy widow, whose children became the pupils of Arthur Jewitt, and whose residence was a beautiful place called Spring House, about a mile and a half from Chesterfield. Of her he writes :

"Mrs. Fernell was a good-looking lady of between forty and fifty [in 1793], who had once been remarkably handsome. She was the daughter of a farmer in the neighbourhood, of the name of Adlington, and, as farmers' daughters at that time, unlike those of the present day, assisted their parents in the cultivation of the farm, Miss Adlington, whenever her services were necessary, was to be seen performing some of the regular work in the fields. In an occupation of this kind, either in hoeing or pulling turnips, she attracted the notice of a gentleman, a stranger, who was riding along the lane. I know not what was her principal attraction, but this gentleman felt that she only could make him happy. He enquired in the neighbourhood concerning her, and heard nothing but an excellent report in her favour. Resolving to see her, and, if possible, to make her his wife, he inserted an advertisement in the *Derby Mercury*, stating that a gentleman was in want of lodgings at a creditable farmhouse in the neighbourhood of Chesterfield, and, from his previous information, so confined his enquiries that no person but Mr. Adlington could properly answer it. He then became a lodger, or rather a boarder at that farmhouse, and thus gained an opportunity of making himself acquainted with the manners and disposition of the object of his admiration. With these he was so well satisfied that one cold winter's evening, when Miss Adlington came in from the turnip field, almost overdone with cold, but, out of respect to the guest, crept to the farther side of the room, at a great distance from the fire, then the gentleman asked her to come and sit beside him, and, to the great surprise of herself and her father, declared his love. He was so well received that in a short time she became Mrs. Burgoigne Fernell, and the estate of Spring House was purchased for their residence. How many years they lived together I do not know ; but this I can affirm, that at the time I knew her Mrs. Fernell was a blessing to the country round, beloved by the poor, and respected by all who had the pleasure of her acquaintance."

Although the young schoolmaster witnessed and experienced the blessings of much of the bright, beautiful and generous side of human nature, he also, of course, came in contact with the mean and selfish, and he continues thus :

"About this time, that is, when I had got a little fame as a teacher and a lover of mathematics—though how I had attained the latter celebrity I do not know, unless it was from taking in the *Lady's*, the

*Gentleman's*, and the *British 'Diaries,'* publications that were then much in fashion, and answering some of the questions—about this time there called upon me an old, I suppose I must say *gentleman*, for we have no old *men* nowadays, except the inmates of a Union Workhouse, or the dependents on public charity. He was a perfect stranger to me, and his appearance was the opposite of prepossessing. He introduced himself as a lover of mathematics, but did not say where was his residence, or what was his occupation. He had, he said, been many years ago a surveyor, had laid out many roads and planned a number of gentlemen's estates, but was careful not to mention where those estates lay, or which were the roads he had laid out. He was acquainted, at least by name, with most of the correspondents in the '*Diaries*,' and had, he said, in conjunction with Mr. Coates of Wirksworth, attempted to bring out, I think, a quarterly work on the same plan as the *British*, but it had failed. He talked much of land surveying, and of some improvements he had made in it, but was very cautious of saying anything that might be of service to a young man just starting in the world. In my advertisement I had professed to undertake the measuring of land, and the planning of estates, though I believe at that time I had scarcely ever handled a chain. But I had got perfect in the theory from studying many authors, and, in particular, the large Mensuration of Hutton, and I thought a few hints from a practical man might be of service to me. But, as I said before, he was determined I should not have any from him, although he became a pretty constant visitor, and never refused to favour us with his company at dinner or tea two or three times a week.

"Now it happened that Mr. Browne, the surgeon who had attended my wife, had purchased an estate, that is, a large farm, at Dore, a village about three or four miles from Sheffield on the edge of the East Moor. He wished me to survey it, and make him a plan of it, and though it was rather a bold undertaking for one who had, perhaps, never measured even a single field, I undertook the commission, thinking that if Mr. Shaw would go with me, he would, if I were at a loss, set me right. I took him to my father's, where we staid all night, and the next morning my father, my brother, Mr. Shaw and myself, set off for Dore, and after refreshing at Carlton House, an inn near Ecclesall church or chapel, we proceeded to the farm. It was an old enclosure divided into many fields by crooked irregular fences, having a homestead nearer one side than in the centre. Inexperienced as I was it presented difficulties which I almost thought insuperable, and I wished in my own mind that I had not undertaken the commission. On the other hand I considered that with such an assistant as Mr. Shaw, these difficulties might be overcome. I therefore, when we had looked round it and saw its general shape said: 'Now Mr. Shaw, as you are an experienced surveyor where would you advise me to begin?' And I received for answer: 'Give me the job, and I will tell you.' Hurt at his selfishness, as he had come at my expense, without a farthing of cost to himself, and had professed himself a particular friend, my pride came to my assistance.

I made a rough sketch of the whole tract, on paper, and, calling to mind a particular direction of Hutton's, and giving my brother one end of the chain, I drove a main line through the length of the farm, and from it measured perpendiculars to all the fences, both intermediate, and to the outer ones, thus reducing the whole into a series of trapezoids and triangles, and securing such intersections as would be necessary for making the plan. Shaw looked on much disappointed, without offering a single word of advice or encouragement, but inwardly rejoicing that I should be obliged to give it up. And indeed I have reason to think that the method I took was one which was utterly unknown to him, though he had boasted so often and so much of his experience. I persevered with all the care I could, and had the satisfaction of finding when I got home, that my plan and my measurement agreed together. That is, the separate parts, when added together, produced the same sum as the total of the whole piece. I made a finished plan for Mr. Browne, with which he was much pleased."

The above instance of false friendship would have been enough for most men, but Arthur Jewitt passed it by and even entered into arrangements with Shaw to jointly edit a mathematical quarterly, the prospectus of which Arthur Jewitt sent to the leading mathematicians of the day, asking their advice and assistance, and he writes :

"From all I received encouragement, and Dr. Gregory, then Olinthus Gregory, an usher in a school at Yaxley, wrote to me asking my advice about publishing a work on the Slide Rule. He was then one of the most regular correspondents of the 'Diaries,' and I feel sure had little expectation of ever attaining the eminence he reached before his death. Among the acquaintance to which this correspondence introduced me, was Mr. Cavil, master of the school at Beighton, a real lover of mathematics. He was much respected in his parish and intrusted with the general management of its concerns. This brought him frequently to the magistrates' meetings at Chesterfield, when he always contrived to spend a little time with me to converse on his favourite studies. He was a man far advanced in years, and afflicted with some disorder that obliged him to walk almost double-fold. Yet he was cheerful and never gave way to idle complaints. Poor old Mr. Cavil ! His name occurs in the 'Diaries' of about 1793-4-5 and onwards, as a proposer or answerer of questions more frequently than that of most other correspondents. He really possessed that knowledge of which Mr. Shaw only showed the pretension. I recollect his showing and lending me one book of which I have never since seen a copy—'The Key to Mathematics new Forged and Filed,' by, I think, John Oughtred, which book he very much prized, and which was in its way a complete curiosity. I should even at this time much like to see it again."

Luckily for Arthur Jewitt the projected co-editorship fell through. He says :

"In regard to the establishment of the intended publication, I found Shaw's intention was to saddle me with all the expenses, and

himself to reap the profits. It might be a fair division certainly, but I could not think so, and finding that selfishness was his ruling passion, I broke off our acquaintanceship, and dropped the idea of becoming a mathematical editor. It would have been well if I had never known him, for he never after omitted an opportunity of doing me an injury."

We come now to the last "Recollection" written in the MS. book from which I have been quoting. It is headed :

"An unconnected Sketch, as a Recollection of what gave rise to the annexed verses.

"I well remember, but cannot exactly recollect in what year, that in one of my Yorkshire journeys, I was leaving my inn one morning in Hewden, when I was attracted by the sound of an Italian's organ, then giving out the favourite air of 'Home, sweet home.' It was played with so much pathos and truth of feeling that it struck to my heart, and 'Home, sweet home' took full possession of my soul. I felt that I was separated from my home by a fearful distance. My own fireside appeared to my view. I saw my beloved wife, and my no less beloved children at their morning occupations, and fancy supplied the place of reality until I had nearly missed my road. The tune, though the instrument was left far behind, was still vibrating in my ears. With my mind thus attuned to the harmony of the instrument, the best of the kind that I had ever heard, I jogged along, giving a voice to the following effusion, which I noted down on my arrival at the next baiting place. The copy has since that time been thrown, with many other worthless papers, into a large box, and was only lately brought to light by my searching for another paper :

'HOME! SWEET HOME!

'By the duties of life when I'm driven abroad,  
How oft I conclude as I jog on the road  
That no man from his hearth would e'er willingly roam,  
Had he tasted, like me, the sweet pleasures of home.

Home! home! sweet home!

Had he tasted, like me, the sweet pleasures of home.

Each step brings new beauties of landscape to view;  
I see not those beauties; I'm thinking of you!  
Through regions unknown though I'm destined to roam,  
My soul never wanders, my heart is at home.

Home! home! sweet home!

My soul never wanders, my heart is at home.

When the rude storms of winter deform the fair sky,  
When no inn, when no cottage—no shelter—is nigh,  
Compell'd on bad roads wet and weary to roam,  
I sigh with regret for my far distant home.

Home! home! sweet home!

I sigh with regret for my far distant home.

When with trav'ling fatigued, or with bus'ness oppress'd,  
I seek on my bed the refreshment of rest,  
My thoughts, unconfined, still excursively roam,  
And I visit in dreams my wife, children, and home.

Home! home! sweet home!

And I visit in dreams my wife, children, and home.'

This is the last entry in the book.

## CHAPTER XV.

THE RAILWAY MANIA AGAIN.—LINCOLN'S INN.—THE BAR AND THE PRESS AT "VARIANCE DIRE."—THE LORD MAYOR SWORN IN IN PRESENCE OF ARTHUR AND LLEWELLYNN JEWITT.—LORD MAYOR'S SHOW ON RIVER AND ROAD.—BRITISH ARCHÆOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.—ORLANDO JEWITT.—C. ROACH SMITH'S BRONZES FROM THE BED OF THE THAMES.—CHRISTMAS, 1845.—"POOR WILLIAM!"—"HAPPY MISCHIEF-LOVING FLEA."—GEORGE THE FIRST.



OW that we have come to an end of this panorama of old scenes in old times, including glimpses of the comfortless modes of travelling through those scenes in those times—the early days of Arthur Jewitt—whether by coach or on horseback,

"When no inn, when no cottage—no shelter—was nigh,  
Compelled on bad roads wet and weary to roam,"

let us return to the diary of Llewellynn Jewitt, from which our attention was diverted by his own introduction of his father to us as a curiosity of curiosities in the British Museum; and let us at once plunge into the midst of that great road revolution, which created for the traveller easy, swift, and wondrous transit over the surface of the whole earth.

"Friday and Saturday, October 17th and 18th, 1845.—Railways in all their glory! There is still the same rage for the speculation, still an immense number of new projects brought forward morning after morning. The average number is about eighteen entirely new schemes per day. I have now got registered in my book 652 lines in work, in progress, and projected, and I know I have not got nearly all yet. When and where and how it will end I do not know; but this I do know, that unless they stop soon all the wealth of the country will be swallowed up by this leviathan, and that it will take an extraordinary strong dose of medicine to make him disgorge it. Millions seem to be gulped down at a mouthful, as easily as eating peaches, and 'deposits' assist as wine to wash them down, and make them more palatable.

"Tuesday, October 21st.—Still railways—nothing else. I have nevertheless been busy this morning drawing the new Royal Exchange buildings for the Companion to the Almanac. They are very fine

buildings, in very good style, and are intended to be used—the lower part as shops, and the upper part as offices, etc. The general design is good, and accords with the Exchange in character. They are of brick, with stone facings.

“Friday, October 24th.—The new buildings at Lincoln’s Inn, consisting of hall, library, vestibule, council and drawing-rooms, benchers’ room, etc., etc., are built in the most chaste and elegant style of Elizabethan Perpendicular Architecture, from the designs of Mr. Hardwicke, the architect of the Goldsmiths’ Hall. The hall and everything about the place are of magnificent dimensions and superior finish. The appearance on first entering is striking and beautiful. The mind and the eye are alike drawn forward by interested expectation from the plain unostentatious terrace to the magnificent and gorgeous library. For on ascending the spacious flight of steps, the visitor feels that he is about to enter a grand building, but is totally unprepared for the character of what he is about to inspect. He is irresistibly drawn forward along a beautifully but plainly groined passage, and through two pairs of well-carved doors, into the spacious vestibule. Here he feels bewildered, so totally unexpected is the chaste and highly decorated interior which he has entered into. The vestibule is large, and is divided into three compartments by means of elegantly clustered columns, the centre one of which is formed into an octagon, and is carried up to a considerable height above the other two, and has its roof beautifully groined, the intersections of the arches being decorated with richly foliated bosses, the centre one bearing the arms of the Inn, and the others various emblems and initials. The bosses, etc., are gorgeously painted and gilded, and this and the brilliant colours of the eight stained glass windows, give the most pleasing effect imaginable. The general appearance is very similar to that of the upper portion of the Grand Staircase at Windsor Castle, a resemblance that must at once strike the eye of anyone acquainted with that building. A new feature in the floor has struck me as being exceedingly good. It is the introduction of glass tiles in the (if they may be so called) spandrels, formed by cutting off the corners of the centre compartment. The appearance is good, and the usefulness is obviously great, affording light, although subdued, into the offices beneath.”

There follow other descriptions of the various parts of Lincoln’s Inn, which Llewellynn Jewitt was evidently making drawings of day by day, until we come to:

“Thursday, October 30th.—The Queen here this day.

“Friday, October 31st.—The Bar and the Press are at ‘variance dire.’ At Lincoln’s Inn yesterday the reporters were all present in accordance with cards of invitation which had been sent them. But they found to their utter dismay that no accommodation or preparation had been made for them. They were placed behind the screen at the opposite end of the hall from the Queen, where nothing could be seen or heard. They rose *en masse* at this insult and, to a man, left

the place. The consequence is that there is no report in any of the papers this morning! I admire this spirit, and would have done the same had I been present. Mr. Sly managed to be in all the rooms.

"Saturday, November 1st.—I have been to look at Hallette's atmospheric mode of propulsion for railways, etc. It is a French invention and the patent for England is about being bought by a company for £18,000. I find the models and drawings have not yet arrived from Paris. His mode of managing the tube is by lips in imitation of human lips.

"Sunday, November 2nd.—My father has again spent the day with us, and I have been drawing his portrait. He has had at least twenty different ones done at one time or other, but never one that he thinks like himself. I took his profile about three years ago, which everybody but himself thought like him. I have to-day done a three-quarter face, and he has examined it carefully by his own face in the graphic mirror, and has come to the conclusion that it is the only one that has ever been done which is at all like himself. He says this is as good as it can be.

"Tuesday, November 4th.—The new plan of gifts of money advertised by the *Pictorial Times* of last Saturday for the time is making a noise. Everybody is joining it. They propose to give to one of every ten thousand of their annual subscribers one thousand pounds in cash, unconditionally. The arrangement is this: Each annual subscriber upon paying his subscription will receive a numbered receipt; and to keep all fair, the number which wins the highest Art Union prize will be adopted as the winning number of the *Pictorial Times* prize of £1,000. Thus, supposing No. 120 be drawn for the highest prize in the Art Union, then whoever holds the receipt for the annual subscription to the *Pictorial Times* numbered 120 will at once receive £1,000, and the holder of No. 10,120 will receive a second thousand pounds, and the holder of No. 20,120 a third, and so on. The plan is good and one that will help materially to assist the permanent sale of the paper.

"Saturday, November 8th.—This being the day on which the new Lord Mayor—Alderman Johnson—is sworn in, I took my wife to see the ceremony. My father accompanied us. The ceremony takes place at the Great Hall at Guildhall. The company are arranged in a portion railed off from the general body of the hall, and at the upper end is placed the civic chair. Seats for privileged ones, principally ladies, are placed down either side, covered with crimson cloth. Here we fixed ourselves close to the Lord Mayor. As soon as the procession had entered, the Lord Mayor (Gibbs) took his seat in the chair, the Lord Mayor elect sitting on his left hand, and the Aldermen and Sheriffs being ranged on either side. The Court of the Company to which the 'elect' belonged, viz.: the Spectacle Makers, were seated down either side. These arrangements being completed, the Mace-bearer—Mr. Beddome—advancing from the bottom of the avenue thus formed, and making during his progress three low obeisances,



reared the mace against the table. The Town Clerk then administered the oaths to the new Lord Mayor, who arose for the purpose. He held with both hands the open Testament, which the Mace-bearer supported. The Town Clerk read the various oaths, which his Lordship signed, and at the conclusion of each kissed the Testament. This done, his Lordship signed a deed binding him in £5,000 to restore the city plate at the end of his mayoralty without diminution. Then the late Mayor arose, and taking the new one by the hand, conducted him to the civic chair, and himself took the seat just vacated by the new Mayor. The City Chamberlain—Mr. Alderman Brown—then advanced up the avenue, at the bottom of which he made a low obeisance, which he repeated in the middle, and at the top in front of the table. He then, making another obeisance, handed the city sceptre to the late Lord Mayor, who handed it to the new Lord Mayor, by whom it was returned to the Chamberlain, and by him deposited on the table. He then retired backwards, bowing in the same way that he had in the advance. The same ceremony was then repeated with the city purse, which in like manner was placed upon the table. The same with the mayoral seal. Then the Sword-bearer, in his full dress, with the fur cap, advanced with the same number of obeisances, and presented the sword, which was also placed upon the table, and he retired. He was followed by the Chief Clerk to the Chamberlain—Mr. Scott—in a black gown, who, bowing in like manner, advanced to the table and took away the sceptre, purse and seal; and was followed by the Mace-bearer and the Sword-bearer, who respectively took away the mace and the sword. This done, the late Lord Mayor arose and shook his successor cordially by the hand. Then the Aldermen, the Sheriffs, all the city officers, the Court of the Spectacle Makers' Company, etc., passed before his Lordship, and each gave him a hearty shake by the hand. Thus the ceremony ended, and then the new and late Mayors proceeded to the Mansion House, for the former to take possession, and the latter to give a farewell dinner.

"In the course of the day I took Betsy to see the new statue of the Queen, by Lough, which was erected in the Merchants' Area of the Royal Exchange, on the 26th of last month. It is very clumsy, and not like her in face.

"Monday, November 10th.—The ninth of November is 'Lord Mayor's Day,' but it falling on Sunday this year his Lordship had to possess himself of the tenth. We have been in London seven years, and still Betsy has never seen Lord Mayor's Show, so this year we went. We went to Waterloo Bridge, whence she got a beautiful sight of the water procession. The barges of the different companies preceding the grand state city barge were beautiful, and with their bands of music, banners and gay dresses, and the host of small craft which attended them, formed a fine picture. The barges themselves carry us back to years gone by with their gorgeous quaintness, and tell us of those days when the city dames went out pleasuring 'in state,' and when the Thames, unused to have his waters disturbed by

the reckless fury of paddle-wheels and Archimedian screws, delighted only in bearing on his surface those gilded vessels which, with flags and banners, and music and singing, glided down his current without ruffling his glassy face. Now it would be a 'city lord,' a merchant whose fortune had been gained from his traffic on the bosom of the sea, and who now, with his family, jaunted it easily on the river, and outvied his neighbour in the costliness of his boat. Or perhaps a 'city madam' would glide down the waters in all the coquetry of attraction, with her attendants dressed in the best taste, and all anxious to do her service, and wherever she goes she is attended by a fleet of smaller craft, filled with gallants who are ready to prove their attachment to her by doing her deeds of service, even to the shedding of blood. Such were the boats which father Thames gloried in, which glided noiselessly down the stillest part of his stream; and in some, as the evening crept on, he bore young lovers, who courted to the sound of splashing oars, whispered to the voice of the rippling waters, and kissed to the tune of the music. Such once was the common burden of old father Thames, the hoary-headed patriarch.

"From Waterloo Bridge we came along the Strand and Fleet Street, to Ludgate Hill, where we dined, and then waited there for the land procession on its return. It was very good this year, and there was a new feature in it of four men, mounted, dressed as sciences, and each bearing a blue banner of the Society for the Protection of Trade, of which the new Lord Mayor is a guardian. The men in armour, including the famous 'man of brass,' looked well; but their attendants, the Armourers, were too much like Smithfield drovers; the Yeomen of the Guard looked shabby, their dresses being nearly worn out. The carriages, liveries and appointments were gorgeous, and the crowd immense. The late Lord Mayor Gibbs was hissed and hooted all the way, and lay back in his carriage as if he were ashamed of 'his gallows self.'

"Thursday, November 20th.—Last night I attended the first of a series of meetings of the British Archæological Association, a new feature, and one which I think will be attended with very beneficial results. The central committee have found that matters accumulate to a great extent, and have therefore decided upon holding meetings twice a month for the reading of papers, the discussion of subjects of antiquity, and for promoting better feeling and acquaintance amongst its Associates. This, the first of these meetings, was held at the Western Literary and Scientific Institution, Princes Street, Leicester Square. Lord Albert Connyngham presided. The business commenced with an address from his Lordship, on the advantages to be derived from the study of antiquities, and on the objects and present state of the Association. He announced the intention on the part of the committee to form a library and museum. His address was followed by another from Mr. Pettigrew, who read the names of one hundred and fifty-two noblemen and gentlemen who had been admitted as patrons and associates since the last meeting at Winchester. He then read a paper on the discovery at Lewes of the

remains of William de Warren and his Countess, the Lady Gundreda, *believed* to be the fifth daughter of William the Conqueror. I say *believed* to be, because at the conclusion of the paper a doubt was raised by Mr. Pettigrew, and a letter was read from Mr. Corner, stating that he believed that in no instance, although so constantly asserted, was there any proof to attach her paternity to the Conqueror. He considers it to be more probable that Gundreda was the daughter of Matilda the Queen of William, by a former marriage; and he brought forward several lists of the progeny of William, in none of which Gundreda was included. This gave rise to a deal of discussion, and the subject is to be again brought forward at the next meeting. Drawings were exhibited of the two coffins and their lettering; also of a singular leaden coffin with iron stays and rings discovered near the same spot, and which is supposed to have been brought from abroad, the rings being required for slinging; also a knife, such as was used to attach to deeds in place of a seal; a key, and also a leaden vessel containing an urn, in which had been deposited the viscera, heart, &c., of a person whose body was most probably buried elsewhere.

"The meeting was well attended, there being between two hundred and three hundred present, including about twenty ladies. Some splendid tapestry belonging to Mr. Baylis, known as the 'Plantagenet tapestry,' formerly in the Town Hall at Coventry, was exhibited. It is extremely fine in its workmanship and of extraordinary beauty of design. One piece represents Margaret of Anjou repulsing her enemies of the House of York, and the other the marriage of Henry VII.

"On the table was a brass from Shoreham, exhibited by Mr. Baylis; a Roman bronze; and a sketch of an old house at Chester. The meeting broke up at about ten.

"Thursday, November 21st.—Orlando has been in town all day. He came last night to Edwin's from St. Albans, and has been trying to-day to engage some assistants. He has engaged one—a Mr. Goodhill, a draughtsman, but has met with no engraver. His object in going to St. Albans was that there is a new architectural society being formed there, of which they have elected him an honorary member, and desired him to accept the appointment of artist and engraver to the society. This has been done and he has been over to give his opinion about the first publication.

"Monday, November 24th.—This is my twenty-ninth birthday, or rather, on this day I have completed my twenty-ninth year. My father came to spend the day yesterday with us on that account. Twenty-nine years!—and what am I? I have tried to progress in my art, and in many branches of knowledge. How I have succeeded I am ashamed to look at or think of. Yet I have made some progress during the last year; and I hope to make much more in the next. I am a year older since this day last year, and I am happy to bear in my memory the pleasing knowledge that I have made pecuniary progress during the year.

"Tuesday, November 25th.—Here follows his touching lamentation for the death of his mother, ten years previously, which I have already quoted.

"Wednesday, December 3rd.—The second meeting of our Archæological Association took place to-night, Mr. Pettigrew in the chair. Some very interesting Roman antiquities in bronze from the bed of the river Thames were exhibited. Amongst them a magnificent head of the Emperor Hadrian, unlaureated, and with the short beard, larger than life; a beautiful figure of an archer in the attitude of pulling the bow; the head of a nymph weighted with lead, supposed to have been the weight of a steel-yard; and some very interesting fragments procured by Mr. Smith [Charles Roach] from different places, but which formed perfect figures when placed together. He read a most interesting paper on these relics, in which he stated that in one instance he had a small piece of bronze in his possession which was dredged up from the bottom of the Thames. This he had had above two years, when he one day met with some other bits which had just been dredged up, and amongst them was the body of a bird, with the tail broken off; and the small piece he had had so long fitted the fracture in every particular, and formed a perfect peacock."

I have often thought how delightful must have been the privilege to those who enjoyed Llewellynn Jewitt's friendship in his youth. The happy fellow who won his most affectionate and lasting regard at that time was named William Hirst. Here is an entry in the diary relating to him :

"Saturday, December 13th, 1845.—My old friend William Hirst has just arrived on a visit to us from Derby. I went up to the Euston Square Station to meet him. I have felt more anxious for him to visit us than any of my other friends, ever since we were married; and although it has been constantly talked of, and, indeed, times fixed for his coming several times, he has never arrived until this evening. Betsy and myself have just been taking him out to see Saturday night in the Walworth Road, and he was much surprised at the immense assembly of people, and the multiplicity of their cries.

"Sunday, December 14th.—This morning William and I took a walk after breakfast to Westminster; saw the Abbey, etc., etc., and then returned. We then crossed down the Marsh Gate, so that he might see a little Sunday trading, and I observed how much astonished he was at the appearance of the shops; for the old and new clothes shops were decked out just as on Saturday night, as were the butchers, cheesemongers, bakers, shoemakers—and, in fact, all others except the gin ghops. We got home for dinner and then went to the Tower, and the City, and came home for tea, where we found Mr. Keene waiting for us, and he has spent the evening with us.

"Tuesday, December 16th.—Yesterday and to-day William has accompanied me all over the town. Last night I showed him through

the Lowther and Burlington Arcades ; and then we went to the Adelaide Gallery, and examined the things ; saw the fine Exhibition of Professor Keller, heard a concert, and saw the effects of the Laughing Gas. To-day we called on Mrs. Farbridge, William's cousin.

"Wednesday, December 17th.—Pantomimes all day, and antiquities at night. I took William to the meeting of our Association, and much pleased he appeared to be with the proceedings. We had a most delightful evening. Mr. Smith [Roach] read a paper on some city antiquities, particularly bronzes, discovered in dredging the Thames. There was also a paper read on Leaden Signs and Tradesmen's Tokens, discovered in taking down Old London Bridge ; and a short communication respecting a Well discovered at Lewes. Mr. Planché exhibited an interesting Mortuary Sword of Charles I., from Hever Castle.

"Tuesday, December 23rd.—Christmas draws near."

Llewellynn Jewitt was ever a dear lover and keen enjoyer of the Christmas festivities, as will be shown again and again. But it was only a sympathetic love and enjoyment. Had he been placed alone amid all the choicest good things of the season, he would have been utterly miserable. And although the happy festivity would have been impossible without the presence of his beloved wife—the most honoured figure in it—to share it, I doubt if he could ever have enjoyed Christmas in her company alone. To be seasonably happy he must have happy friends about him—made happy by his lavish hospitality and his genial brilliancy. Christmas Eve was a very important domestic institution with him, and we can sympathise with him in the following little grumble which we find in his diary :

"Wednesday, December 24th, Christmas Eve, 11, *Bouverie Street, Fleet Street*.—This morning my brother Edwin and his wife left town to spend their Christmas in Derbyshire. I have therefore all my own things to manage as well as all his business to do. The consequence is that having to get all our blocks out for the *Pictorial Times* to-night instead of to-morrow, I shall be kept here till nobody knows how late, instead of being at home to usher Christmas in in due form."

His brother Edwin was Stephen Sly's manager, so the aggrieved one had to take the general management in addition to his own duties. The "11, Bouverie Street, Fleet Street," so far from home and Christmas Eve happiness, is rather feelingly noted down. After all, under this pen and ink entry there is a very faint note in lead-pencil, in which the word "posset" is distinguishable.

Under the head of "Christmas Day" he simply enters the remark that he has been married seven years, and leaves seven folios blank, for filling up, before writing "Friday, December 26th," and they remain blank to this day. But under the "26th" he describes the jolly Christmas party, made all the happier to him from having among his guests his dear friend from Derby, who had been the companion of his

boyhood. He gives a list of his guests and some account of their entertainment; but for an idea of his Christmas entertainments consult "Ye Peakrel" somewhere in this volume. He finishes up with "after supper cards again, and all sorts of fun with the mistletoe, and we did not break up until after four o'clock this morning, when I took Miss F——, and William escorted Miss K——, home. After our return we sat a few minutes, when the Moores went away, and we then retired, much pleased with our night's merriment."

On the 27th December, William Hirst's stay terminated, and his host writes: "I have just been to see William off home. He is gone, and we shall feel lonely without him."

Many years later, when Llewellynn Jewitt was residing up at Winster Hall in Derbyshire, he one day entered in his diary:

"Heard to-day of poor *William Hirst's* death. He died, we hear, on Monday, and is buried to-day. Poor William! He was my earliest friend when we were little boys. Thirty-seven years ago—in 1832—when the rejoicings for the passing of the Reform Bill took place, he and I walked together in the procession in Derby. I have known him intimately for above forty years, and we never had in all our lives, either as boys or men, an unpleasant word with each other. He was at my wedding and gave me my bride; and we have ever been good friends. Poor William! I grieve for him much, for he was for many years more than a brother to me. He was just a month, to the very day, younger than myself."

Although Llewellynn Jewitt was so tenderly kind to all living things—as will be admitted when I give his eloquent plea for sparing the life of a "Happy, Mischief-loving Flea"—he did not care to have little dogs about the house, objecting even to the fleas that *they* harbour.

His brother Edwin has returned from Derbyshire, of which Llewellynn Jewitt writes: "I am glad of it. It will relieve me from a great load of care, and I shall be at liberty to write at greater length." Later on he writes: "Edwin and Sarah came to tea and to spend the evening, and, of course, brought that everlasting little puppy of theirs with them. And it was cracking nuts, eating loaf sugar, and doing all sorts of foolish things all day. What a pity they have not a child to nurse instead of such a nasty little dog. I do dislike little dogs—so covered with fleas, and scratching and smelling about everything and everywhere." It was possibly a flea left by this very dog, which Llewellynn Jewitt afterwards observed on his bed, and which inspired the following immortal stanzas:

"HAPPY, MISCHIEF-LOVING FLEA.

Happy, mischief-loving flea,  
I admire and envy thee!  
From post to pillow, cheek to chair,  
Jumping joyous everywhere;  
Oh thy life must happy be—  
Merry, thoughtless little flea!

Merry, thoughtless little flea,  
 How it warms my heart to see  
 Thy gambols as thou hopp'st along,  
 With leaps so vigorous and strong,  
 Then hiding the thick wool among.  
 Oh thy life must happy be—  
 Merry, thoughtless little flea !

Happy, frisky little flea,  
 How I wish that I were thee !—  
 Kissing maidens in their sleep  
 As upon their lips you creep,  
 Or vigils on their bosoms keep,  
 Thoughtless, wicked little flea,  
 Oh thy life must happy be !

Careless, nimble little flea,  
 May no harm e'er come to thee,  
 May'st thou lead thy life of fun,  
 Escaping perils every one,  
 With course of mischief never run ;  
 Careless, nimble little flea,  
 Thine a happy life must be !

Bounding, mischief-loving flea,  
 Still mischievous may'st thou be !  
 Creeping where Love loves to lie,  
 Pinching, pumping, jumping high,  
 Quick, too quick for hand or eye,  
 Jolly, mischief-loving flea,  
 Thine a happy life must be

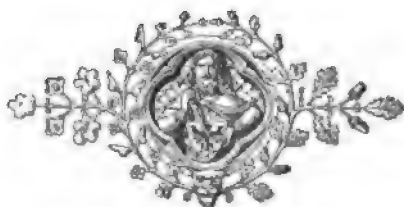
Jolly, mischief-loving flea,  
 May thy life protected be,  
 May no cruel treach'rous hand  
 Catch thee, and thy life demand ;  
 I, at least, thy friend will stand.  
 May'st thou ever guarded be,  
 Safe from fingers, little flea !” \*

I had never seen any signed example of the engraving of this Edwin Jewitt, who brought his little dog and its fleas to his brother Llewellynn's to tea on this occasion, until a few days ago I happened accidentally to take up a child's school-book, entitled “Illustrated School History of England, from the earliest period to the present time,”\*—namely, June 25th, 1872. And there, facing p. 162, is an engraving of “Cromwell and his Latin Secretary, Milton,” signed as drawn by J. Gilbert, and engraved by E. Jewitt. I found this incident very pleasing, but not so the book. The style of our school books ought to be beyond all criticism. Their English should be the best, the most beautiful, and the most powerful English that can be penned, for the benefit of those who have to commit it to memory. This book has no such character. And, apart from the want of beauty and vigour of its English, it is in some other respects hardly the thing for young children. For instance on p. 192 George I. is described as

\* Manchester: John Heywood, 141 and 143, Deansgate.  
 Educational Department: 141, Deansgate.  
 London: Simpkin, Marshall and Co., and J. C. Tacey.

"honourable in private life," and four lines lower down are the words : "He lived unhappily with his wife, Sophia of Zell, whom he kept confined for thirty-two years in a lonely castle (Alden), while he spent in England a life of vice with abandoned harlots." As such doings are, from the Jewitt standard, anything but "honourable in private life," I venture to digress on the subject in these pages. It is hardly the thing to compel our British boys to learn this by heart, and certainly no Jewitt would have, or have had, his illustrations in such a book if he knew it.

We now return to the diary, in another chapter.





## CHAPTER XVI.

AN INTERESTING MEETING OF THE ARCHÆOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.—JOHN MARTIN, THE PAINTER.—VISIT TO DERBY AT MIDNIGHT, WHERE LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP SLEPT SO SOUNDLY THAT THEY COULD NOT BE AWAKENED.—RAP! RAP! RAP! AT SHEFFIELD WITH BETTER SUCCESS.—AT WAKEFIELD, AND HOME AGAIN.—JOHN GILBERT, THE PAINTER.—DIORAMA OF LONDON COMMENCED.—“POOR WILLIAM!”—A LONDON PARLIAMENTARY ELECTION.—LLEWELLYNN JEWITT JOINS THE MANAGEMENT OF “PUNCH.”—REMOVES TO PLYMOUTH.—FAIRHOLT, C. ROACH SMITH, SAMUEL CARTER HALL, THOMAS WRIGHT, AND LORD LONDESBOROUGH.—FAIRHOLT’S LETTER FROM CAIRO TO MRS. S. C. HALL.—DEATH OF FAIRHOLT.



WEDNESDAY, January 14th, 1846.—I took Mr. Keene with me to the meeting of our Association, Mr. Pettigrew in the chair. The business commenced by the reading of the list of new Associates by Mr. Crofton Croker, and a short statement of the interesting discoveries being made at Badminton of Roman remains, on the property of the Duke of Beaufort. Mr. C. R. Smith then read my paper on the Church and Hospital of St. Giles at Shrewsbury. This he read, all but the architectural details which he said he thought unnecessary, as it would so soon be published in the ‘Journal.’ The drawings by which it was accompanied, from my sketches made when I visited Shrewsbury were on the table for exhibition. At the conclusion of the reading, the *Times* reporter got up to make some remarks on the paper, prefacing them by saying that he thought there were some remarks in the paper which the Welsh people would not like, and he then went on to say that he had lately visited Wales, and the Well of St. Wenefrede, which was mentioned in my paper, and all he could tell us was that the water was clear, and that there was no sulphate of lime in it. But he quite forgot to say what remarks they were that would not be liked in Wales.” The presence of sulphate of lime would not prevent the water from being perfectly clear. “After the reading of my paper, Mr. Fairholt read a long one on the recent discovery of distemper paintings in Carpenter’s Hall. It was extremely interesting and was accompanied by tracings of all the subjects. Mr. Croker then read a speech or letter to Charles II. from the Marquis of Worcester, the author of the ‘Century of Inventions,’ sent by the

Duke of Beaufort, in whose archives it is preserved. The *Water Commanding Engine* is here mentioned, but no one knows what it is. Is it a steam engine? A beautiful statuette, and some intaglios found at Badminton were exhibited by the Duchess of Beaufort; and several other antiquities, amongst which was a Highland claymore."

"Sunday, January 18th.—This day five years, namely, January 18th, 1841, my second child was born. Poor dear little Marianne was born but to die. When the little creature was born she was truly beautiful, the only beautiful newly-born babe I ever saw—far too beautiful to live—and from the hour of her birth, not taking sustenance, she wasted away, until she was a mere skeleton, and died on the 11th February. I shall never forget how the beautiful little infant turned her fine dark eyes to me, as if to show that she recognized me, and tried to smile, just before she died. She was very much like my mother, and had such fine dark hair and a clear skin.

"Saturday, January 24th.—I have been introduced, or rather, have introduced myself, to the very celebrated John Martin, the painter of the finest pictures the modern school can boast. He is living in a nice house in Allsop Terrace, New Road, and has his rooms beautifully furnished, and hung with many exquisite drawings of his. A piece of furniture stands in his drawing-room, containing the letters he has received from persons of excellence, and displayed in its front are the medals and orders of knighthood he has been honoured with from kings and queens. He is a middle-sized man, and has been extremely handsome, his features now being extremely fine, but rather careworn and haggard in expression. He is a most gentlemanly man to talk to, and I spent two hours most agreeably with him.

"Wednesday, January 28th.—The papers of this day contain one of the most important, if not *the* most important, of speeches that have ever been made in Parliament. Sir Robert Peel has brought forward his grand free trade measure for the nearly total repeal of the Corn Laws, and for effecting great reductions in the duties levied on several articles of commerce.

"Sunday, February 1st.—'George' Hotel, Wakefield. Last night at half-past five o'clock I left London by Birmingham Railway, and proceeded to Derby, where I arrived at a quarter before twelve. I went up at once to Mrs. Sage's [his wife's mother]. . . . I staid about twenty minutes, and then went to Mr. Hirst's. All the way from town the weather had been fine, but very rough, the wind tremendously high, but the rain kept off, until I had just left Mrs. Sage's when it began in right good earnest, and before I got to Mr. Hirst's I was soaked, although I had my umbrella. I mistook his house, and after having thumped at the door, rattled the latch, and threw stones at the window, for full twenty minutes, when I was amazed by hearing a pair of female feet shuffling down the passage, and a female voice, in anything but a ladylike strain, exclaiming in answer to my last 'rat-tat-tat' at the door, 'What do you want, you

fool? You know you've got the key.' She was just beginning at the same time to unbolt the door, but, judging, of course, that she was in her night-gown, and there being a light wind, I hallooed out to her, asking if that was Mr. Hirst's, and was told, in a rambling half asleep, half awake manner, that it was *not*,—that Mr. Young Hirst's was next door,—that it was the next to Miss Pike's, that it was next door to Mr. Somebody else's, that it was two doors off on the left hand, and that it was next the bottom one of the row. With all these elaborate instructions, intermixed with yawns and grumblings, I could not fail, of course, in finding the right house. So I made a dive at the next door, and commenced a series of very riotous blows upon it. I thumped, and the wind blew; and the more determined I got the more the strength of the wind and rain increased. I tried all ways, but to no purpose. Morpheus had got them all down, and the old fellow was holding them so desperately tight that they could none of them move. What was to be done? In a fit of desperation I tore a leaf out of my memorandum book, and wrote upon it, 'Llewellynn Jewitt has called and you would not let him in.' This I pushed under the door and walked away most majestically.

"It was now about one o'clock, and raining cats and dogs, pitch-forks and frogs, like fury; and I had no alternative but to walk the streets and wade the mire until two, when the station would open. I walked up and down, and felt very miserable, wet and cold. But at last I got into the station, and stood by a good roaring fire for half an hour. Two o'clock was the time fixed for the mail-train from London to reach Derby; but, instead of that, it was ten minutes to four when we started, and heartily glad I was when we were in motion.

"I came off to Sheffield, got there at half-past five—pitch dark—and went in search of George's. I found it with very little trouble; but the tug up that dreadful hill nearly finished me. I got to his door:

"Rap! rap! rap!

"No answer.

"Rap! rap! rap! again, which produced a voice I at once recognised as that of my cousin Mary Anne Walker.

"'Well! what do you want?'

"'Is Mr. Jewitt in?'

"'Yes. Who are you?'

"Having told her, I heard sundry exclamations of surprise. She got a light and told George. The door being opened I went upstairs. George was astonished. They soon prepared for me some good coffee and plenty of bread and butter, which I was quite ready for. I left him at eight o'clock, and came forward here; or rather, to Oakenshaw, from whence I had to come about three miles by omnibus.

"I am now quietly located at the 'George' Hotel [Wakefield], kept by a Mr. Hembrough, who was formerly for five years and a half with Nicholls, the printer, when Van Voorst was with him: afterwards

twelve years cashier in an attorney's office, and is now principal of one of the two principal hotels in the place. The house is situated immediately facing the west porch of the fine old church of All Saints.

"The town is large, and is situated on a hill, or rather, built over the uneven surface of a hill. It is very clean; the buildings are good for the most part, and the people extremely clean and healthy in appearance.

"On entering the town from the railway—the Midland, of course—the stranger is surprised to find himself in a world of mills and warehouses of gigantic proportions, intermixed with tall chimneys and shafts in every direction; and the canal and river with their heavy vessels in the foreground, with the Manchester Railway embankment behind, gives an air of business seldom to be seen.

"The famous Wakefield Bridge is a fine structure: the arches are pointed. The Chantry Chapel is of the most chaste and elaborate character. Passing this bridge, on the upper side of which is a fine wear, we enter an immensely long street, the — gate, and soon pass under the Leeds and Manchester Railway. In this street is a fine old black and white timber house, with one hip-knob remaining, built in the style so general at Shrewsbury. At the end of the street a sharp turning to the left brings us up to the Church on the right, and this hotel on the left. Above are the roads to Bradford, Barnsley, etc., turning in various directions from the heart of the town. The Market Place is small: the Butter Cross, peculiar in its style of building, stands in what I suppose would be called the Market, and near it is the — market, and some old-fashioned houses. This is the most picturesque part of the town, and I will have a sketch of it in the morning. Above this is the Sessions House, a noble modern classic structure, with a portico of good proportions. The Proprietary School beyond is also a good building of brick.

"Tuesday, February 3rd.—Yesterday morning I got up at half-past six, but it was too dark to do anything without a candle, and by the time I was dressed I hoped it would be light enough to go out sketching; but it was not until half-past seven that I was able to begin sketching. I took my camera, with boots to carry it to the Market Place, of which I made a drawing, and then went to the Sessions House, where the hustings was being erected. I drew it and then went back to my hotel to breakfast, at a little after nine o'clock. The morning was very fine but extremely cold, and my fingers ached so that I could scarcely hold my pencil. After breakfast, Mr. Hembrough, the landlord, took a walk round the town with me, and introduced me to several people. We went into the Corn Exchange, and into the splendid room in the same building for assemblies and dinners. It is a magnificent building, and well worth drawing."

This is another fair example of the prompt perseverance of Llewellynn Jewitt in accomplishing whatever lay before him to do. Dressing in the wintry dark, he is impatient for daylight on the Monday

morning, and undeterred by the benumbing cold, he sets to work at the earliest possible moment, and accomplishes before breakfast what any ordinary artist would have considered a fair day's work, only to be done at a more reasonable part of the day. It will be interesting to readers who have access to the *Pictorial Times* for February, 1846, to look at the engravings for which these drawings were made so early on the Monday morning, with fingers so aching with cold.

On February 4th he is at home again. He wanted greatly to attend the "meeting of our Association, but I have not been for I know it is so very lonely for Betsy at home, that I would not go."

"Thursday, February 12th.—I have been down to Gilbert's this morning, and staid an hour chatting with him [now Sir John Gilbert]. He has shown me some beautiful paintings he has in progress, which bid fair to be splendid works of art. I have begun the Panorama in good earnest, by beginning the drawing of the first strip, on paper. It will be a tedious and very expensive job."

This drawing of one side of a great thoroughfare in London, thus commenced, is the picture which Roach Smith speaks of in his "Retrospections: Social and Archæological,"\* saying that Llewellynn Jewitt executed, "at an immense amount of tedious labour, an architectural picture of London, from Hyde Park Corner to Aldgate Pump."

Although the scale was very small, the west-end mansions being only from one inch to one-and-a-half inch in height, the entire picture was nearly forty feet in length. The "first strip" of the drawing above referred to, as well as the first sketch for it, and more also, being all that is known to be now extant of this wonderful undertaking, are in my collection of curiosities, placed there by Llewellynn Jewitt's son. These fragments prove the artist's marvellous ability as an architectural draughtsman; and not only so, the streets are alive with all the crowded multitudinous and brilliant vehicular and foot traffic of the west-end of London in the season. Among the very minute figures it is easy to recognize Count D'Orsay, the greatest London swell of that day, although he is only three-eighths of an inch in height, and his back is towards us. He is splendidly mounted and elegantly got up. He has made his horse to rear, and is gracefully raising his hat to the Queen and Prince Consort, whose carriage and escort are dashing past. Llewellynn Jewitt must have chuckled when he put in a group of gaily dressed ladies gazing into a shop-window over the way, like so many flies around a spot of sugar. In the distance they are only three-sixteenths of an inch in height, but appear elegant ladies nevertheless, and their interest there indicates either bonnets or mantles within. These finished fragments are charming water-colour drawings.

"Friday, February 13th.—Panorama again all day to-day.

"Saturday, February 14th.—Valentine's day. And a dull valentine I have received; for the only communication I have had by post is

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\* London: George Bell & Sons, York Street, Covent Garden, 1886.

a letter from my dear friend William Hirst, to tell me of the death of his father, who died yesterday morning. Poor William ! how dull and lonely he will feel.

"I have been sketching in the House of Commons to-day to illustrate the all-absorbing Corn Law debate.

"Monday, February 16th.—This morning I went up to Covent Garden Market, to make a sketch of the hustings in front of St. Paul's Church, for the election for Westminster, which is to take place to-morrow. I have made my drawing from the balcony, over the shop of Mr. Butler the herbalist, and a fine subject it makes from there. But it came on raining so heavily that I was glad to make short work of it and get away.

"Tuesday, February 17th.—Hurrah for the election, and three times three for General Evans and Free Trade!!! At noon I went to Covent Garden to see the nomination. The hustings was filled ; and all the vast area of the market was filled with a dense mob of people of all ranks and sorts and sizes and sexes. After the preliminaries had been gone through, Captain Rous was nominated by a Mr. Wood, a brewer, in a long speech which nobody could hear for the tremendous volley of groans and hisses with which it was received. He was seconded by Lord Francis Egerton, whose speech met with the same fate. The Hon. Pleydell Bouverie then proposed General Evans, and his speech was nearly as inaudible as the others ; but this time it was from cheers instead of groans. Dr. Bainbridge seconded this nomination. Then Captain Rous arose amid the most terrific burst of yells and execrations, hisses and groans, and essayed to speak, but his words were not heard. It was funny to see how anxious he was that the reporters should learn what he had to say. He leaned over the front of the hustings to where they stood, gathered in a knot of ten or a dozen, and spoke to them instead of addressing the people. And when he got very energetic his hand found its way promiscuously among their hats. He had a prompter standing beside him, whispering in his ear what he had to say, and he every now and then stopped for a little time until he heard what he had to say next. This prompter, seeing him so intent upon the reporters, once ventured to raise him by the arm, and, pointing to the assemblage, was evidently telling him he ought to address them. So for the next two or three sentences he looked at them ; but soon dived down among the gentlemen of the press again, where he staid until the end of his speech, the most infernal noise continuing all the time. General Evans next addressed the people in a most animated speech of good dimensions, and was most vociferously cheered throughout. Next a show of hands was taken, when, with the exception of his committee, I did not see one hand up for Captain Rous, while for Evans there was not a head to be seen for the immense number of hands. A poll was then demanded and the candidates left the hustings. The mob then got hold of Evans as he came away, and he walked with them—numbering eight or ten thousand—down the street to Tavistock Street, from a Wine

Vaults window at the corner of which and Wellington Street North, he then addressed them, and was followed by Fergus O'Connor, who spoke remarkably well.

"Wednesday, February 18th.—Close of the poll. Majority for Evans, 937. Hurrah!"

Although Llewellynn Jewitt was thus enthusiastic in favour of the repeal of the Corn Laws, he was a staunch Conservative after that.

"Friday, February 20th.—John Yonge Akerman has just published the first volume of his new work on 'Ancient Coins of Cities and Princes.' The first volume contains Hispania, Gallia, and Britannia. I have just been reviewing it, and writing a long article on coins for the *Pictorial*."

Here ends the Journal for 1845-6, which affords us a few interesting glimpses of the earnest activity of Llewellynn Jewitt's daily life during his sojourn in London, and of the open-eyed manner in which he went up and down, constantly by keen observation storing knowledge in a retentive memory.

Shortly after this period, Llewellynn Jewitt removed to Headington Hill, near Oxford, in search of improved health for himself and his wife. His brother Orlando had preceded him to this place, and here they both worked at the illustration of Parker's "Glossary of Architecture," "Domestic Architecture," and many other works. In a few years they ventured back to London, and for awhile Llewellynn Jewitt had the management of the illustrations of *Punch*. It was when Douglas Jerrold was giving his "Story of a Feather," Albert Smith his Sketches and "Physiologies" (he was then practising as a dentist in Percy Street), Thackeray his earliest contributions, Kenny Meadows his cartoons of the "First Tooth," and other famous writers of the late past, including Mark Lemon, the Mayhews, and John Leech, were at their zenith. Health failing again, Llewellynn Jewitt had to abandon these London occupations, and returned to Oxfordshire. Even there his health, and that of his wife, continued unsatisfactory, and after awhile he determined to try the effects of a change to the climate of the West of England; and, accepting the post of chief librarian of the Plymouth Public Library, he removed to that town.

Just before making this move he received from his friend Fairholt the following note, which is interesting as referring to Llewellynn Jewitt's first intimate acquaintanceship with Roach Smith. The year, as usual with Fairholt, is omitted, but it was probably 1851:—

"11, Montpelier Square, London, July 1st.

"My dear Jewitt,—You are quite right in thinking that I would do what you ask, readily. I am rather unaware of *the form* in which it should appear, therefore have been guided by my own notion only. I hope it is right, and that you may succeed in your wishes. It would be a good thing, and I think you the very person to make good for it—and *of it* I hope!

"Give my best respects to Mrs. Jewitt. I should really be glad to see her again. Should you go to Plymouth I would certainly stretch a point to come to see you before you started.

"I heard of your Hartlip trip. I am glad you have made Smith's acquaintance. He is a good and friendly man ; and I hope you will ask him for a note or interest at Plymouth. He knows so many people, and is so well thought of, it might do you good ; and I am sure he would willingly do it.—Ever yours truly, F. W. FAIRHOLT."

Of this Hartlip trip, and Llewellynn Jewitt's acquaintanceship with Roach Smith, I have the following in a letter from the latter gentleman :

"He visited me when I lived in Liverpool Street in the City ; and then accompanied me to Hartlip in Kent, to see the Roman Villa then being excavated by the late Mr. Bland. Of this villa (described in the second volume of my '*Collectanea Antiqua*'), one of the most interesting features is the baths. These I asked Jewitt to sketch and engrave. I meant professionally ; but he insisted on my accepting the woodcuts as a memorial of the agreeable excursion, made additionally so by the hospitality of Mr. Bland. These are excellent examples of the baths of Roman villas in Britain. I then endeavoured to explain that, with a few exceptions, such were the baths, and not the dwelling-rooms so commonly and thoughtlessly designated as baths. Wherever hypocausts are found they are supposed to indicate baths ; and as such we find them called even at the present day. When error once gets a footing, it is difficult to eradicate it."

Leaving Llewellynn Jewitt for a brief while to settle down in his new home at Plymouth, let us finish this chapter with a little further gossip about his dear friend Fairholt, and about his other wonderfully industrious friends and co-workers in the fields of art, archæology, and general literature, Samuel Carter Hall, Thomas Wright, and Roach Smith. So far as Fairholt is concerned we will follow him to his grave in this chapter.

Fairholt had found "Smith's acquaintance" a good thing ; and being himself an unselfish man he could rejoice that his friend Llewellynn Jewitt should share the same advantage. Some natures would have been jealous of it. Fairholt has been known to declare that no one had befriended him so much during all his life as Roach Smith, and he proved his appreciation of this life-long kindness by making that gentleman his executor and residuary legatee. When Fairholt was near his end he said to his friend, with affectionate emotion : "You cannot think how much I esteem you ; and you will never know !" And later on, when he was passing away, and it was too late to make any alteration in his will, he became seized with the desire to add to his bequests to the Rimbaults, with whom he lodged, a sum amounting to about £80 per annum, in addition to what he had already bequeathed to them ; on expressing which, Henry Rimbault observed to him that not being in the will it was not binding. He replied : "You can trust Roach Smith." Of course the executor carried out fully this last expressed wish of his friend, and transferred



to the Rimbaults an addition which amounted to about a half of what would, according to the written will, have been all his own "residue." Roach Smith has said to me: "Of Fairholt you cannot say too much," and I will refer to the further memorials of him which are now scattered on the table before me. I shall in the next chapter give a letter of his, written to Llewellynn Jewitt on the 25th July, 1860, complaining of ill-health, and looking forward to an autumn holiday at a German bath. Here is another of May 11th in the same year to Samuel Carter Hall. For a wonder we have the full date, but the place, where for six weeks of the spring he has been seeking health, is omitted:

"May 11th, 1860.

My dear Mr. Hall,—Your letter of to-day is a great comfort to me. It is so precisely what I wished that it would seem to be a well-talked-over mutual arrangement, instead of an accidental one. It only confirms what I have often thought, that our ideas accord. I am willing to it therefore; and when I return it shall be accomplished. I am to come back on next Friday. I shall then have been here six weeks. There is no doubt that it has done me good; but I may now tell you that I feel I have a *confirmed* asthma. Last night was a very bad night with me again, and I had much annoyance. I begin to feel that the heyday of life is over with me—that youth has for ever departed. With this feeling comes a deeper one of love for my few friends; a closer clinging to them; and an earnest prayer that no worldly changes should sever the tie of true affection. Pray give my best remembrances to Mrs. Hall and dear little Fannie. I always look on her as my little sister. Indeed, with you all, years have consecrated and ripened regard. In the nature of things there cannot be many more passed, but let us have them sincere while time is ours.—Ever yours truly, FRED. W. FAIRHOLT."

The following will give some idea of his restless industry, pain being accounted by him no excuse for idleness. It is written to the sub-editor of the *Art Journal*:

"Thursday.—Dear Mr. Dafforne,—I suppose you have heard of my pleasant adventures, and that I had to endure three surgical operations last week, for removal of polypus from the head, by way of the nose. I am now amusing myself by growing new flesh, and a portion of cartilage which has been dragged away with it. It has prostrated me a good deal; but I am getting a little better, and am taking tonics, and as much beef and beer as I can. So I hope soon to get better. Meantime I must think of working a little. Can you kindly send me some wood for Mr. Wright's drawings. Three or four of those long pieces, and one piece measuring four by two; and another to be square in a border, and the size four by four. If you can send me enough for ten or twelve drawings I can use them. You will see that they run all sizes, so that odds and ends of blocks would do, small as well as large. Shall you want an Artist's Tomb next number? You have cuts for J. M. W. Turner, and I will soon get it done if you let me know.—Yours very truly, F. W. FAIRHOLT."

Looking back, I should mention that in the winter of 1858-9 Fairholt, still in search of health, visited Egypt, in company with his friend William Henry Forester Denison, the son of Lord Londesborough, who the next year succeeded the said lord, his father, as second Lord Londesborough, and who is now the Earl. The consequence of that tour was Fairholt's interesting volume issued in 1862, "Up the Nile and Home Again." This is another evidence of his untiring industry, even when out for a holiday, and in search of health; for he brought back with him more than two hundred sketches, besides a great accumulation of notes. One hundred of these sketches, many of them very elaborate, he afterwards engraved, or drew on the wood for others to engrave, for the illustration of his book.

The mention of Lord Londesborough reminds me of another of Fairholt's great works, "Miscellanea Graphica," a large sumptuous volume, devoted to the delineation and description, by Fairholt, of the antiquities in the possession of his friend the first Baron, with an historical introduction by Thomas Wright. This was published in 1856, and is of great excellence and beauty, many of the plates being in colours and gold. Fairholt's original introduction to Lord Londesborough was, I believe, through Roach Smith, who was for many years his lordship's cherished friend. At any rate it was by the recommendation of Roach Smith that the Baron engaged Fairholt to accomplish this great undertaking; and as the work had to be done at Lord Londesborough's houses, especially at Grimston Park, Tadcaster, Fairholt's brilliant and amiable qualities were there exhibited to him, and, being appreciated, begat a lasting friendship and intimacy, which, as I have said, extended to the second Baron, and in each instance lasted until death separated them.

Albert Denison, the first Lord Londesborough, was a most amiable and intelligent man, and it is here that I should speak more fully of his friendship, not only to Fairholt, but to Roach Smith, who was so much beloved by his noble friend that at one time, when Roach Smith was about to remove from London, the Baron tried hard to induce the antiquary to become his neighbour at Grimston, and offered to build a house expressly for him there. Lord Londesborough was a great lover of history and literature, and confessed to his antiquarian friends that archæology had opened to him "quite a new world of intellectual enjoyment, of excitement without alloy and unattended by self-reproach," such as in earlier life he had been a stranger to. When Roach Smith was staying with him at Ileden on one occasion he said :

"Believe me, I would not exchange the society of my present friends for any earthly consideration. I only regret I had not known them years ago. How much a man's life and character depend upon those he is thrown among, especially in setting out in the world! What brilliant men — and — would have been had they only had the chance of good companions! They had no associates, morally as well as intellectually, equal to themselves; and so they fell into the hands of dissolute inferiors, and are lost men."

Lord Londesborough wrote an interesting book entitled "Wanderings in Search of Health," the result of his own wanderings on that errand in Greece and Italy. Roach Smith testifies of him: "No one better understood the responsibilities which wealth entails upon the conscientious; and his benevolence was as ample as his means. Unostentatious, he administered to the wants of all around him: no case of distress was ever brought before him unrelieved, and the industrious poor ever found him a constant friend whose charity failed not. 'Depend upon it,' he said to me, when I made an observation on some instances of his benevolence, 'these are the only things which stand by us to the last.' I had many opportunities of noticing how extremely scrupulous he was, and thoughtful in remunerating in some way everybody from whom he or his family received attention; and this was always done in the most delicate as well as effective manner. Fictitious cases of distress, as may be supposed, were not unfrequently brought before him, and successfully. In one instance he was about to give relief to a person asserted to have been his foster-brother; date and circumstances all seemed combined to make the story true; but he thought he might as well test it by applying to the Marchioness, his mother. She at once detected the attempted imposition, and after pointing out the discrepancies in the evidence, added with a smile, 'Moreover, my dear Albert, your foster-brother was a little girl.' . . .

"Lord Londesborough was attached to the drama and to the stage; his refined taste and quick discernment were satisfied only with what was really good; he had no relish for the mediocrity and, we may add, inferiority which gratifies so many. He was well read in our poets, Gay being an especial favourite. This probably arose from the poet's powerful portraiture of human character being congenial to his lordship's reflective mind, for he himself was a close observer of men and manners. Often struck by his keen perception and sound judgment, as we were walking together one day in the grounds of Grimston, I expressed surprise at his quick reading of character. He replied, 'I was an *attaché* to an embassy to Vienna when I was only seventeen;' and then, running rapidly over his early life, added, 'now do you not think I have had opportunities for studying character?' My surprise was complete when, shortly after, he volunteered to draw the moral and intellectual features of full twenty of our friends and acquaintance, some of whom, though well known to me, he could not have had much personal intercourse with. He was wonderfully correct; he produced mental photographs. 'Now,' I said, 'give a sketch of me.' 'You,' he replied, 'are honest; be content; seek no further.'"

In the autumn of 1856 Lord Londesborough pressed Roach Smith to accompany him to Rome, which he was forced by engagements to decline, but Fairholt went. The Baron's health, however, compelled him to remain at his château at Cannes, and Fairholt proceeded to Rome alone, the result being his letters which constitute a considerable portion of the fourth volume of the "Collectanea Antiqua," a most readable account of his sojourn in Rome.

In September, 1860, the month to be devoted by Fairholt to

a German bath, appeared the second edition of his noble work "Costume in England," illustrated with nearly seven hundred engravings, all drawn on the wood by himself. It is a great and valuable work. Only the year before had appeared his "Tobacco: Its History and Associations," illustrated with one hundred engravings by himself. And this is his dedication :

"To Charles Roach Smith, Esq., of Temple Place, Strood, Kent. My dear friend,—It was a custom with the old English authors to dedicate their works to persons for whom they felt esteem; and to make such dedications serve as familiar prefaces. I desire, in this instance, to revive the practice; and I inscribe your name on this page.

"You, who know my early history, will feel no surprise at my choice of subject. Born in London, and never having been out of sight of St. Paul's until I had reached my twenty-second year, the tobacco-warehouse, where my father worked, became my play-ground; and my first remembrances are of rolling in the tobacco leaf, as country children would roll in a hay-field, and playing at 'hide-and-seek' in the empty barrels. In after years, when I helped my father to manufacture many hundred pounds of tobacco-leaf, I little thought that my pen and pencil would be ever called into use over a book like this. I am willing to think, however, that the peculiarities of my early training have here been of use.

"Disliking my father's trade, and, through many difficulties, happily emancipating myself, tobacco had not that charm for me that you and others find in it. But I hope these pages will show that I have no narrow notions on a pleasure in which I cannot participate; but rather an honest detestation of that want of Christian tolerance which has induced some persons to denounce a harmless indulgence as if it were a moral evil. I should be untrue to my father's memory—'an honest man and a good smoker'—if I did not contradict such gratuitous imputations. If I am proud of anything, it is of my father and his seventy-two years of industry and integrity.

"That you are 'a good smoker' also, I have had experience, at home and abroad, when I have examined in your society many of the finest relics of antiquity, the study of which has been the solace of our lives. In you I shall find a gentle critic; you will estimate, by your own experience, that which few who read consider, the time and trouble requisite to gather into one volume the results of reading many a score; and I have been embarrassed in my task of condensation by the abundance rather than the paucity of my materials.

"I will not offer you any laudation here; friendship is too sacred a thing for public display. I only wish, that while one copy of this little book remains, it should exist to record the sincere esteem I feel for you.

"F. W. FAIRHOLT.

"11, Montpelier Square, Brompton, London, June 1st, 1859."

Fairholt and Roach Smith spent much time together, running over many years; not only in English travels, but on the Continent occasionally. Roach Smith was therefore often at Fairholt's shoulder while the latter was sketching, and says this :

"He was rapid in sketching as well as correct. He could sketch the entire street of a town while the horses of the stage coach were being changed. I witnessed his making an excellent drawing of Aix-la-Chapelle from an eminence in an incredibly short time. Mr. Mackeson, who on one occasion accompanied him to Germany, speaks in rapture of his companionable qualities, which so enhanced the intellectual." Also he says :

"No one was equal to him for fidelity ; and consequently he was sought for by the chief numismatists ; and the works of Messrs. Hawkins, Evans, and Beale Poste, are sufficient to show his excellence in this department of his art. The coins of Carausius and Allectus, in the 'Collectanea Antiqua,' and the plates in the Richborough volume and in 'Roman London,' perhaps show best of all the power and truthfulness of his drawing and engraving. He was employed also by the late Mr. Seth Stevenson for his 'Dictionary of Roman Coins,' a valuable work, richly illustrated, but not yet published. Latterly he actually engraved the coins without first drawing them, and, as is the usual practice, transferring the drawing to the plate as a guide for the burin." This is the more remarkable when we remember that in the engraving the lettering and devices all read and show backwards.

There is another book of Fairholt's among the memorials of him which lie before me while I write. It is another monument of his industry : "A Dictionary of Terms in Art. Edited and illustrated by F. W. Fairholt, F.S.A., with five hundred drawings on wood."

I have already given Samuel Carter Hall's recount of Fairholt's great labours in the illustration of the *Art Journal* (and one of Fairholt's own letters to the sub-editor, calling out, in the midst of pain, for twelve wood-blocks to make twelve drawings upon for that journal). I will now say a word about the great literary labours of Samuel Carter Hall himself and of his wife, whose works are far too numerous to be catalogued here. The word "numerous" here applied reminds me that in a letter to me of December 16th, 1884, Samuel Carter Hall mentioned that the work of himself and wife combined amounted to "one hundred and twenty years of literary labour, the produce being five hundred and forty-five books from the two pairs of hands." This will be what is gracefully alluded to in a letter to S. C. Hall from Le Marquis De Leuville, of Palais Campanare, accompanying the latter's presentation of his elegant volume of poems, entitled "Entre-Nous ;" which letter and volume, with a host of others inscribed by the authors to Samuel Carter Hall and to his late wife, have been recently added by him to my library. This is the letter from the Marquis to the venerable author :

"11, Duchess Street, Portland Place.

"My dear Sir,—I am so pleased with the book you have so kindly given, but I can only return evil for good in the shape of my own. You have led five hundred into the field ; I but one as yet ; and I hope you will be indulgent to a beginner. And with my most

profound homage to Mrs. Hall, which I beg your kind offices to convey, believe me, yours most truly, LEUVILLE."

And Samuel Carter Hall's literary work was not finished at the date above-mentioned. He has written much since. This very day on which I am writing this page—2nd March, 1887—I have received from him his latest printed poem, which is as harmonious, lofty, powerful and lucid, as another accompanying it, which was written and printed in 1828. And more remarkable still is the fact that on the 30th December last, I received from him a printed copy of his *then* last poem, written that month, on which was written the following autographic memorandum :

"In the year 1811 I wrote a poem on the death of my brother, who was killed at Albuera—a Lieutenant in the 23rd Welsh Fusiliers. I lately found a copy in the handwriting of my father, Colonel Hall." Thus between his first poem, and his last up to the present, there is an interval of at least seventy-six years and six months. Such a prolongation of high poetic power is probably without parallel in the biographies of mankind.

There is another of Fairholt's books lying before me, which I had overlooked. It is "Rambles of an Artist: being Papers on Art, in relation to Antiques, Paintings, Art-Decorations, and Art-Manufacture." It is illustrated with two hundred and fifty-nine wood engravings from drawings by the author.

Said I not truly that Llewellynn Jewitt was one of a remarkable band of hand-in-hand, hardworking artists, writers, and antiquaries? I have glanced at the labours of two of them. I mentioned Charles Roach Smith as one of them; and he is, happily, still working as vigorously as ever.

The chief results of the literary labours of Charles Roach Smith are unknown; and are likely so to remain, to the general public; because they are of a highly-learned, and especially antiquarian, character, and will never cease to be the prized treasures of select libraries. And his great work as the preserver of London antiquities can never be forgotten so long as the British Museum shall continue to exist, with his name written therein so very largely as the collector of its Roman London antiquities. It will not be out of place here to mention that Roach Smith's patriotism in connection with his Museum cost him in one single instance a thousand pounds. Thus: when the time came that he must remove from the house where his antiquities were stored, and it became a question of finding a final resting-place for them, his friend the first Lord Londesborough offered to take them, and with the offer, actually sent his cheque for three thousand pounds. At the same time the Trustees of the British Museum offered to receive them into the national institution, and to pay two thousand pounds for them. Hereupon Roach Smith immediately returned his friend's cheque for three thousand, knowing that his Lordship might not be able to ensure that the collection

should be kept in its integrity in the future ; while its removal to the national institution would ensure its preservation, humanly speaking, for ever.

Another great act of Charles Roach Smith was the establishment of The British Archæological Association, of which Llewellynn Jewitt was one of the earliest members. It is true that Thomas Wright and others acted with him in this matter ; but the scheme was entirely Roach Smith's, who, in one of his letters to me, says : " I first communicated my scheme to Wright, who was for waiting until we had a Minister of Public Instruction. I could not endure this ; and urged him on," etc. In the course of time dissensions arose in the young Association, and it split into two bodies, the dissentients forming themselves into a separate society, called the British Archæological Institute. So Roach Smith was really the founder of both those institutions. In a letter to me he says : " Llewellynn Jewitt was loyal, though his brother Orlando was the Institute's artist."

Among Roach Smith's writings are the following : *Collectanea Antiqua*, in seven volumes ; various papers running through several years of the *Archæologia* ; numerous papers in the *British Archæological Association's Journal*, and *Winchester Book*, etc. ; *Antiquities of Richborough, Reculver, and Lymne* ; *Report on Excavations at Lymne* ; *Report on Excavations at Pevensey* ; *Illustrations of Roman London* ; *Catalogue of the Museum of London Antiquities* ; editorship, etc., of *Inventorium Sepulchrale* ; *On the Scarcity of Home-grown Fruits, with Remedial Suggestions* ; *Remarks on Shakespeare, etc.* ; *The Rural Life of Shakespeare*, two editions ; papers regularly monthly in *The Gentleman's Magazine*, through many years ; papers in *Archæologia Cantiana* ; *Addresses to the Strood Institute Elocution Class* ; *Glossary of Isle of Wight Words* ; *Retrospections, Social and Archæological*, two volumes published, and the third now being written. These are only some of the labours of this most useful life, and this much-valued good friend of Llewellynn Jewitt.

I mentioned Thomas Wright as another of Llewellynn Jewitt's friends and co-workers. Some of his works are : *History of Ludlow* ; *History of Caricature and Grotesque in Art* ; *The Celt, the Roman, and the Saxon* ; numerous articles in the *Art Journal*, the *Intellectual Observer*, and other Journals ; *Uricontium* ; *Royal Dictionary-Cyclopædia*, in fifteen volumes ; *Wanderings of an Antiquary* ; translation of the Emperor Napoleon's *Life of Julius Cæsar* ; *Christianity in Arabia* ; *History of Essex* ; *Political Songs and Poems Relating to English History*, in two volumes ; *De Natura Rerum* ; *Biographia Britannica Literaria—Anglo-Saxon and Norman periods* ; historical works for the Early English Text Society ; *Early Vocabularies and Feudal Manuals of English History*, two volumes ; *Histories of France, Ireland, and Scotland* ; *Essays on Subjects connected with the Literature, Popular Superstitions, and History of England in the Middle Ages* ; *Narratives of Sorcery, and Magic* ; *History of Domestic Manners and Sentiments in England during the Middle Ages* ; *Caricature History of the Georges* ; *Womankind in Western Europe, from the Earliest Times*

to the 17th Century; *De Nugis Curialium*; Latin Poems for the Camden Society; *Nare's Glossary*, revised, in conjunction with J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps; *Letters relating to the Suppression of Monasteries*; *The Archæological Album*, 1845; Introduction and Notes to *King Arthur and His Knights of the Round Table*; translation of *History of Fulk Fitz-Warine*; *A History of English Culture from the Earliest known Period to Modern Times*; *Political Ballads published in England during the Common-wealth*; *Queen Elizabeth and Her Times*; *England under the House of Hanover*; *Chester Plays*; *Dictionary of Obsolete and Provincial English*; *Nouvelles Nouvelles*; *Siege of Caerlaverock*; and other works. His memoir by Llewellynn Jewitt will be found in *The Reliquary*, vol. xviii., page 225.

With another interesting letter of Fairholt's, written to Mrs. S. C. Hall, recording his second voyage up the Nile with his friend the second Lord Londesborough, and with Llewellynn Jewitt's letter to Samuel Carter Hall, on hearing of the death of Fairholt, I will close this chapter.

"Cairo, February 18th, 1864.

"My dear Mrs. Hall,—Happily we are getting towards home. We have completed our five hundred miles up the river to Thebes and back, and, being at Cairo, are at least within reach of civilization. This journey has perfectly cured me of ever getting out of it again. We have all been ill, and Lord L. seriously so, so that we were obliged in one part of the river to turn back until we got medical aid from an English boat carrying a doctor, or we must have gone sixty miles to Cairo. There is something very alarming in the certainty that you might die on the river for the want of the commonest medical aid; particularly at a place like Thebes, a fortnight's journey from any help.

"The weather has been very cold here, and I think I never felt it more uncomfortably. I often longed to be back, and if I could have got back by any possibility would have done so long since. As it is I must have a little more patience, and then there will be an end to a very expensive, trying tour. We have had some few odd adventures, as well as some few risks. We have inhabited a Pacha's palace for a short time, but it was to me a great disappointment, for instead of seeing, as I had hoped, something of the indoor peculiarities of native life, I found that he, like others, imitated Europeans, and filled his house with gaudy French furniture. On another occasion I really did see something of genuine Egyptian style, but it was extremely simple, and I need hardly say very uncomfortable. The only curious thing was the introduction of a jester, retained as part of the household. He was half idiotic; and altogether by no means an 'institution' to be renovated with us.

"I am very glad I came, because I was right in my idea that Lady L. might not like this place. She detests it with a hatred that is perfectly violent, and nothing will ever induce her to come again, I feel sure; and it is very probable therefore that he never will. In



some degree it has been a disenchantment to me, for in some instances I had better have left matters to my imagination than have tested them by a new visit. As it is, however, I am thoroughly satisfied, and nothing is left to me of desire to travel in the East again.

"Thebes, Beni-Hassan, and Cairo have repaid the trouble of the journey. Our visit to the tombs of the kings at Thebes was one of the most interesting of very many journeys. We joined Earl Spencer's party, and mustered nearly thirty people, including janissaries and boatmen. We also took the cook, and passed the day in this wild valley. The ascent over the mountain was not without risks, and the loose precipitous pathway often made the head giddy. But there was a savage grandeur in the scene that was very striking, and when we got to the top of the mountain the view over the plain of Thebes, embracing all the ruins on both sides of the river, was the finest I ever saw. The green valley of the Nile, and the arid hills beyond, with the desert stretching into far distance towards the Red Sea, were a wonderful sight.

"I was also greatly pleased at Beni-Hassan, where I had a nine miles ride to the various tombs and places of interest, which are the most ancient in Egypt. In a lonely mountain pass I came into an Arab encampment. All were in low tents, with their camels and cattle picketed outside. Nothing could exceed the wild and primitive character of the scene. The chief, with characteristic hospitality, offered me two young pigeons.

"It is melancholy to see the devastation still going on in Egypt, entirely from rich and educated Europeans, who deface the paintings and destroy the sculpture to carry off worthless fragments. Since I was here five years ago more harm is done, while at Cairo the rage for European improvements has led to the destruction of some very curious old streets of carved houses, only to be succeeded by wretched lath and plaster imitations of modern French watering-places. The fine characteristic old art of the country is gone for ever! No one now could work it out.

"I wish you could have seen our boat on Christmas day. The sailors got up at daybreak, and went off to a palm grove, returning laden with branches six feet long. These they arranged at the sides and over the decks until they formed an arcade of green. At regular intervals they suspended oranges between, and the general effect as a simple natural decoration was more charming than I can tell.

"We have got back to Cairo earlier than we had intended, the whole journey has been so cold and miserable. It is to-day as cold and wet as any day could be in England. The wind too, is filled with sand. This, as well as a sort of homesickness I feel, has determined me to stop nowhere on the journey. I shall not think of going to Naples, but keep with my friends to Paris. We cannot leave this place before another week or ten days, but I hope we shall get away by the boat which leaves on February 28th. It may not, however, be till March 5th. I shall be most glad to see France again, if it be only

to see a street full of shops, conveyances and busy people. I am too early here to get a letter from you, but I take the earliest chance of writing to you, and so with kind love to Mr. Hall and Fanny, ever yours, F. W. FAIRHOLT."

A little more than two years later Llewellynn Jewitt wrote the following to Samuel Carter Hall :

"Derby, April 5th, 1866.

"My Dear Mr. Hall,—I was indeed most deeply grieved to see by *The Times* that poor Fairholt has passed away. Since you kindly gave me intimation of his illness I wrote to him, and begged him when he should get strong enough, to come down to us for a time to try the benefit of Derbyshire air. Alas! that is only some week or ten days since, and he is no more! I had a letter from Halliwell not many days since, and he seemed sanguine that he would rally, but it seems he was to be deceived in his hopes. Poor Fairholt! after more than thirty years of uninterrupted friendship it is hard to part. I knew him when we were both quite youths, and he came to visit us at Duffield. And after I got married and went to London he spent nearly every Sunday at our house for a long long time, and both he and his father were very frequent visitors at other times. He was, too, godfather to my eldest boy, who is called Frederick William after him, in addition to my own name. He was a great favourite with us all, and we most deeply feel his loss. To no one, I am sure, will his loss be more deeply felt than to yourself and Mrs. Hall, with whom he has been so long mixed up, both in literary and artistic matters, as well as in close friendship.

"If not troubling you too much, will you tell me when and where poor Fairholt will be buried. I wish I could have attended the funeral. I would have given much to see him again, but that could not be. The last time I saw him was last summer, when Mrs. Jewitt and I were in town, and even at that time he was far from well.

"I have been so unwell myself the last fortnight that I have scarcely been able to leave the house, or even my room. I am, however, better now, and will get you the information as to the French Exhibition, and send it up to you.

"With kindest remembrances to yourself and Mrs. Hall, I am, my dear sir, ever yours truly, LLEWELLYNN JEWITT.

"S. C. Hall, Esq., F.S.A."

Frederick William Fairholt died April 2nd, 1866, and was buried at Brompton Cemetery on the 7th.



## CHAPTER XVII.

LLEWELLYNN JEWITT AT PLYMOUTH.—HIS PUBLIC BENEFACTIONS THERE.—LINES ON THE DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR.—REMOVAL FROM PLYMOUTH TO DERBY.—HIS PUBLIC BENEFACTIONS THERE.—ESTABLISHES THE “DERBY TELEGRAPH.”—“RIFLES AND VOLUNTEER RIFLE CORPS.”—“THE RELIQUARY.”—A LIST OF SOME OTHER OF HIS WORKS.



MOVING from Oxfordshire to Plymouth, Llewellynn Jewitt, as I have said, accepted the post of chief librarian of the Plymouth Public Library, and at once identified himself energetically with the various literary and scientific associations of the West of England. It was owing to his good offices that the donation was made, to the Library, of the splendid collection of ancient and modern MSS. by J. O. Halliwell, F.S.A. (now J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps, LL.D., F.R.S., etc.) A description of these rarities was privately printed in 1853 by Mr. Halliwell. It forms a thick quarto volume, of which only eighty copies were printed. Llewellynn Jewitt also arranged with the late William Cotton, F.S.A., for the removal to the Library, of his magnificent gift thereto, of “The Cottonian Collection,” consisting of rare books and all sorts of valuable works of art, of which he prepared and published a descriptive catalogue. In fact, during his management the building became too small for these magnificent additions, and had to be enlarged, when he rearranged the entire collection to the admiration of the people of Plymouth and its visitors. Although long aware of Llewellynn Jewitt’s literary and archæological career in Plymouth, and of his labours of excellent organization among its public institutions, I never knew that he had done any artistic work while resident there, beyond the illustration of his lectures, until just now, when I have found the following in the *Plymouth Journal*, of December 13th, 1849 :

“OUR PUBLIC BUILDINGS.—Mr. Llewellynn Jewitt has just produced a very beautiful drawing of the Royal Hotel, Theatre, and Athenæum, which has been lithographed by Day and Son, and published by Mr. Fanning. As a work of art the drawing has great merit for the strict fidelity of the view of this noble structure, which is one of the most magnificent in the West of England. This view is the first large one that has been published of these buildings, and will be much valued, we should think, by all Plymouthians, who have great cause for being proud of their public buildings. Besides the

architectural adornments which belong to the drawing, Mr. Jewitt has thrown plenty of life into the picture, for which the large open space that adjoins the buildings gave him ample room. He has also given a character to it by showing that it is a garrison town; a troop of soldiers opposite the theatre forming a striking object in the drawing. This is the first view Mr. Jewitt has published of any part of this beautiful neighbourhood, so rich in subjects of interest, some of which are to follow the one now under notice; but the artist is already well known for his illustrations in the 'London Interiors,' which has been one of the most successful of modern books."

Then I find another notice in another paper :

"ST. JAMES' CHURCH, DEVONPORT.—We have received a very beautifully executed engraving, by Llewellynn Jewitt, of the Church of St. James, now in course of erection at Morice Town. It has been published by Mr. R. Lidstone, of Devonport, and we understand the proceeds arising from the sale are to be devoted to the fund for the purchase of an organ to be placed in the Church."

In a Plymouth newspaper of June 16th, 1853, now before me, is a long account of the opening of the Cottonian Library and Museum, including a gallery of valuable pictures. It is there estimated that this splendid gift to Plymouth could not be purchased for less than £18,000. At the conclusion are these words: "It will be obvious that the judicious arrangement of the collection has entailed great labour and anxiety; but it has been accomplished with great good taste and in a highly satisfactory manner, under the superintendence of Llewellynn Jewitt, Esq., who, from the first, has manifested a commendable interest in the success of the institution." And his work for their good did not end here. During his energetic, unpaid secretaryship of the Mechanics' Institution, the structure was entirely rebuilt and remodelled, in which work he was a valuable adviser, and the present noble and excellently arranged edifice was the result. He also held the same unpaid post at the Athenæum, or Plymouth Institution, and was unpaid curator of the Museum also. And he gave an impetus to the study of archæology and art in the district, by reading many valuable papers at these several institutions. One of these papers is thus announced in another Plymouth newspaper :

"On Thursday evening next, March 28th, Mr. Llewellynn Jewitt will deliver a lecture on the Study of Archæology, in which he will show what are the ends and objects of antiquarian pursuits; the value of archæological knowledge, the advantages derived from it, and the progress of societies established for its promotion and encouragement. He will then give a descriptive glance at the various remains of the Celtic, Romano-British, and Anglo-Saxon periods, which are still to be found in our own country, and also of some of the mediæval customs and relics of monkish superstition, which have been handed down to us. The lecture will be illustrated by drawings of some of the most interesting objects of antiquity, and by the exhibition of various examples of ancient art."

When Llewellynn Jewitt was about to leave Plymouth, all its newspapers sounded his praises and gave him their thanks. This is one of the paragraphs :

“LLEWELLYNN JEWITT.—As this gentleman is about to leave Plymouth, we deem it but an act of justice to call attention to the great services which, during his residence here, he has rendered to the different public Institutions of this town. The Public Library has been improved under his management; the arrangement of the Cottonian Library in the building has been most creditable to his taste and judgment, and has been carried out gratuitously and with much pains. At the Mechanics' Institute the advantages of his labours as Secretary, have received ample testimony—in the increase of its members and the introduction of a superior class of lectures. The Plymouth Athenæum is not without obligation to him—for lectures of a high value, and for taking a prominent part in many interesting discussions there. In all these respects the retirement of Mr. Jewitt from the Public Library, and his departure from the town, will be felt a loss of no inconsiderable kind.”

Let Plymouth ever remember its friend, Llewellynn Jewitt, with respect and gratitude.

In the introduction to his “History of Plymouth,” which was finished up at Winster Hall, in 1872, he refers to his Plymouth days thus: “To those kind friends who have aided me with information; and I am proud to feel and to know, that in the town I lived in for years, and love so well, and with whose literary and scientific institutions I was so intimately connected, I have many friends, I beg to tender my warmest thanks.”

It was during one of the New Year's Days spent in Plymouth that Llewellynn Jewitt again attempted to keep a diary, but discontinued it in a few days, for want of time to make the entries. It commences thus :

“This is New Year's Day, and I have been scribbling these lines. I place them here to preserve them, perhaps to laugh at in my later years, if ever I am able to do anything better. I have always laughed at poets, and considered them to be only a set of useless fellows, little better than fools. But, for all that, sometimes when I am sitting alone, I cannot help making one of myself, by perpetrating such stuff as these verses. The New Year has come in dully enough in all conscience. Rain, rain, nothing but rain all day so far, and no hope of anything better for the rest of the day.

“Last night, just as we were going to bed at twelve o'clock, thinking of the New Year which would so soon come in, we all at once heard distant music and singing. And it came upon us so suddenly, and floated so softly into the room, that it seemed almost supernatural. Having listened some little time, I put on my coat and went out into the garden, and then walked out into the square, and a most picturesque sight awaited me; for in front of the Rev. Mr. Barnes' house were the choir of his church, grouped round a music-stand,

with candles enclosed in paper lanthorns, performing some fine pieces of sacred music. As the female voices ascended into the still heavens with the clear starlight, it was truly exquisite; and the effect was much heightened by the constant firing of rockets in the distant parts of the town, and by the ringing of the bells of most of the churches. What a pleasant way of hailing the birth of the New Year!"

While sympathising with the rejoicings at the birth of the New Year, he writes thus feelingly of the death of the Old, which must have been to him a happy year, as he speaks of the event so regretfully.

"While watching his glass, old Time  
Is whetting his scythe  
To mow down the short-lived year  
Late so young and blithe.  
He will spare not, but ruthlessly mow  
Ever those we love best :  
It was always so.

And death, with his sharpen'd dart,  
Stands ready to strike  
Whose aim never misses its mark,  
Slaying those we best like.  
Ding ! there goes the dart  
Dong ! swift to its mark  
The Old Year's heart !

Now open thy mantle's folds,  
Black pitiless night,  
To hide the relentless deed  
From the New Year's sight.  
Enshroud it in gloom,  
And bury it quickly  
In old Time's tomb !"

From this scene of labour he removed, in 1853, with his family to Derby, that his wife, who had poor health, might have the benefit of her native air. Plymouth's loss was Derby's gain : although his labours at Plymouth produced fruit which he did not take away with him, and which will last for ages yet to come.

At Derby he became the unpaid secretary and the unpaid curator of the Town and County Museum, and the organizer, on behalf of that and other institutions, of numerous profitable soirées and conversaziones, and other pleasant scientific gatherings for their benefit. He also largely assisted in the amalgamation of Dr. Darwen's old Derby Philosophical Society with the Town and County Museum, for which Mr. M. T. Bass, M.P., with princely liberality, erected the present noble building. Llewellynn Jewitt also took a prominent part in the establishment and conduct of the Working Men's Institute, and was for some years the unpaid secretary of the Mechanics' Institution. In 1853 he projected and started the *Derby Telegraph* as a monthly penny paper, which, on the abolition of the newspaper stamp duty, he issued as a penny weekly. This was the first cheap newspaper issued in the county, and he continued its editor until 1868, when he passed it to other hands, his residence being then changed to Winstor

Hall, in the High Peak. While living in Derby his energies were not confined to literature, art and science. He was an enthusiastic promoter, and one of the earliest officers of, the Rifle Volunteers of Derby; and there was no more soldierly figure in the corps than his, then and since.

But even in this also he brought his literature, art, and science to bear; for he wrote an admirable illustrated work entitled "Rifles and Volunteer Rifle Corps; their constitution, arms, drill, laws and uniform; with descriptions of rifles, revolvers, etc., etc." This elaborate manual was dedicated to his friend Sidney Herbert, Secretary of State for War, and shewed the most industrious and successful mastery of the subject in all its details. I shall not weary the reader with long quotations from this valuable work, but will only make brief quotations from both the beginning and the end, for the purpose of shewing that Llewellynn Jewitt was patriotic and loyal—indeed this feeling was uniformly very strong in him—and it is, during this Victorian era, actually one feeling and not two. And thus he commences:

"At a time when the formation of Volunteer Rifle Corps is progressing so rapidly and effectively throughout the kingdom; when the cry 'To arms, to arms!' has resounded throughout the length and breadth of the land, and has been responded to by the girding up of the national loins, and the buckling on 'of belt and badge and pointed steel,' it behoves everyone not only to *gain* all the knowledge he possibly can on arms, and the mode of using them, but to *impart* it to others, and to endeavour to make each one as conversant with the subject as himself. The man who gains knowledge selfishly, in order to gratify his pride, by making him think himself greater than his fellows, is no patriot. True patriotism, in a time like this, is to perfect others as you perfect yourself—to gain knowledge only to increase the wisdom of others, and to let the world profit by your experience. We have endeavoured, feeling this to be the true and proper course, to act, however humbly, up to this idea, and have thrown together in the following pages a description of such arms as we have actually examined and tried, and some observations which a long acquaintance with the subject has called forth.

"It is a mistaken notion that because we are at peace we ought not to be making warlike preparations; for assuredly the only way to keep at peace is to be prepared for war; and we trust that the people of our beloved country will never cease preparing, until every man is fully proficient to do good service on the field whenever occasion may require him so to do—and until the necessary drill to enable the rising generation to act with military precision and in quick concert, and the practice and use of firearms, shall become an essential part of our every-day education." Then at the conclusion he says:

"There never was a time when it was so incumbent on the people of this glorious country of ours to arm themselves; there never was a time when the people were in such need of united efforts to become

prepared for any emergency ; and there never was a time when those efforts were so nobly made as now. In the beginning of the present century the people rushed into the volunteer force to save themselves from their otherwise inevitable fate of being 'drawn' for the militia, or worse, of being 'pressed' for other branches of the service. They joined the volunteers, were exempt from the militia, were equipped by Government, and cared nothing for the movement. Now they have no pressure from without ; but their beloved Queen appeals to their patriotism and their loyalty, their love of country and their home affections, and the response is one which does honour to them and to her. The volunteers *now are* volunteers in every sense of the word. They devote their time to the cause ; they purchase with their own money their arms, uniforms, and equipments ; and they impose upon themselves restrictions and fines to keep strict discipline and order among themselves ; and all this for love of country and for the sake of upholding national greatness and liberty. Those whose means enable them to equip themselves do so, those whose means enable them to give large sums of money instead, also do so ; and those who have patriotism in their hearts, but whose means do not allow of their doing as others, are equipped free of all cost out of the general funds ; but all do it with the same patriotic feelings, the same love of their fatherland, the same warm-hearted loyalty to their Sovereign.

"This is as it should be, and we appeal to every man throughout the length and breadth of the land to support by every means in his power this holy movement. All who can, ought to enrol themselves as active members of the corps, and all who cannot do so ought to aid the movement by subscriptions. It is a duty each man owes to his Queen, his country, and his family ; and it is a duty which each one ought to feel it to be a high privilege to owe, and a source of sincere pleasure to discharge. The movement ought to progress until there is not a man who is not perfect in the use of the rifle, and who is not thus prepared to defend our fatherland, our national rights, our Queen, and our homes."

During the year of the publication of the above work, 1860, Llewellynn Jewitt projected and started *The Reliquary*. Charles Roach Smith in his "Retrospections" says of this event : "I told him that I thought the title an unhappy one ; and that it would prejudicially impede its success. I was wrong ; persevering energy and ability counteracted the name, which I still think unfortunately chosen." In this opinion of the title Roach Smith does not appear to have been alone, as we shall see. In the "Introduction" to the first volume, the Editor was able to announce that the quarterly had been well received by the public and also by the metropolitan and provincial press ; the *Critic* remarking that it "may now take rank as the Literary Antiquary's Quarterly, and is certainly the best periodical which has been attempted in that province." And he said : "The undertaking of *The Reliquary* is a large one, but with increased support its plan will be more fully developed, and its means of usefulness increased. The first he hopes to receive, and the last he is



determined to accomplish." And next we learn that Roach Smith was not alone in his objection to the title, for the Editor continues :

"One word before closing, on the title of the work. The Editor regrets to find that the word 'RELIQUARY' has been, by some people, misunderstood, and that his work has, through it, been supposed to be 'a Popish, or at least a Puseyite' (!) publication. He regrets this extremely ; and those whose knowledge is so circumscribed as not to know its real meaning, he refers to the dictionary, where they will find it given as 'a depository for relics ; a casket in which relics are kept ; a depository for precious and valuable articles,' without reference to any creed or code of belief. The volume now completed is amply sufficient to refute any such absurd notion as that *The Reliquary* is anything but what it professes to be—'a depository for precious relics, legendary, biographical and historical, illustrative of the habits, customs and pursuits of our forefathers.'"

Roach Smith, in his "Retrospections," continues: "To *The Reliquary* I gave Mr. Fairholt's journal of his visit to Derbyshire, Mr. Jewitt readily accepting it for its characteristic spirit of the author, as well as for old friendship with him." This quotation reminds me of an interesting incident connected with the start of *The Reliquary*. For many years I have received regularly from Llewellynn Jewitt the numbers of that journal as soon as published. When on a visit to The Hollies early in 1885, he asked me to let him know which of the early volumes I was short of, and he would endeavour to make my set complete. In March, 1885, I received from him as a rich gift the completion of the set, to obtain which he had to write to several "hunters up," as he called them, in different parts of the country, and even to friends who he thought might not value them. Facing p. 128 of the first volume, I found stuck—and it is still there—an autograph letter, which runs thus: "Derby, Oct. 27, 1860. My Dear Smith—I have never heard how you like No. 2 of *The Reliquary*, which I sent you three weeks ago. I hope you got it, and like it. I am looking out now so as to arrange contents of No. 3. Thomas Wright has promised me a few pages on Wroxeter for it. I hope he won't forget. My friends all tell me that No. 2 is better than No. 1.!!!—this is pleasant. I want something of yours in it sadly. Ever yours truly, LL. Jewitt." Finding this note I wrote to ask "Which Smith?" as he had many distinguished friends of that name, among whom I knew there were William Smith, the historian of Morley ; H. Ecroyd Smith, author of "*Reliquiæ Isurianæ*"; John Russell Smith, the publisher ; Hubert Smith, of "*Esmeralda*" fame ; Roach Smith, and Rev. Gerard Smith. It proved to be Roach Smith, the famous author of "*Collectanea Antiqua*," who is now writing his third volume of "Retrospections," from the second of which I have just quoted his remarks on the start of *The Reliquary*. He had stuck that small note in "No. 2" at the time of its receipt and there it remains to this day. It is curious that it should pass back through the editor's hands to me twenty-five years after he had penned it in such good spirits. And it is curious to note that while the editor of

the new archæological journal was so hopeful of its future, and found his friends' praise of No. 2 so pleasant to him, the recipient of the little note confesses to us now that he did not then believe in its success, and he says, "I was wrong." Yes, for from that "No. 2" it has run its successful course to No. 106, over a period of twenty-six years, and ends—as Llewellynn Jewitt's journal—only with the ending of the mortal career of its intellectually powerful and most persevering originator. In mentioning the circumstance of that little note to Roach Smith, he replied, "Jewitt asked me for the early volumes of *The Reliquary* to complete a set. It spoiled mine; but I willingly sent them." Spoken just like this generous man.

I have before me another reference to the above "No. 1" in the handwriting of Fairholt, and, as anything from his hand has now acquired an interest, I will copy it here. Fairholt, as I have said, often omitted all date from his letters, and if he gave the day and the month he almost invariably, I believe, omitted the year. This letter is without date, but it has been preserved in its original envelope, which is sealed with its writer's famous seal, already described, and the postal stamp says "July 25, 60":

"11, Montpelier Square, Brompton, London.

"Dear Jewitt,—I am ashamed of my silence. The truth is I have been driven from home by paper and paint; and at this moment have only a bedroom free from cleaners. I thank you very much for your No. 1. Curiously enough the *Art Journal* people asked me to write a brief notice of it, a fortnight ago, but as I went off from place to place, and foolishly omitted to put in the publisher's address, it has been left out of the forthcoming number.

"As regards the article you spoke of, it is quite a new subject to me, and one I must read up.

"I am still feeling unwell, and have made up my mind to clear my way next month so that I may devote September to a German bath, and try to get rid of my abominable stomach and bronchial troubles.

"Hoping you are all well; Ever yours, etc., F. W. FAIRHOLT."

And this is the notice which Fairholt wrote for the *Art Journal* of September, 1860:

"THE RELIQUARY; a Depository for Precious Relics, Illustrative of the County of Derby. No. 1. Edited by L. Jewitt, F.S.A. Published by J. R. Smith, London.

"We always gladly hail the earnest work of local men; it is to their labours we owe no little good and peculiar knowledge, without which much would be irretrievably lost to the metropolitan antiquary or historian. Derbyshire, one of our most beautiful counties, also preserves some of our oldest customs and traditions; these, and its other features, Mr. Jewitt presents in an agreeable first number of a book we hope to see continue and prosper. He has contributed one of the best papers on the beautiful old custom of hanging funeral

garlands in the Derbyshire churches when unmarried girls were buried ; he has illustrated this paper with some curious engravings by his own hand, and written on it with poetic feeling. There is a good opening paper on Derby coins, by Thomas Bateman, well known for his researches as a resident antiquary, and a large variety of curious information and equally curious engravings, interspersed with most varied information, in this promising serial."

And all the time that Llewellynn Jewitt was editing *The Reliquary* and so largely contributing to it, he was also writing regularly for the *Art Journal*, and continued to do so for nearly a quarter of a century ; in fact until its venerable editor, Samuel Carter Hall, his and my own dear friend—a lofty figure in the history of British Art—passed it into other hands.

Some of his other works are : *Grave Mounds and their Contents* ; "A Manual of Archæology, as exemplified in the Burials of the Celtic, the Romano-British, and the Anglo-Saxon Periods." *Half-hours among some English Antiquities*. *Half-hours among some Relics of By-gone Times*. *The Life and Works of Jacob Thompson*, the eminent painter. This is a splendid large quarto volume, profusely illustrated with steel plates and wood engravings. *The Stately Homes of England*, a beautiful work in two volumes, illustrated with very fine engravings. Samuel Carter Hall assisted in the production of these volumes. *The Mountain, River, Lake, and Landscape Scenery of Great Britain*, in three large folio volumes with coloured plates. *The Domesday Book of Derbyshire*, with photo-zinco-graphic fac-similes of the original MS., extended Latin text, and literal translation, with notes, glossary, notes on families, etc. *The Wedgwoods*, "being a Life of Josiah Wedgwood, with notices of his Works and their Productions ; Memoirs of the Wedgwood and other Families ; and a History of the Early Potteries of Staffordshire." This volume is profusely illustrated. *The Life of William Hutton, and History of the Hutton Family*. *The History of Plymouth, from the Earliest Period to the Present*, in quarto and in octavo, dedicated by special permission to the Prince of Wales. This important work is also illustrated. *The Ballads and Songs of Derbyshire*. *Chatsworth*, illustrated. *Haddon Hall*, illustrated. *The Cross in Nature and in Art*, illustrated with more than a thousand engravings. *The Church Bells of Derbyshire*, described and illustrated. *Manuals of Missal and Illuminated Painting, and of Wood Carving*. *Roman Remains at Headington, near Oxford*. *A Hand-book of English Coins* ; several editions. *A Stroll to Lea Hurst* ; several editions. *The Matlock Companion* ; numerous editions. *The Traders' Tokens of Derbyshire*, described and illustrated. *Anastatic Drawing Society's Annual Volumes*. *Black's Guides to Derbyshire*, and numerous other Guides. *The Snow Path and what it led to*. *Catalogue of the Cottonian Library, Plymouth*. *Florence Nightingale*, a tribute in verse. *The Dragon of Wantley*. *The Traders' Tokens of Sheffield*.

This is a list of some of his literary labours, and it is very far from complete. He had also in hand a work too gigantic in its plan for

any one lifetime, and it is necessarily unfinished. It is a *History, Topography, and Genealogy of the County of Derby*. One of the most important of all his works is his last, which is now in the press, and will be magnificently illustrated; it is on *The Corporation Treasures of England*, "the Maces, Seals, Chains, Insignia, Arms, Armour, Badges, Plate, etc., etc.," belonging to each corporate body. I shall have to omit the lengthy catalogue of his contributions to the *Art Journal*, running through more than twenty volumes. I have already given a list of several other journals to which he contributed in his early career, to which I have to add the *Intellectual Observer*, the *Student*, the *Book of Days*, the *Magazine of Art*, the *Artist*, the *Journal of Forestry*, *Mid-England*, the *Antiquary*, the *Exeter Diocesan Architectural Society's Transactions*, the *Journal of the British Archaeological Association*, the *Archæological Journal*, *Chambers' Encyclopædia*, *Gentleman's Magazine*, *Herald and Genealogist*, the *People's Magazine*, *Social Notes*, *St. James's Magazine*, *English Society*, *Belgravia*, *Notes and Queries*, *Long Ago*, *Pottery and Glass Trades Journal*, *Leisure Hour*, and, indeed, most of the leading journals and magazines of the day. He also assisted, either by his pen, pencil, or graver, in the preparation of a vast number of other important works, among which are his friend Thos. Bateman's *Ten Years' Diggings in Grave-mounds*, at which diggings Llewellynn Jewitt himself so largely assisted and directed; Cotton's *History of Totnes*; his valued friend Charles Roach Smith's *Collectanea Antiqua*; Guest's *History of Rotherham*; Sleight's valuable *History of Leek*; Dr. Hume's *Hoylelake Antiquities*; the *Abbotsford Waverley Novels*; Halliwell's *Shakespeare*; Townsend's *History of Leominster*; some of the Chetham Society's volumes; Bank's *Walks in Yorkshire*; Redfern's *History of Uttoxeter*; Smith's *Old Yorkshire*; Briscoe's *Old Nottinghamshire*; North's books on Church Bells, and a great many others. Yes, many others, but no amount of cataloguing can do justice to the labours of Llewellynn Jewitt's life, and I will attempt it no further.



## CHAPTER XVIII.

LLEWELLYNN JEWITT'S FRIEND THOMAS BATEMAN.—WHEN A LITTLE CHILD HE ASSISTS HIS FATHER AT THE OPENING OF BARROWS.—BECOMES VERY WEALTHY AND GOES IN FOR ANTIQUITIES.—PUBLISHES HIS FATHER'S NOTES.—HIS SPLENDID MUSEUM.—MEMORIES OF HIM BY LLEWELLYNN JEWITT, "THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE," DR. J. BARNARD DAVIS, AND CHARLES ROACH SMITH.—"OFF IN A TIFF."—"VESTIGES OF THE ANTIQUITIES OF DERBYSHIRE."—"TEN YEARS' DIGGINGS."—"BARROW DIGGING BY A BARROW KNIGHT."—THOMAS BATEMAN'S FUNERAL.—HIS LETTERS.



IN the 28th of August, 1861, died Llewellynn Jewitt's best-beloved friend, Thomas Bateman, at Lomberdale House, near Bakewell. So intimate and attached were the two antiquaries, and so co-operative in their antiquarian work, and for so long a period, that no memoir of the one can be complete which does not include mention of the other. The intimacy of the two families was such that when Thomas Bateman died, rather suddenly, his widow immediately sent for Llewellynn Jewitt to take the temporary management of her affairs, which he did.

Thomas Bateman wrote the very first paper in the first number of *The Reliquary*, and so soon after as in the second volume Llewellynn Jewitt wrote a very feeling "Memory" of his beloved friend. From that, and from the *Gentleman's Magazine* of the same date—October, 1861, and from other sources, we get an interesting account of the character and the labours of Thomas Bateman. He was just five years younger than his friend Llewellynn Jewitt, having been born in November, 1821. And that same year his father, William Bateman, F.S.A., of Rowsley, commenced his career as investigator of the buried and unburied antiquities of Derbyshire. It was only four years after Orlando Jewitt had written in the *Northern Star*, saying of the Derbyshire Moors, as the reader will remember :

"Here also are to be found *barrows* or *lowes* (ancient places of sepulture), *rocking stones*, *basons*, and other Druidical remains. But I am not versed in the lore of antiquity, and the description of these relics of the times that are gone, is fitted for a stronger pen than mine."

Thus William Bateman preceded both his own son and Llewellynn Jewitt in the investigation of the Derbyshire antiquities, and his Notes

afterwards furnished a paper entitled: "An Account of the Opening of Tumuli, principally at Middleton by Youlgrave, Derbyshire, from 1821 to 1832, collected from the Memoranda of the late William Bateman, Esq., F.S.A., and arranged by Thomas Bateman." This the latter handed to his friend Charles Roach Smith, who printed it in his first volume of "Collectanea Antiqua." Llewellynn Jewitt describes it as "A paper, which was the *first*, of any moment, to call attention to the rich stores of knowledge which the Derbyshire Barrows presented to the student in archæology. Before this time the writings of Rooke and Pegge—good in their way, but spoiled by wild ideas, and by impossible representations—were all that had been issued on this district, and therefore this paper, which appeared in 1843, was hailed with peculiar pleasure by antiquaries in general."

Thomas Bateman was his father's only son, and, as soon as he was strong enough, used to accompany him in his antiquarian expeditions round about home, and very early acquired an eager interest in the opening of the barrows and in their contents. Of these contents the *Gentleman's Magazine* says:

"The exhumed remains formed the nucleus of what has now become one of the most valuable museums of local antiquities in the kingdom. In these researches his child frequently took part, and the father was pleased to see him thus early in life forming his own little collection, and he wisely encouraged the young collector by now and then ceding to him some coveted object from the more important store. The father, in consequence of the death of Mrs. Bateman (who died when the child was only a few months old), and the somewhat sickly constitution of his son, superintended his studies, and we believe he consequently received, almost wholly, a home education. At the age of fourteen he lost his father; and then he was brought up by his grandfather, Thomas Bateman, Esq., of Middleton Hall, who served the office of High Sheriff of the county of Derby in 1823. On his death in 1847 the whole of his estates descended to his grandson, who thus became enabled to gratify to the very fullest extent his literary and antiquarian tastes, and he continually added to his libraries at Lomerdale House and Middleton Hall, ancient manuscripts, early illuminations, and rare books, while the museum at the latter place was continually increasing from every available source, without regard to cost. A 'Descriptive Catalogue' of this museum was printed in 1855, and it was quite worthy of more copious illustrations, which are the life and soul of such catalogues."

Of this museum and its originator, Llewellynn Jewitt writes: "As an antiquary he ranked very high, and he had a European fame for his extreme and varied knowledge, and for the extensive researches which he had for years engaged in, in the pursuit of antiquarian and ethnological science. His excavations in this and adjoining counties, extending over a period of more than twenty years, and embracing the examination of more than five hundred barrows, have resulted in the bringing together of such a collection of Celtic remains, as no

other museum, public or private, has, or ever can contain. These were deposited in his museum at his truly charming seat, Lomerdale House—a seat built by himself, and enriched with everything that the purest taste, and the most intellectual mind could wish for or suggest—as were also the extensive and truly valuable collections of coins and antiquities which he had so industriously gathered together and purchased from every available source. At this seat also, and at Middleton Hall, he had one of the most extensive and valuable libraries in the provinces, and also a fine collection of ancient manuscripts. To all these he, with that kindly and generous feeling which characterised him, gave access to all enquiring minds; and it is not too much to say, that there is not an antiquarian writer, or antiquary of note living, who has not in some way or other profited by his labours, and by his knowledge and experience. These collections it is truly gratifying to state, will not run the risk of being dispersed, as so many have been, but will be carefully preserved and carried down as heirlooms in the family—provision for thus securing them having been made by will.”

Dr. J. B. Davis writing of him, said: “The great aim which he had in opening barrows was, by exploring them extensively, with the utmost care and preciseness, to preserve a faithful record of everything observed in the excavations (aided by accurate measurements and drawings), and to collect and accumulate with patient industry, every relic brought to light, in order to elucidate the great problems involved in the history and ethnology of the race of people, who left behind them only these unwritten records of their existence and manner of life. Mr. Bateman was thus led to enter upon a most recondite and philosophical pursuit, which gave a colouring to all his future—alas! far too short—career. It was not an idle inquisitiveness that actuated him, it was not the desire merely to possess the relics of an ancient people, which influenced his mind, although this was a most important portion of the work to be done, and which he has accomplished by a peculiar combination of tastes and abilities in a most masterly manner—it was an anxiety to fathom the dark abyss of antiquity, to bring again to the light Derbyshire’s aborigines, and to study them most minutely and searchingly, with the help to be derived from modern science. He raised the soil which had lain for ages over the remains of the primeval British chieftain, and with almost religious care treasured up every appearance observed, as a precious fact, for future illustration and confirmation by a more matured judgment, and collected every object that could in any way be of use in penetrating the dark veil which hides our most remote precursors from our knowledge. The success which resulted from his zealous, persevering, and most enlightened labours was truly wonderful, and can only be appreciated by those who had frequent opportunities of consulting him upon obscure points of archæology, or of listening to his histories and description of the objects so diligently treasured in his rich museum. Without any fear of contradiction, we may safely say that he was in fact the first living authority for every point relating to the antiquity of the ancient Britons.

"These sepulchral researches, which had taken such full possession of his attention, imparted to his mind a singular fondness for everything related to the past, and particularly to the dead. He had acquired a reverential love for everything ancient, and especially for every personal antiquity; and an insatiable thirst for knowledge respecting the sepulchral relics of departed peoples. Nothing could be more deeply interesting to him than researches and inquiries connected with the tomb. Had he foreseen his own early departure to this dark and silent house, he could not have more thoroughly familiarised his mind with investigations into, and contemplations on, this final bourne of all travellers."

Charles Roach Smith, in his first volume of "Retrospections," says: "Mr. Thomas Bateman introduced himself to me in the early days of my '*Collectanea Antiqua*,' to the first volume of which he contributed a paper on Derbyshire antiquities; and he became a constant visitor to my museum and fireside when I lived in London. The Canterbury Congress introduced him to the world." In another part of the "Retrospections" its author relates an amusing incident of this visit of Thomas Bateman to the Canterbury Congress. One of the visits of the members was to Heppington, where Dr. Faussett had a museum of Saxon sepulchral remains contained in a small room. To enable the members to see the collection Roach Smith had undertaken to guide through it a few at a time, to prevent crowding in so small a space. Dr. Faussett hearing that Thomas Bateman was of the party expressed a wish to be introduced to him, and Roach Smith in order to meet that wish with the necessary leisure, requested Thomas Bateman to be of the last party to pass through, as he would then see more. "I saw nothing more of him," says Roach Smith, "until my return to Canterbury; and then, to my surprise, and I may add indignation, I learned that, hurt and offended at being asked to wait, he not only left Heppington at once, but would also have left Canterbury if he could have procured a coach! He immediately confessed to me that he was altogether in the wrong. He never saw what he wanted to see; or Dr. Faussett, who wanted to see him! Mr. Britton, who had cause for being offended with members of the architectural section, did not, in consequence, leave Canterbury; he called to his aid philosophy and common sense."

Had Thomas Bateman on this occasion called to his aid this philosophy, he would have found, after all, that it was the identical philosophy of the New Testament, which he thought he ever strived to practice; though in this amusing instance he failed. Had he but humbled his mind to accept what at the moment appeared to him the "lowest place" at the wedding feast, he would presently have found that it was in reality the very highest place, next to the host. Roach Smith, proceeding with his notice, says:

"Of a good family, with extensive landed possessions at Middleton and Youlgrave, in Derbyshire, he inherited a taste for antiquarian science and for general literature. His father, a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries of London, was a superior and well-educated man;



and, I am told, he excavated, with Major Rooke and Dr. Pegge, some of the barrows, in Derbyshire. The communication made to the 'Collectanea' may be considered as combining an account of their joint researches, as well as of his own, which were carefully and conscientiously conducted; and he, in some instances, completed what his predecessors had imperfectly performed.

"In 1848 he published the "Vestiges of the Antiquities of Derbyshire," valuable for the author's scrupulous adherence to facts; but shewing that, at that time, from the comparatively limited sphere of his researches, he had not, in every case, clearly understood some of the remains he had discovered. Thus the iron weapons figured on page 76, which he supposes are Romano-British, are, without doubt, Saxon; and he speaks with indecision on the ornaments from Cow Lowe, page 94. In the 'Descriptive Catalogue' of his museum, printed in 1855, increased experience is shewn by the classification and decision with which he describes the objects. He printed it, he says, 'under a conviction of the uncertainty attending the preservation and transmission of all private collections;' a wise precaution, for the collection is now transferred to Sheffield, as a loan; but under any circumstances, not in conformity with Mr. Bateman's will.

"The collection contains some valuable objects, exclusive of the British and Saxon remains from Derbyshire barrows. There is the elegant and richly-worked bronze vessel found in the Isle of Ely, and engraved in the *Archæologia*, vol. xxviii. The designs are Roman; but the workman's name, 'Boduogenus,' indicates British or Gaulish workmanship. The fine leaden Roman coffin, discovered at Colchester, and figured in the 'Collectanea Antiqua,' vol. iii., pl. xiv., fig. 3, I saved from the melting pot by inducing Mr. Bateman to take it; and the silver armlets found in Buckinghamshire, broad and ornamented with serpents' heads, I urged him to purchase also, to save them. In the 'Catalogue' are the following entries, significant of the indifference, at that time, of people to their local antiquities: 'The next fifty entries were found in different parts of London, in the year 1844, excepting only the two last, which were found in 1845. Many of them bear the impress of the name across the bottom of the vessel;' and, 'The thirteen following entries were found in making a new sea wall at Dymchurch, Kent, in 1844.' The collection also contains many sepulchral remains from Yorkshire. In 1861, Mr. Bateman published, not long before his death, 'Ten Years' Diggings in Celtic and Saxon Grave Hills in the Counties of Derby, Stafford, and York, from 1848 to 1858.' This volume is in advance of the former. The peculiarities of the helmet crested with the figure of a boar, from the barrow at Benty Grange, which I pointed out in the 'Collectanea Antiqua,' vol. ii., are recognised, and my views adopted; but Mr. Bateman only gives me credit for the illustrative extracts from *Beowulf*! The careful opening of some four hundred tumuli, and the no less careful registration of all the circumstances under which they were examined, and all the facts which a keen and practised eye could notice, give especial value to this volume; and make us regret

that so few have done for their counties what Mr. Bateman has done for his. The Celtic remains are the most prominent ; next the Anglo-Saxon ; the Roman are insignificant ; and there is doubt as to the correct application of the term ' Romano-British ' in some chapters on excavations by Mr. Carrington. The ornaments in jet are one of the most striking features in the Derbyshire discoveries. Yet, although I drew attention to the very obvious similarity between them and the necklace of a Roman lady upon a monument found at Lincoln, Mr. Bateman omits allusion to it. The Saxon remains only in a few instances resemble those of Kent. They are from isolated tumuli ; there appears to be no instance of a cemetery ; and there is a paucity of weapons of war, so numerous in the southern counties. The ' Ten Years' Diggings ' is illustrated by Mr. Llewellynn Jewitt ; and it is to be regretted that Mr. Bateman did not more fully avail himself of his artistic ability. I suspect also that the volume is in other respects indebted to this gentleman. Carrington, a village schoolmaster, was a very intelligent man ; a good geologist ; and an enthusiastic excavator of tumuli. Seldom are such men appreciated ; and I fear he was not an exception from the common fate of the worthy unselfish poor.

" Soon after the Canterbury Congress, Mr. Isaacson visited Mr. Bateman ; and while with him wrote ' Barrow Digging by a Barrow Knight,' a spirited poem with many fine touches of feeling, and not a little humour. It is now extremely scarce. From it I give a few lines in reference to an excellent practice of Mr. Bateman in depositing in the opened tumuli a record of their having been examined :

' And lest some future barrow-knight,  
A cutting here should make in,  
And search in vain from morn to night,  
For what we've just now taken,  
  
A leaden label we enclose  
In pity to such late man,  
Where one and all may read who choose,  
Inscribed the name ' T. BATEMAN.' "

I conclude this notice with the following from the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and three letters : " Mr. Bateman's habits were secluded and his manners retiring and reserved ; but in his house he was affable and hospitable, and no one ever departed from it without being gratified both with the attention of the owner, and with the rare treasures of antiquity which it contains. Indeed for the estimation in which he was generally held, we cannot do better than quote the *Derby Telegraph's* description of the funeral on August 4th : " (The *Derby Telegraph* it will be remembered was Llewellynn Jewitt's.)

" In accordance with the wish of our deceased friend, he was interred near the chapel at Middleton, a spacious and excellent vault having been formed for that purpose, and soon after twelve o'clock the mournful procession left Lombardale House on its way thither. It consisted of a hearse drawn by four horses, and four mourning coaches containing the immediate friends of the deceased. They were succeeded by Lord Denman's carriage, which was followed by a long

line of tenantry, two and two." After the service in the chapel, "The procession was then formed and wended its way slowly and mournfully to the vault in the adjoining croft, in the following order: Mutes; undertakers; the coffin, borne by eight servants and old retainers of the family, the six pall-bearers being the executors, the solicitor, Lord Denman, Mr. Jewitt, and Dr. Davis; the chief mourner, the youthful heir to the estates, with his three maternal uncles; friends of the deceased, and tenantry two and two. At the vault an eloquent and impressive address was delivered with deep feeling by the Rev. G. Boden, and the coffin was lowered into its last resting-place among the hills of the county which he so much loved. It is not too much to say that on this occasion not only had the whole village turned out to do last honour to his remains, but that the surrounding villages as well had sent their scores to line the roadway, and to congregate in the croft on this melancholy occasion. The scene was a most impressive one. The quiet beauty of the spot where the interment took place, the simplicity of the entire arrangements, the hundreds of people collected on the hillside, the mourning friends gathered around the coffin which rested on the greensward, the yawning vault beneath, the tall trees above, and the venerable minister, all united to form a picture such as we think has but seldom, if ever, been witnessed, and one which was too impressive, too solemn, and too beautiful ever to pass away from the memory. Seldom, indeed, has it been the lot of anyone to be interred in such a spot as this—seldom still to be interred amidst so much real sorrow. Like his life, the last rites of his burial were simple and unobtrusive, and he rests, not amidst his forefathers, for there are none near him, but amidst sorrowing and loving friends on every side, and in a spot chosen by himself on one of the pleasantest of his native hills."

Such is Llewellynn Jewitt's description of the interment of his friend, which, if worthy to be reprinted into the *Gentleman's Magazine*, is worthy to appear here. How different these funeral rites to those which had preceded the erection of the grave-mounds round about him, of which he had been so great a ransacker, and some notion of which will be given later on in this volume. Lord Denman, the neighbour and friend of Thomas Bateman, was also a highly appreciative friend of Llewellynn Jewitt, and they frequently exchanged calls and hospitality.

I have before me three letters written by Thomas Bateman to Llewellynn Jewitt, when the latter resided in Derby, presented to me by his son. One is interesting in being Thomas Bateman's testimony to the energetic character of his friend; and another in containing an avowal from a dissenter, that the dissenting preachers in his neighbourhood were not in favour of measures being taken for the defence of their country, even by volunteers: yet even these are to be swayed in their politics by the man who gives away money. Truly such people as a class are never consistent unless they be inconsistent. It is to be hoped that it is not so in our days. Here are the letters:

"Youlgrave, 29th December, 1859.

"My dear Sir,—I have nothing particular to say, but having intended to write for some days, I make the attempt at last. C. R. Smith has written to me about the Saxon antiquities which he wishes you to engrave for the 'Collectanea.' Of course I have placed them at his disposal, and am in daily expectation of his decision as to the objects to be engraved; as soon as I receive it I will let you know, in order that you may arrange when to come up here to do them.

"I returned the serials you were so good as to lend me, last Saturday in a parcel to Cook the naturalist, with instructions to send them to you, so that I hope they have arrived safely before now.

"There is to be a meeting at Bakewell on Monday, in furtherance of the High Peak Rifles, which I shall probably attend, as I have sent in my name as one of the committee, and am anxious to assist to the extent of my power. But I sadly fear that there wants some energetic person like yourself to set the movement fairly going. I wish you were here to go to the meeting on Monday, as I think your practical experience would be of the utmost value. If you could manage to spare time to run up we might go together.

"Please to give our best thanks to Llewellynn for his kind and seasonable wishes so neatly expressed in verse. They demand a more special acknowledgment, which I will take an early opportunity of making to the youthful poet.

"I remain, yours very truly, THOS. BATEMAN."

"Youlgrave, 17th January, 1860.

"My dear Sir,—I did not get the *Telegraph* till yesterday, and therefore did not see your paragraph about the Rifle Corps. I hope they will copy it in the other papers, so that it may obtain greater publicity in this neighbourhood.

"I do not think that it would be of the least use going to Youlgrave on this matter unless Mr. Thornhill would be at the trouble to preside, as no one has any real influence over the people except Teasdale, who is an ultra-radical, and, therefore, opposed to the movement. Mr. Thornhill is esteemed on account of the money he gives away in the course of the year, and without him it would be a bold step to call a meeting together in Youlgrave, where there must be twenty preachers at least amongst the Primitives and Reformers, who are not the most ardent friends of government in the world. I am in daily expectation, however, of seeing Mr. Thornhill, and will try him again.

"The postman is now waiting, so that I must close abruptly, and remain, yours very truly, THOS. BATEMAN."

I think I have heard that Thomas Bateman's income was about twelve thousand pounds a year, yet in such a small place as Youlgrave there was one mightier than he. The third letter is of little interest :

“Youlgrave, 8th February, 1860.

“My dear Sir,—I am very glad indeed to hear that the two little girls are out of danger.

“I think of leaving Rowsley by the 12 30 train, so that there will not be time for me to accept your kind invitation to lunch. I shall however be very glad to see you at the Station. The train is due at a quarter to two. I have heard from C. R. Smith this morning. He wants to borrow two blocks of the jet necklaces used in my Catalogue, which, of course, I must lend.

“I remain, yours very truly, THOS. BATEMAN.”



## CHAPTER XIX.

LLEWELLYNN JEWITT'S DIARY RECOMMENCED.—WIRKSWORTH CHINA.—A VERY HAPPY VISIT TO W. F. ROSE, ROCK HOUSE, COALPORT.—COLLECTING HISTORY AT THE CHINA WORKS.—CAPTAIN MATTHEW WEBB, HIS FATHER AND BROTHER.—INTERESTING DISCOVERY OF NORMAN POTTERY BY LORD SCARSDALE.—A GREAT SALE AT GLUTTON, AT WHICH THE FARMERS EAT AND DRINK TERRIBLY.—LLEWELLYNN JEWITT'S WONDERFUL ACTIVITY, WELL OR ILL.—HIS VISITS TO BRISTOL, PLYMOUTH, SWANSEA AND NANTGARW, TO COLLECT HISTORY.—HE AGREES TO WRITE THE HISTORY OF PLYMOUTH.—BACK "HOME, ASTONISHING EVERYBODY."—OPENS A BARROW AT MINNING LOW.



TO give some further idea of the literary and artistic activity of Llewellynn Jewitt while residing in Derby, I cannot do better than let him speak for himself in his daily record of his work. He recommenced this record thus :

"New Year's Eve, 1861.—Sent off to *Art Journal*, by book-post, my MS. of the 'History of the Worcester Porcelain Works,' which is to appear on the first of March. Wrote to Messrs. Rose and Co., Coalbrookdale, and to Mr. R. Thursfield, of Broseley, asking information about Salopian China.

"January 1st, 1862.—Writing for *Telegraph*. Drawing on wood, marks and fac-simile view of Dr. Wall's works (1752), at Worcester, for *Art Journal*. Received 'Life of Pugin,' a most interesting and almost fascinating book. Letter from Lord Denman, with some etymologies.

"January 2nd.—Sent off parcel by rail to *Art Journal*. *Reliquary*, part viii.—Wrote to Durant Cooper as to his promised paper on Babington ; to Dr. Spencer Hall as to a memoir of Richard Furness ; to Halliwell for Shakspeare Fund prospectuses ; to Thos. Wright for information on Salopian China." To this he adds later on—"But got none !!"

"January 3rd.—Reviewing books for *Reliquary*, arranging sheet 4 of part vii. Received Wright's 'Domestic Manners and Opinions.'

"January 4th.—Received 'Remarkable Transaction in the Life of John Wesley,' a curious book about an early love, not very creditable to him, nor very saintly—with a lady who afterwards married Rev. J. Bennett, of Chinley, Derbyshire. Wrote to Mr. Maw, on Salopian China. Heard from Mr. Rose, of the Coalbrookdale China Works, wishing me to go over, and a conveyance should meet me at Shiffnal Station.

"January 5th.—Wrote, among others, to Dr. Hall, E. Pretty, Lord Vernon, Dr. Davis, and to the *Mercury*, *Athenæum*, and *Critic*.

"January 6th.—At Matlock and Wirksworth. Had about ten miles walk—very pleasant and fine. Got some information about 'Wirksworth China,' made at a place still called 'China-yard,' by the church. It is thick and tolerably transparent, painted. Mrs. Marsden, senr., has several specimens—cups, saucers, basins, etc. Gave a commission to buy me some.

"January 7th.—Wrote to Mr. Marsden and Dr. Cantrell of Wirksworth, as to the Wirksworth China, asking information, and giving commission for specimens. Mr. Maw, F.S.A., of Benthall Hall, Broseley, wrote to invite me to stay with him on my visit to Shropshire. Mr. Thursfield of Broseley also wrote to invite me.

"January 8th.—Wrote to Mr. Rose saying I would be at Shiffnal Station next Monday, and asking him to send his carriage to meet me. Wrote to Mr. Maw saying I should go direct to Mr. Rose's at Rock House, Coalbrookdale, on Monday, and would afterwards go to him. Accepted his offer of accompanying him to Wroxeter (Uriconium). Wrote to Mr. Thursfield that I would spend some little time with him. Wrote to Thos. Wright about Wroxeter, and to S. C. Hall.

"January 13th.—Started for Shropshire at 7 20 in the morning. Went by rail to Wolverhampton, thence by another line to Shiffnal Station, where I arrived at 11 30. Mr. and Mrs. Rose, who had been staying at Birmingham, came by same train, so as to be ready to receive me. The carriage was waiting for us at Shiffnal, and Mrs. Rose drove us to Rock House, Coalport. After dinner we went to his China Works, and remained till dusk. Spent the evening chatting. No people could be more kind if they had known me all their life.

"January 14th.—After breakfast went to the Works, where I remained till dinner. After dinner went again and remained till dusk, examining the goods and catechising the workpeople. Mr. R. Thursfield of Broseley called to see me. Mr. Rose invited Mr. Abraham, his principal painter, to tea with us, and we spent a most delightful evening. I made great progress with my notes on the Works during the day, and examined a large number of the old copper plates. Wrote to Lord Denman.

"January 15th.—Rose early, and walked about the garden and grounds. The house is a truly beautiful place, and most exquisitely situated on the banks of the Severn, with a fine cascade falling from the rocks at the back. There are hothouses, greenhouses, aviaries

and everything else to make it enjoyable, as well as the people, who are bent on making me happy.

"At ten drove to Broseley in Mr. Rose's carriage, to Mr. Thursfield's. Saw his pottery. Arranged with him to write me a history of tobacco pipes for *Reliquary*. He gave me a Caughley cup and saucer. Thence to Mr. Maw's Works. Saw his tessellated pavements. Then drove in his carriage to his residence, Benthall Hall, for dinner. After dinner went through a pipe factory, and returned to the Works. Then back to the Hall for the night. A fine old Hall.

"January 16th.—In the morning, after breakfast, walked to the Coalbrookdale Ironworks. Went through with Mr. Crooks, the manager, and was much delighted. Saw the Cromwell, Temperancia, gates, etc., in progress for the Exhibition. Ironbridge and Coalbrookdale are highly interesting and picturesque. Returned to Maw's Works, thence to the Hall to dinner. After dinner Mr. G. Maw drove me to Wroxeter (Uriconium), and so back to Rock House, where the Roses received me with a most hearty welcome. Had tea and spent a truly pleasant evening, with music, stereoscopes, chatting, etc., till nearly one o'clock.

"January 17th.—Had a stroll before breakfast. After breakfast at the Works till two p.m. Mr. Rose made me a present of a splendid tea service (panorama painted). Finished my notes. Mr. Rose invited Mr. Abraham to dine with me. Dr. Webb and his son also dined with us. I gave Mr. Rose a full set of my *Reliquary*. Left there in his carriage at a quarter-past four, for Shifnal Station, and came home. Arrived at home at half-past nine p.m. Never have spent a more happy and agreeable time than at Rock House. Lord Scarsdale had called and brought some mediæval pottery found on his estate which he wished my opinion on."

"Dr. Webb and his son also dined with us." This son would be Thomas, who is now Dr. Webb in his father's stead. Where was young Matthew at that time? The younger son—the future Hero of the Channel—was, perhaps, up to some boyish mischief that very hour; for he was ever a daring mischievous boy, something like Master Robert Juet—according to Washington Irving—and already destined for the sea. This subsequently splendid sample of a man, with Napoleonic head, and Herculean frame, I knew, and loved for his generous greatness of heart. The flash of electricity which sent the tidings of his sad death round the globe on the 25th July, 1883, was a flash of deep sorrow to thousands of hearts, and of regret to all civilized mankind. The name of Captain Matthew Webb will ever shine as a star in the great constellation of British manliness. When he told me of his intention to swim across the Irish Channel, I observed that as he had earned his laurels at such great pains and risk already, I thought it would be wise to be content with them, and not tempt Fortune by undertaking what might make his last act a failure, thereby clouding his previous triumph, besides risking his life by excessive exertion. He replied: "As to the risk, it is quite certain



I can never die by drowning." Yet he was, after all, so pitifully drowned at Niagara, for although he may have been stunned first he was certainly drowned. Had he lived in the Homeric age he would have made a fine Homeric hero, in Homeric fashion.

"January 18th.—Wrote to Lord Scarsdale, asking *where* the pottery was found, and saying that I wished to see the ground before it was much disturbed. The pottery is undoubtedly Norman, and, from appearances about it, I think there must be a *pottery*, and these are the debris.

"January 20th.—Lord Scarsdale sent a servant with a note, telling me that the pottery was found at Burley, and asking me to meet him at the field at three. I did so. We had men, and dug a trench or two, and found an immense mass of broken pottery. Got out whole a jug, — inches high, and a large vessel, — inches high, with five horse-shoes and two buckles raised on the surface—green glazed—evidently Norman, the horse-shoes, I apprehend, being the badge of the Ferrars, on whose land the pottery, I believe, was situated. Brought the pottery home to examine.

"January 21st.—Writing history of the Salopian China Works for *Art Journal*—wrote twelve folios. Wrote to Mr. Smedley for information on Dethic Hall, and to Mr. Geo. Maw, F.S.A. Sent Mr. Maw the *Critic*, with a slashing article on Mr. Cole, of the South Kensington Museum (King Cole). Washed the pottery from Burley—or, rather, Betsy washed it. The large vessel comes out capitally.

"January 22nd.—Lord Scarsdale and J. G. Crompton called to see the pottery, and were much pleased. Appointed to meet his lordship at the field to-morrow, at two.

"January 23rd.—I and Llewellynn went to the field at Burley. Lord Scarsdale, T. W. Evans, M.P., Mr. Mountford, and Mr. Yates met us there. Had another dig with a couple of men, and found many interesting fragments, particularly of ornamented pottery. Got out some vessels nearly perfect. Found a penny of Henry III., with the short cross. Reverse HERNVLF ON LVND."

A considerable quantity of this find of Norman pottery was presented to Llewellynn Jewitt by Lord Scarsdale and is now in my collection.

"January 24th.—Roach Smith wrote in ecstasies about the pottery. He quite agrees with me as to its being Norman. Planché (Rouge Croix) also agrees with me as to the badge of the horse shoes and the buckles.

"January 25th.—Mr. Hicklin called to see the pottery, and was much interested. Promised him an account of the find for the *Cheshire Society*. Received a box of old Coalport China from Mr. Rose, for examination. Among the rest the 'Benbow' mug.

"January 27th.—Sent remainder of Coalport MS. to Mr. Rose, at 4, Newcastle Street, Strand. Sent the drawing of the old Coalport Works to S. C. Hall, to have engraved.

"January 28th.—Drawing mug and marks, Coalport China, for *Art Journal*.

"January 29th.—Letter from Mr. Cottingham, of Chatsworth, asking me as to my proposed visits to Chatsworth and Hardwick, for *Reliquary*, asking when I would come. Wrote him—for July number. Letters from W. Sainthill, Cork, and J. Gough Nichols as to old Countess of Desmond."

From this date the diary is blank until :

"February 28th.—I never could keep a diary in my life, and never shall so long as I live. I never have time to devote to it. However I will try it once more.

"March 1st.—Heard from Robert Chambers again, wishing me to *suggest* subjects for me to write to contribute to his 'Book of Days.'

"Received 'Domestic Annals of Scotland,' three vols., 8vo., as a present from Robert Chambers, its author.

"March 2nd.—Sent off MS. of first 'Chapters on Scolds,' for *Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine*, to S. O. Beeton, 248, Strand."

Here the diarist breaks down again, and not another entry is made during the remainder of the year.

With the New Year the resolution to keep a diary is renewed and put into action, and exhibits Llewellynn Jewitt with his usual energetic devotion to the service of a friend, in spite of sickness and the peril and unpleasantness of severe winter.

"January 1st, 1863.—Watched the New Year in as usual, out of doors, though I am very poorly, and quite unfit to be out of bed. All the rest in bed at the time. The New Year has come in smilingly. How will it go out? I sincerely hope things may mend in it.

"Saturday, January 17th.—Very ill; but went to Glutton. To Rowsley by rail, thence to Glutton in a close carriage from Hartington. Found all well. Llewellynn and Herbert *were* pleased to see me. I was so ill when I got there that I scarce thought I should get round again. Sent off same day for my dear wife to come to me.

"Monday, January 19th.—My dear wife came. Thank God for it. I *am* pleased she is come. First sale day at Glutton; very cold and stormy. A capital sale, but the quantity eaten and drunk by the farmers, etc., is terrible. Two rounds of beef and a lamb gone in no time. Six eighteen-gallon barrels of ale, ten gallons of gin, and brandy and wine in abundance, besides two strikes of potatoes and loads of bread—all gone! The house literally eaten out. I am very ill, and have been quite unable to get about. Sale realized above £1,240."

As to the eating and drinking, what else could be expected at a place with such a name?

"Tuesday, January 20th.—Second day's sale—implements—realized under £100.

"Wednesday, January 21st.—Third day's sale, furniture, etc.

"Thursday, January 22nd.—All day packing up and clearing. Came to Middleton at night. Left Glutton at half-past five. I brought the money and valuables with me. Myself and Betsy inside the Youlgreave close carriage. Llewellynn and Herbert on the box with Winson. Mr. Lucas with Miss H. and Miss T.—with Swindell to drive—in trap. Got safe to Middleton, all tired; my cough and chest very bad. I am really *very* ill.

"Friday, January 23rd.—Mr. Lucas, Miss H. and Betsy, gone to Glutton to get the rest of the things together. I am at home. Llewellynn and Herbert gone for a walk down Bradford Dale to Alport. Miss T. at home.

"My dear wife and Mr. L. and Miss H. got back from Glutton at five o'clock. Had dinner when they came. I have not been able to leave the easy chair all day.

"Monday, January 26th.—Came home very ill. Mr. Lucas brought us to Rowsley in his new carriage. Herbert came to Rowsley with us. When I say 'we' came home I mean myself, my dear wife, and Llewellynn. Found all well at home.

"Tuesday, January 27th.—Scarce able to sit up all day. Very poorly indeed. Found such an accumulation of letters and papers waiting for me, that it has taken nearly all my time to look them over and arrange them. All the little folks *are* delighted to have us home again. But I am too ill to talk much with them.

"Thursday, January 29th.—Writing my Chelsea article as well as I can to-day, but I am totally unfit to write. I don't know how it is, but with being so weak I seem to have no power of writing, and can hardly think, or collect my ideas together. I wish I could get strong again.

"Friday, January 30th.—Writing my Chelsea article. Am making pretty good progress. But it is uphill work with being so weak.

"Saturday, January 31st.—Mr. Lucas came and spent the day with us. I gave him a very rare 'Juno' teapot; a pair of Nankin octagonal plates; a Nankin octagonal soup plate; an old Derby biscuit figure; a fine Derby greyhound; a Coalport flower tripod (rose du Barry), and a few other things.

"Sent off the second part of my History of Chelsea China to the *Art Journal*—forty-five folios—block of marks, drawings of marks, photographs, etc., of Chelsea China. Wrote about Lowestoft and Swansea China.

"February 2nd.—Did not get to bed till after twelve o'clock. Was obliged to sit writing. Sent off eleven letters.

"February 3rd.—Heard that my second Chelsea paper is not to come in in the March *Art Journal*. A little better to-day, though very weak and wearied. Had a poor night. Corrected last sheet of No. 11 *Reliquary*, and sent four plates for it to press. Began arranging

No. 12 contents. Heard from and wrote to Mr. Brown, of Lowestoft. Heard from Mr. Lucas and from Herbert. He is very well and happy. Sent off thirty-seven letters.

"February 4th.—Heard from the Accountant General about a rare cream jug in his possession, with the Bow mark—triangle—and the Bee, and yet marked 'Chelsea, 1745.' Heard from, and wrote to, Lowestoft about China. Sent of twenty-three letters.

"February 5th.—Sent out circulars for the *Conversazione*, and writing letters all day. Still getting better, but cannot gain strength. Wrote to Longden telling him to put down my name for a donation of five pounds towards meeting Museum liabilities. Sent off twenty-one letters.

"February 6th.—Went out for a walk for first time to-day. It was fine and warm. Betsy went with me. We went to the office, and to Bemroses'. I am *very tired*. *Reliquary* out to-day. A first-rate number, and looks well. Mr. Redfern, of Uttoxeter, sent a Wedgwood Etruscan urn for me to see—said to be a copy of one found at Kynersley. I don't believe it. Heard from Herbert; all well. Sent off twenty-one letters.

"February 7th.—Clara been to Nottingham to see our sister Marianne's grave. It is No. 19, Green Holly Side. She says it is very nicely kept. Marianne was buried in 1856.

"February 9th.—Yesterday drew five large diagrams for Mr. Kater's lecture on Sidereal Astronomy at the *Conversazione* of the Museum. Of course gratuitously. Writing on 'Findern and the Findernes,' for *Reliquary*. Am not so well to-day. Sent off seventeen letters.

"February 10th.—Heard from, and wrote to, Col. Sir H. James about 'Doomsday Book.' Sent fifteen letters.

"February 12th.—Mr. Rose came to see me. He was at Stoke, so ran over to see me. Had a long talk about the Coxbench affair. He has taken a small temporary place at Hanley to go on with, and keep his men together, till he can settle about Coxbench. He is to come in the morning, and talk it over again, and see Mr. Haywood.

"February 13th.—Mr. Rose been to see me. Am truly glad to note down that he has completed the arrangements for Coxbench, and has taken Lady Darwin's house at Breadsall. He is to pay the purchase money by this day week, and Mr. Haywood agrees to raise him £1,000. So this long thought of affair is ended, so far, and we shall have, ere long, a first-rate china manufactory at Coxbench. Sent off twenty-three letters."

Although still unwell, and under the doctor's hands, there appears no abatement in his turn-out of work. This invalid still accomplishes before breakfast what an ordinary healthful man would consider a fair day's work. The sanguine expectation just expressed that "we shall have, ere long, a first-rate china manufactory at Coxbench" was never realized. In the "Ceramic Art of Great Britain," published fifteen

years later, Llewellynn Jewitt thus refers to his amiable friend: "Mr. John Rose died in 1841, and was buried at Barrow. He was succeeded by his nephew, Mr. W. F. Rose, of Rock House, Coalport, who retired from the firm in 1862, and died in London in 1864, having in the meantime started some small works at Hanley, where he shortly afterwards failed, and unsuccessfully attempted to commence others in Derbyshire. He was a man of the most generous disposition and kindly nature, and his losses were a subject of deep sorrow to myself and his other many friends."

"February 14th (Valentine's Day).—Last night we each sent one to Herbert.

"February 15th.—Finished my article on 'Findern and the Findernes,' for *Reliquary*. Heard from Mr. Lucas, Dr. Davis, Sir Gardner Wilkinson, Mr. H. Brockett, and a host of others.

"February 16th.—Writing 'Punishments of Women,' for the *Cornhill Magazine*. Drawing illustrations for 'Findern.'

March 2nd.—Went to Middleton by Youlgreave. Herbert met me at Rowsley with carriage. Went off to Mr. Lucas's. After dinner went to Lomberdale. Saw Mrs. Bateman. They were *very* pleased to see me. Frank went to Middleton Hall with me. It seems almost like old times coming back again. Beautiful moonlight night. Out on the lawn all together till nearly midnight.

"March 5th.—Started for home. Brought Herbert with me. Called at Lomberdale, and saw Mrs. Bateman. Got home at three p.m. Herbert sadly affected at leaving Mr. Lucas." Herbert spent so much time at Bentley Hall that it had become his second home.

"March 18th.—Saw Sir Oswald Mosley. Had a long talk with him about the Agard family. Arranged to go to Scropton with him, to sketch a monument of an Agard for a paper he is to write me for *The Reliquary*.

"March 22nd.—Mr. Lucas and I started this morning by the 7 10 train to Syston, thence to Peterborough. Heard service at the Cathedral. Dined at the Wentworth Hotel. Thence to Ely. Went through the Cathedral. Thence to Norwich. Mr. Norman met us at the station. Went to his house; had supper; examined his collection of china. To bed at two in the morning. Very tired.

March 23rd.—At Norwich. Started, along with Mr. Lucas and Mr. Norman, to Lowestoft at 9 30 a.m. Saw Sir Henry Tyrwhit's china. He gave me a cup with the arms of Potter. Saw Lady Smith, and staid some time with her, talking about the old Lowestoft China Works. She is eighty-seven years old, and a nicer, more intelligent and attractive old lady I never saw. Saw Mr. Seego the town clerk's collection. He gave me two cups of Lowestoft China and a mug of Lowestoft earthenware. Saw also the collections of Mr. Curtis, Mr. Browne, and Mrs. Johnson. Dined at the 'Crown.' Got back to Norwich at ten p.m. Very tired.

"March 24th.—At Norwich. Spent the early part of the day in sketching and noting Mr. Norman's specimens. Went to the Cathedral and the Castle. Called on Mr. James Mills. Saw through his museum. He has a splendid collection of antiquities. He gave me a 'mustard' Worcester cup and saucer, and a Bristol cup. He gave Mr. Lucas a beautiful piece of Spode ware. Made some sketches. Went to the Museum.

"March 25th.—Up at 5 30. At 6 30 started home by way of King's Lynn. There we saw grand preparations for the reception of the Prince of Wales, who is to take his Princess on Friday to her new home at Sandringham, seven miles from there. Came by way of Peterborough to Syston. Got home at half-past one and surprised all by coming so early.

"March 26th.—At home, writing *Reliquary* all day.

"March 27th.—*Reliquary* again without intermission, morning till night.

"March 28th.—No time to make entries. Writing *Reliquary*.

"March 30th.—This morning began writing my 'Lowestoft China' article for *Art Journal*. Have been busy at it since seven this morning, and it is now a quarter-past eleven at night. Had a long letter from Lady Crewe as to the Findernes. Wrote to Lady Smith, Lowestoft, and to Mrs. Wingfield—wife of General Wingfield—at Gunton Old Hall.

March 31st.—Writing 'Lowestoft' all day from soon after six this morning.

"April 1st.—Finished my 'Lowestoft' article by three o'clock, and, thank goodness, have sent it off. Forty folios. I have a terrible headache, and am almost knocked up.

"April 2nd.—Mr. Lucas came from London, and went home in the evening. He tells me he has ordered for himself a diamond ring, to cost above one hundred pounds.

"April 11th.—My wife and I started by train at 4 30 for Birmingham, on our way to Bristol and Plymouth. Arrived at Birmingham at 6 45. Had a stroll through the town together, and were surprised to find that though the streets were full the shops were empty!! Not a customer to be seen. Staid all night.

"April 12th.—Started for Bristol at 6 45 a.m. Got to Bristol at 11 40. Went to the Cathedral and walked through the city. Left for Exeter at 7 10 p.m., and arrived at Exeter at 10 20, very tired. Staid all night at the Railway Hotel. Very comfortable indeed.

"April 13th.—Left Exeter for Plymouth at 7 12. Arrived at 10 12. Left our luggage at the station, and took a stroll to look for lodgings. Took two rooms at 10, Sussex Street, near the Hoe. Went back, got our luggage and settled ourselves. Made a lot of calls.

"April 14th.—Called on Dr. Cookworthy, Sir William Snow Harris

Mr. Triscott, William Eastlake, and others on account of Plymouth China. Busy with Plymouth China all day.

"April 15th.—Saw Mr. Luke, and agreed to write him the 'History of Plymouth.' Made many calls.

"April 16th.—Went out shopping and making calls. Started from Plymouth at five for Exeter, thence to Bristol, where we arrived at 11 20 p.m.

"April 17th.—At Bristol. After breakfast went to Price's Stoneware Works and Pountney's Pottery. Lunched and took tea at Francis Fry's, at Cotham Tower. A delightful place, and delightful people. Made calls and purchased old china.

"April 18th.—Started from Bristol at nine by sea to Chepstow. Saw Chepstow Castle. Thence forward by rail to Cardiff, Neath, etc., to Swansea at four p.m. Put up at the Castle Hotel. Had tea and then we went out for a stroll. A very nice town full of Welsh people, in hats.

"April 19th.—In the afternoon we went by the Oystermouth (Horse) Railway to Oystermouth. Went to the Mumbles and spent the afternoon by the seaside. Oystermouth Castle very fine. The sea glorious. Got back at eight.

"April 20th.—Swansea. Called at Mr. Rickett's Pottery and at Mr. Evans's 'Cambrian Pottery.' At 2 5 left Swansea for Cardiff. Left our luggage at Cardiff. Walked to the Taff Vale Railway, and then came to 'Taffs' Well' Station for Nantgarow. Walked up from the station—a very pleasant walk up the valley by the turnpike. Am now at the 'Colliers' Arms' public-house. Have had tea—all home grown—and are both of us pretty well tired. But we enjoy it, though it is a thorough common Welsh public-house.

"April 21st.—Passed a very comfortable night in a homely but scrupulously clean cottage-room. Breakfasted and then went out. Called on Mr. Pardoe the potter. Found him ill in bed. Went through his Works. Went to see an old octogenarian woman and bought some Nantgarw China of her. Left Nantgarow at half-past two; walked to the station; went to see Taff's Well, and left Taff's Well by rail at three for Cardiff. From thence to Gloucester. Walked round the Cathedral and town.

"April 22nd.—Left Gloucester at 6 10 in the morning. Passed through Worcester. Arrived at Birmingham at 9 30. Had a two hours' stroll in the town. Left by express train for Derby at 11 30, and arrived at 12 55. Got a cab and came home, astonishing everybody.

"April 24th.—Sent the block of Washing Tally to Chambers for the 'Book of Days.' Writing all day and attending to the *Derby Telegraph*.

"May 19th.—Went to Minning Low to open a barrow, but found only fragments of Roman pottery. The chambered cists are magnificent. In the evening went to Lomberdale. Spent the evening very pleasantly there.

"May 20th.—At Minning Low. Found two Roman coins—Claudius Gothicus and another, and Roman pottery. Spent the evening at Lomberdale, and very pleasant it was.

"May 21st.—At Lomberdale in the forenoon. Thence with Mr. Lucas to Darley Dale, to see the Celtic urns recently found at Mr. Whitworth's. Arranged to have them sent to Derby. Went over Mr. Whitworth's grounds. They are gloriously grand. Walked from Darley Dale to Matlock Bath, then home by rail.

"June 1st.—Writing 'Black's Guide to Derbyshire' all day. Finished, and took to the office, the Index of *Reliquary*, vol. III. Received two fine bronze celts found at Highlow, and a stone celt from near Bakewell, from the Duke of Devonshire.

"June 2nd.—Sent off first batch of copy to Black's, of Edinburgh, of the new edition of their Guide to Derbyshire (3rd edition), which I have agreed to edit for them.

"June 5th.—Mrs. Rose came to see us, and took tea. She returned by the 7 5 train to Stoke. She brought the good news that Mr. Rose has determined to sell off some more property, and conclude the immediate purchase of the Coxbench premises to start the China Works.

"June 10th.—Mr. Rose here to meet two friends to take them to see Coxbench.

"June 24th.—Sent off my 'History of the Plymouth China Works' to the *Art Journal*. Fifty-nine folios."

About this time Llewellynn Jewitt would be writing his "Introduction" to the third volume of *The Reliquary*, in which he says: "As, after a public dinner, when 'all the delicacies of the season' have been liberally dispensed and heartily enjoyed, and when 'wines of the choicest vintages' have been tasted and relished by all, *thanks* proposed by the chairman are passed to those noblemen and gentlemen who have kindly supplied the game and fruit and flowers—so, at the close of another year's literary feast, the truly pleasant and grateful task falls to the lot of the editor-chairman, of not only proposing, but conveying, warm and earnest thanks to those noblemen, ladies, and gentlemen, who have supplied with so liberal a hand the many delicacies which he has been enabled to spread so pleasantly and gratefully before his reader-guests, and for the fruit and flowers which have graced the intellectual board around which they have sat.

"It is indeed pleasant at the close of another year's existence of *The Reliquary*, to look back through the long list of brilliant names of contributors who have graced its pages by their writings, and have added so largely, through it, to the world's store of knowledge. It is pleasant to feel that the efforts he has made to establish a thoroughly good historical and antiquarian Journal, should have met with such warm response, and been so well seconded by able pens. It is



pleasant to receive such cordial and continued support, and to feel that that support is steadily increasing year by year, that fresh contributors arise in different counties, and that its field of usefulness is rapidly extending itself in every direction. As it has been in the past, so it is hoped it will be in the future—the *long* future of its existence.” With all his energy and determination and faith, the editor could hardly have expected to carry his work to its twenty-sixth volume and year. We will now resume the diary in another chapter :



## CHAPTER XX.

"OUR DEAR BOY, HERBERT."—ALEXANDER SELKIRK'S WILL.—VISIT TO LONDON—S. C. HALL, "SILVERPEN," SIR JOHN LUBBOCK, ETC., AND HOME AGAIN.—A BOG-OAK SEVENTY FEET LONG.—MARRIED A QUARTER OF A CENTURY AND NEITHER HAVE EVER REPENTED.—JOSIAH WEDGWOOD'S LEG, AND MR. GLADSTONE'S MISTAKE ABOUT IT.—LLEWELLYNN JEWITT'S VISIT TO MR. GLADSTONE AND OTHER NOTABLES IN LONDON.—A DESPERATE JOURNEY TO VISIT A SICK BROTHER, AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.—"A SAD, SAD DAY."—"TOO ILL TO SIT UP, AND I MUST!"—"A PRETTY CONSIDERABLE CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS."—ANOTHER "SAD, SAD DAY."—"OH GOD! WHAT SHALL I, CAN I, DO?"—HAPPINESS RESTORED, AND A DAY OF EASE.—HAS VISITORS: A FATHER AGED ONE HUNDRED AND THREE YEARS, AND HIS DAUGHTER NOT YET TWELVE.—OPENS BARROWS AT HUNGRY BENTLEY, TINKER'S LANE, AND MOOT LOW.—A HAPPY DAY, AND EVENING PRAYERS AT A HERMITAGE.—AN APPEAL TO THE COUNTRY.



JULY 15th, 1863.—Mr. and Mrs. Osborne B—— called. They are going to the Bal Masqué at the Marquis of Hastings', Donington Hall, and Mrs. B. wants costume. So I must help her over it, as I do everybody, over everything." And this statement, thus privately noted to himself, is very true.

"July 22nd.—Grand Bal Costumé, at Donington Park. The Marquis of Hastings has come of age. Mr. and Mrs. Osborne B—— gone there.

"August 8th.—The Chevalier de Chatelain and Madame de Chatelain called to see me."

I think I have quoted enough of the daily records of work done to shew what a constantly busy life was Llewellynn Jewitt's, and I have therefore been passing them by to avoid tediousness. For the mere record of so much labour becomes oppressive.

"August 12th.—Our dear boy Herbert went to the Grammar School for the first time this morning, and in capital good spirits. I hope he may get on well.

"August 20th.—Lord Vernon sent me Alexander Selkirk's Will—the original document itself. I shall give the Will as an original document in *The Reliquary*.

"August 21st.—The Chevalier de Chatelain sent me a presentation copy of his new work 'Rayons et Reflets,' in which his translation into French of my poem on 'A Ruin' appears.

"August 29th.—Find Llewellynn has *passed* in the third division Oxford Examination, and has also satisfied the Examiner in matters of faith and religion. This is capital. He *is* in good spirits about it. Bless him.

"September 22nd.—S. C. Hall wants me to go to London this week particularly.

"September 23rd.—Sent off 'Bristol' article to S. C. Hall. Wrote to tell him I would come to London on October 5th.

"October 3rd.—S. C. Hall writes that he expects me both on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings. Twenty-five years to-day since I first went to London.

"October 5th.—Came to London, etc., etc.

"October 6th.—After tea to S. C. Hall's, where I spent the evening examining his china, and chatting. Only Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, Hon. Mrs. Diane Morgan, and myself. Got back to Orlando's at half-past eleven, tired.

"October 7th.—After breakfast Orlando and I went down town. I to the Jermyn Street Museum, where I saw Trenham Reekes. Met Orlando again at the Obelisk, Blackfriars, and went to Gabriel's together. Saw Beeton. Came back to Orlando's, then to S. C. Hall's, to dine, at a quarter-past seven. Dinner party of ten: Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, Lord Muskerry, Hon. Mrs. Diane Morgan, E. M. Ward, R.A., and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. — (Secretary to Army and Navy Club), Mrs. F. Martin, and myself. Dinner the most splendid and elegant I ever saw, and entirely arranged in honour of my visit.

"October 8th.—Went to see Eliza Meteyard (Silverpen). She *was* delighted to see me, and I staid some time with her. Started from King's Cross at 2 15 and came home.

"October 29th.—Last night went to Nottingham with my boy Llewellynn to receive his Certificate of Merit at the hands of the Duke of Newcastle. The meeting was in the Town Hall. The Duke spoke for an hour—a capital speech.

"November 17th.—Heard from Mr. John Lubbock, F.R.S., President of the Ethnological Society, etc. [now Sir John Lubbock], that he is coming down to see me by the 5 55 train on Thursday evening.

"November 24th.—My birthday. I am forty-seven this day. First thing this morning my dear little Edwin and Clara each brought me a present, and the others joined together and bought me a nice lamp for my study. The Duke of Devonshire sent me the privately printed fac-simile of the 1603 'Hamlet,' as a present."

This "Hamlet" is now in the possession of Llewellynn Jewitt's old friend, Halliwell-Phillipps, and the Duke's letter which accompanied it remains with it. In 1864 the Duke sent from Devonshire House

to Llewellynn Jewitt another fac-simile of "Hamlet," privately printed, which is now in my possession, with the following note in the Duke's hand: "The Duke of Devonshire presents his compliments to Mr. Jewitt, and has much pleasure in forwarding to him a copy of the fac-simile of the 'Hamlet' of 1604. If he is not mistaken the copy previously sent to him was of 1603 Edn."

"December 18th.—Mr. Bemrose, senr., called. Went with him to Slater's, Old Uttoxeter Road, to see a fine tree of bog-oak, dug out at Ideridgehay, seventy feet long, fifty feet to where first branch sprang, and three feet eight inches in diameter.

"December 25th.—Christmas day, and our Wedding day. This day we have been married a QUARTER OF A CENTURY, and have, neither of us, thank God, repented.

"January 20th, 1864.—Herbert's fourteenth birthday. The children have been having a jolly day of it.

"January 21st.—Mr. Godfrey Wedgwood sent me a very interesting extract relating to Josiah Wedgwood's leg, etc."

Llewellynn Jewitt was at this time writing his "Life of Josiah Wedgwood," having paid several visits to the Wedgwoods, and received much assistance from them. The volume was published during the next year—1865, and the third chapter commences with the narration of Josiah Wedgwood's serious illness when he was about sixteen, from a violent attack of smallpox.

Mr. Gladstone, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, in his speech at the laying of the foundation stone of the Wedgwood Memorial Institute, Burslem, said: "Then comes the well-known attack of smallpox, the settling of the dregs of his disease in the lower part of the leg, and the amputation of the limb, rendering him lame for life." Then follows some eloquent moralizing on the results of that sickness and that mutilation: "That disease, which came to him as a two-fold scourge, was probably the occasion of his subsequent excellence. It prevented him from growing up to be the active, vigorous English workman, possessed of all his limbs, and knowing right well the use of them; but it put him upon considering whether, as he could not be that, he might not be something else and something greater. It sent his mind inwards, it drove him to meditate upon the laws and secrets of his art; the result was that he arrived at a perception and a grasp of them, which might perhaps have been envied, certainly have been owned, by an Athenian potter. Relentless criticism has long since torn to pieces the old legend of King Numa receiving in a cavern, from the nymph Egeria, the laws that were to govern Rome; but no criticism can shake the record of that illness and that mutilation of the boy, Josiah Wedgwood, which made for him a cavern of his bedroom, and an oracle of his own inquiring, searching, meditative, fruitful mind."

Yes; criticism *can* and will shake the record. And the above "very interesting extract" from Mr. Godfrey Wedgwood will do it.

Llewellynn Jewitt dedicated his "Life of Wedgwood" to William Ewart Gladstone, "In grateful acknowledgment of many acts of kindly courtesy received at his hands." But that did not prevent him from criticising and shaking the record which "no criticism can shake." And he did it thus in the "Life":

"It would be far from my wish to destroy, or to entrench, even in the slightest degree, on the true poetry of this relation; but as its sentiment cannot be altered, or its beauty impaired, by correcting one of the statements, I do not hesitate to say, what I have every reason for believing to be the case, that the amputation of the leg was not altogether the result of smallpox, which had produced a disorder and weakness in that limb, but of an accident; and that it did not take place during the boyhood of the great man, but at a much later period of his life. The boy had genius and thought, energy and perseverance, in him, which wanted not the bodily affliction to become developed, and to bring them to active perfection. His mind was such as would have surmounted every obstacle which manual employment could offer, and would have risen above every unfavourable circumstance by which he might be surrounded. The smallpox, it is true, at that early period gave him leisure and opportunity to think, to experiment, and to form those ideas which in after life he so successfully and beneficially, both to himself and to the world, worked out; but he would have become a great man even without that ailment to help him on.

"The smallpox left a humour which settled in the leg, and on every slight accident became so painful, that for one half of the time of his apprenticeship he sat at his work with his leg on a stool before him. The same cruel disorder continued with him until manhood, and was at one time so much aggravated by an unfortunate bruise, that he was confined to his bed many months, and reduced to the last extremity of debility. He recovered his strength after this violent shock, but was not able to pursue his plans for some years without frequent interruptions from the same sad cause. At length the disorder reached the knee, and, showing symptoms of still advancing so as to endanger his life, he was advised to undergo amputation, and submitted to it, it is said, about the 34th year of his age."

This correction is dealt with a gentle hand, and in his desire to differ as little as possible from the orator, Llewellynn Jewitt is led, I think, to make concessions unsanctioned by his true judgment. He must have hesitated over the concession that a lad under the infliction of the miseries of smallpox—that a lad of sixteen during a period of pain and wretchedness, is better able to plan a future career of greatness, than he could when lying on the nightly bed of health and rest; or while sitting at his bench at work; or during his Sunday meditations in the quiet lanes and fields; or in going daily to and from his work. Nor could the painful leavings of this smallpox—which caused him to work with his leg on a stool for years, and reduced him to the last extremity of debility, and prevented him from pursuing his plans for some years after he had reached prime manhood—be said to

promote his life's work. It is nonsense to ascribe Josiah Wedgwood's greatness to that small-pox which so wasted his time and energies. Also Llewellynn Jewitt makes too much concession when he describes the orator's utterances in this case as "true poetry" or possessing "beauty." He has shown that there was no foundation at all to the oratorical structure raised upon the assumption of "the mutilation of the boy," and therefore it was an airy nothing. And had it possessed any beauty it would have been but as the beauty of the soap-bubble, which is all gone the moment the thing has collapsed. But it had not even that temporary beauty. The beauty of the soap-bubble is true beauty while it lasts, but this oratory being without truth was never beautiful. There is always, doubtless, a gong-like sound about the words "Athenian," "Rome," and "King Numa"—and there is a pretty ring about the words "the nymph Egeria"—when uttered by a man like Mr. Gladstone. But after all it is mere sound, all sound, nothing but sound; and therefore there is nothing sound about it; and it is not worth much when it is nothing else, as in this oration. There is not much beauty or poetry in the expression "It sent his mind inwards," where it always is, and where the opposite expression "It brought his mind out," would have been better. And as to "the laws and secrets of his art," had the orator known anything of those laws and secrets, he would have known also that it is impossible to acquire them by meditation on a bed of sickness—meditation rendered impossible by physical suffering, and utterly ineffectual even if possible. The laws and secrets of potting are only to be learned from receipt-books recording the results of the experiments of others; or, if original discovery and improvement be the aim, it can only be accomplished by patient labour in the mixing-room and persevering experiment through the fiery furnace. Smallpox is by no means the benign presiding genius of the potter's laboratory or his trial-furnaces. Then as to these "laws and secrets" being such that even an Athenian potter might condescend to own, if not to envy; why, the Athenian potter, working in his rude native clays, had no conception of the secrets of jasper porcelains white and coloured, queen's-ware, basalt, and the numerous other "bodies" produced by the potters of Josiah Wedgwood's time. There is neither the beauty nor the consistency of the soap-bubble in this part of the oration which was so vociferously applauded at Burslem by potters, because of the gong-like sound and the pretty ring.

"January 26th.—Drawing Halliwell's subjects. Halliwell sent me, as a present, a wood-block of 'Jack of Newbury's house.'

"February 4th.—Wrote to Mr. Gladstone, Chancellor of the Exchequer, about his Wedgwood ware.

"February 5th.—Wrote the Chancellor of the Exchequer (Gladstone) asking for appointment to see his Wedgwood collection. Wrote to Mr. Marjoribanks to same effect.

"February 7th.—Heard from Gladstone, appointing 10 30 a.m. on Tuesday. Heard from Marjoribanks, appointing eleven on Wednesday. Heard from S. C. Hall, with invitation to Capt. Reynolds's on Thursday."

And here is the letter from Marjoribanks :

" 3, Grafton Street, 6th February, 1864.

" Dear Sir,—I have perused your series in the *Art Journal* with much pleasure, and I trust that it may be your intention to publish them hereafter in another form.

" Unfortunately my collection of Wedgwood is kept at Guisachan, Inverness-shire, but if you can do me the favour of calling here on Wednesday next, about eleven a.m., I shall have much pleasure in showing you three or four fine pieces of the ware, also some original wax models designed for Wedgwood by Flaxman, Angelini, Pergolesi, Lacedti, and other artists.

" I am, dear Sir, yours very faithfully, D. C. MARJORIBANKS."

This is Dudley Coutts Marjoribanks who was created Baronet in 1866. I fancy he must have presented to Llewellynn Jewitt one of Flaxman's original wax models of Wedgwood's chess-men, for there was one in his collection, which his son has now added to mine.

" February 9th.—This morning went to Mr. Gladstone's, and spent about an hour and a half with him. He is a most pleasant, agreeable and friendly man, and I was much pleased with my visit. Then to the Museum of Practical Geology, and staid an hour or more with Mr. Reekes. Then to the *Art Journal* office to see Dafforne, etc.

" February 10th.—This morning went to the Patent Museum, South Kensington, and spent two or three hours over the early photographs, or whatever they are, of Eginton. Thence to dine at S. C. Hall's. Mr. Tulke and Mr. Falke there to meet me. Spent the whole of the day with them until half-past nine.

" February 11th.—This morning went to Mr. Dudley Coutts Majoribanks', M.P., to see his Wedgwoods. He has a fine collection of Flaxman's and other original models for Wedgwood. Thence to other places, and so back to Orlando's to dress. At 4 30 went by rail to Kensington, and to dine at S. C. Hall's at six. Mr. Atkinson dined with us. At 9 30 went in the carriage with Hall and Atkinson and Walcot, to Capt. Reynolds's, in Eaton Place. Got there at ten. A spanking 'meet' of the Fine Art Club. All the grandees there. About forty gentlemen and fifty ladies. Staid till half-past twelve.

" February 12th.—Started off this morning before anyone was up, and walked to Chalk Farm Station. Then by rail to Rickmansworth. Then had a ten or eleven miles walk to find Edwin. Pouring rain all the way. Got quite soaked. Got to Edwin's at eleven. Found him very ill in bed. Got dried as well as I could. Left at 2 30, and walked to Rickmansworth," etc., etc.

" February 13th.—Very tired and poorly. My dreadful walk in the rain and mud and ploughed fields quite knocked me up. Went out and made some calls. Left at 3 40 for home. Ought to have been in Derby at 8 50, but did not get there till 10 10. Walked home quite knocked up and tired."

We see here his perseverance through physical difficulties to visit his sick brother, who was formerly Stephen Sly's manager. Knowing the weakness of his chest, and the punishment that a long walk always was to him, I can appreciate this walk of ten or eleven miles there through the rain and mud, and the same back after three and a half hours of rest and drying. And now we have another instance of his courage and continued cheerfulness and industry under circumstances that would have caused alarm and lay-up to most men.

"February 17th.—Very poorly to-night. After a fit of coughing I spat a large quantity of blood, and have felt very faint and sick and ill with it. Sent off Dr. Davis's block to Taylor and Francis. Also sent in same parcel the blocks I am lending to the doctor. Sent a hamper to Edwin. Sent off a parcel to Halliwell with his six blocks.

"February 18th.—Henry Smith [of diorama fame] at our house to tea and supper. He is as nice a fellow as ever I met with, and well-informed on everything. Henry Bemrose to tea. We all spent a very happy and enjoyable evening. Spitting blood has continued all day, though only a little at a time." This mention of "Henry Bemrose to tea" reminds me to say that Henry H. Bemrose, of Derby, was one of the best and staunchest friends that Llewellynn Jewitt ever had. He was a true and well-tried friend during many years, and until the death of Llewellynn Jewitt, by whom he was greatly beloved.

"February 19th.—At night Lizzie and myself and Llewellynn, Herbert and Clara, went to Henry Smith's diorama.

"February 20th.—Drawing *Reliquary* blocks for next No.—Stancliffe cinerary urns. Arranging contents, and looking up tokens.

"March 8th.—Herbert got caned for not knowing his Latin this morning, at School, by Mr. L——, and immediately came home to me and told me. He was sadly in trouble about it. I thought he knew his Latin better than usual, when it was heard; but it seems he could not get over it. I have kept him all day at home, and am delighted he came home at once and told me. Poor boy, he is in sad trouble."

*I will ask the reader to especially note all about Herbert in the diaries.*

"March 9th.—This has been a sad, sad day. This morning the boys went to school as usual, and I sent a note to excuse Herbert's absence yesterday. Mr. L——, however, it seems sent for him, and he, fearing another caning, ran away. This time he did not come home, and Llewellynn came to tell us. I sent a note to L——, asking him particularly not to punish him; but he did not go back. By this afternoon's post I got a letter from him, which almost killed me. Here is a copy. [But the copy is not given.] We, *i.e.*, myself, Llewellynn, Lizzie, and the office boy Tom, have been seeking him all the afternoon. At last I caught him by the station, and brought him



home. Thank God for it. I could not be cross with him—I was so thankful to see him again. Bless the boy, he is as glad to be back as we are to have him.

“March 10th.—Kept both the boys home all day. Llewellynn, who has been very poorly all week, is quite done up with the excitement and anxiety of yesterday.

“May 5th.—Writing ‘Wedgwood’ all day without intermission.

“May 7th.—Very unwell indeed, and scarce able to sit up—my throat and head very bad.

“May 8th.—Much worse—can’t sit up—this is miserable.

“May 9th.—Too ill to sit up and I MUST! I feel so obliged to finish the ‘Wedgwood,’ chapter iv., to-day, that I AM doing it, though almost wild and mad. I verily believe my brain will give way some day, and I shall go *mad*. It is so overworked that I feel it shaken and weakening.

“May 10th.—By some means have managed to finish and send off by registered parcel to-day the fourth chapter of ‘Wedgwood,’ sixty folios. Thank God for it. Attended adjourned General Meeting at the Museum, though totally unfit.

“May 28th.—Had a letter this morning to tell me that my dear brother Edwin died yesterday, at 12 20. Poor fellow; he has had a long, sad, and weary illness, and has suffered greatly. In the evening drove with Betsy and our little Edwin to Keddleston Hall. Staid an hour and a half with Lord Scarsdale.

“June 14th.—Heard from Messrs. W. and R. Chambers, of Edinburgh, asking me to contribute an article on ‘Tobacco Pipes’ to their ‘Encyclopædia.’ Wrote accepting the commission.

“June 18th.—Betsy and I and the boys went to the White’s to tea. Staid till half-past twelve. Played at rounders. I fell and hurt my right hand and hip sadly. Betsy fell and lamed her knee very badly indeed. Mr. A. W—— fell and hurt his knee. Betsy broke a wash-hand basin, by pulling it over with her crinoline. Mr. H. W—— had a fit. A pretty considerable ‘chapter of accidents’ for one evening, I think. We spent a delightful evening, nevertheless, and played and sang and amused ourselves.” The “fit” seems a very fit thing to finish up with after all these queer doings.

About this time Llewellynn Jewitt would be writing his “Introduction” to the fourth volume of *The Reliquary*. After congratulations all round, he says: “The Editor, of course, in a work of this kind, entirely and unreservedly eschews politics. He is no politician, and has no bias for party or creed of any kind, and yet, like the Minister of the Crown, he ‘appeals to the country’ for support. But he does so on general principles. He is a ‘staunch Conservative,’ in that he wishes to preserve from ruin, injury, or violation, whatever is curious or interesting belonging to past ages, and because he trusts, by his *Reliquary*, to become the ‘conservator’ of much that is valuable and important; he is a ‘thorough-going Radical’ in that by his researches

and his publication he seeks unceasingly for 'radical' truths in historical and other matters, and because his enquiries, and those of his contributors, are directed to the root and origin of the remains of by-gone races and peoples; he is a 'Tory' in his love for regal, ecclesiastical, and ancestral antiquities; but he is a 'Whig' in his equal love for those of the people of every age and of every time. The whole country is his constituency, men of every shade of opinion on disputed historical and antiquarian points are his supporters, and he makes his annual appeal with increased confidence, for their suffrages. He assures his friends that with their continued help, and with God's blessing, *The Reliquary* shall still maintain its good name, and become, year by year, more worthy of their support."

The diary continues:

"July 2nd.—Went to see Mrs. Coltman, of 37, Duffield Road, who is the sole surviving daughter of the late Mr. Byerley, the partner of Josiah Wedgwood. A most pleasant old lady, very deaf, an invalid, and her hands next to useless. Had two and a half hours chat with her as to her family, etc.

"July 4th.—Herbert began to go to the office [his father's *Derby Telegraph*] for the first time. It was his own wish, and I hope sincerely he may like it, and may work himself up to be a useful and wealthy man.

"July 8th.—First day of printing the *Telegraph* its enlarged size. A capital paper it makes. I am quite satisfied with it.

"July 27th.—Heard from, and wrote to, Mr. Gladstone, respecting his Wedgwood déjeuner service. Heard from Lord Vernon about barrows at Hungry Bentley.

"August 5th.—A sad, sad day. Herbert, my poor dear Herbert, has gone away. He was, it seems, saucy, and was reprimanded by his sister and his mother, and, in consequence, has run away. I thought it was all over, and he and I went down town together for the afternoon letters. I called on James B——, and gave Herbert a note or two to deliver, and then to meet me at the office. I parted with him at the Poor Law Office door at 2 45, and have not seen him since. Oh God, what shall I, can I, do?

"August 6th.—Herbert not home. I have been up all night, and am sick at heart and weary." Then, later: "Thank God I have heard from him. He sent by this morning's post: 'Dear Papa,—I am all right and well, but cannot return home. Do not let anybody know this, please. H. J. Do not post bills or make any to-do. H. J.' Where he is God only knows. What must I do? I have sent Betsy and Llewellynn by rail to Buxton, to Glutton, to Mr. Wagers, to see if he is there. I have set both County and Borough Police at work, and been everywhere I can think of." At last he pens the joyful tidings: "HERBERT CAME HOME AFTER ELEVEN O'CLOCK AT NIGHT. He had been to Nottingham."

Here, at last, for a wonder and a contrast, we have a day of

Bacchanalian ease. Those delightful Birchover Rocks when visited in company with Llewellynn Jewitt!

"August 30th.—This morning Betsy and I, and W—— and T——, set off by the nine o'clock train to Rowsley. Mr. Lucas's carriage met us. Went to Bentley Hall and dined. After dinner drove over—all of us—to Birchover Rocks. Sat on the top drinking wine, singing, etc., etc. Got back home in the rain. Slept at Lucas's. All enjoyed it amazingly." I am sure they did. It is a remarkable fact that rain, however it may have damped the garments, never damped the spirits of the companions of Llewellynn Jewitt in any excursion at which I have been present, and they have been numerous. I have been with his parties in an open carriage on many a rainy day, yet "All enjoyed it amazingly."

"September 2nd.—Hon. Augustus Vernon came to see me about the Hungry Bentley barrows. Gave me permission to open them.

"September 28th.—Mr. Foster, aged one hundred and three, and his daughter Phillis Howard, aged twelve on the 8th next November, at our house to tea and spend the evening.

"November 24th.—Left home by the 8 5 train for Ashbourne—*i.e.*, I and Betsy and little Edwin. Mr. Lucas, etc, met us at the station at Ashbourne. Betsy and Edwin went to Frith's. We went to Swindell's, and then drove off at once to Hungry Bentley, to open a barrow, for which I had Lord Vernon's permission. Found a cinerary urn, a jet pendant, two jet beads and a bronze dagger.

"November 25th.—At barrows at Tinkers Lane till noon.

"December 10th.—Opening a barrow at Moot Low, by Bradford, Youlgreave, but found nothing except fragments of bones and part of the skeleton of a pig!! Mr. Sleigh was invited to join us, and Betsy and Miss Tomlinson brought him. He dined with us at Lucas's.

"December 11th.—Herbert walked down from Stony Middleton to see us. I *was* glad to see him.

"December 20th.—Speech Day at the Grammar School. My boy Llewellynn takes the principal Latin speech. He got the prize for Latin verse, and two honourable mentions.

"January 1st, 1865 (New Year's Day).—I staid up and saw the New Year in, bare-headed in the garden—Llewellynn with me. A fine frosty day.

"January 20th.—My son Herbert's birthday. He is fifteen to-day, so we let him have a boys' party."

Here is another jolly holiday at Birchover Rocks, etc., which I record as worthy of imitation by the reader in the manner of spending it. Instead of calling at the clergyman's, he can call at the "Druids" Inn, at Birchover. And he cannot call upon the hospitable Mr. Potter, for he is dead. Mention of him will be found in my account of the opening of a barrow near his house, at Hart Hill Moor, in

company with Canon Greenwell. The idea of evening prayers at the sacred Cratcliffe Hermitage was very nice. The remains of that old Hermitage, with its crucifix sculptured in the rock, and the magnificent country around it, which the peasants are quite sure is inhabited by the fairies, are truly charming :

"June 16th.—All of us went, in two carriages, to call on the Rev. J. F. Garrett, at Elton. Then on to Birchover Rocks, where we staid till evening, having lunch and all sorts of fun. Then to Cratcliffe Hermitage, where we had evening prayers. Then to Robin Hood's Stride. Then to Mr. Potter's, and so home. A truly jolly day." "Home" means not Derby, but Bentley Hall, where they were stopping with Mr. Lucas.

About this time Llewellynn Jewitt would be writing the "Introduction to the fifth volume of *The Reliquary*. The Editor renews the style of that to the previous volume, saying :

"At the close of his fifth volume—the fifth session of his literary Parliament—the Editor, bitten by the address mania of the present day, when the press of the country teems with Whig, Tory, and Radical addresses, from candidates of every possible shade of opinion, and of no opinion, thanks his friends, and offers himself for re-election, in the following terms :

"To the Free, Independent, and Enlightened Readers of *The Reliquary*, 'all the world over.'

"Gentlemen, I respectfully ask a renewal of the confidence with which you have honoured me on so many former occasions, by electing me as one of your representatives in the world of literature.

"The volumes I have produced are a sufficient exposition of my principles ; they have been in exact conformity with the professions I made on first asking for the honour of your suffrages, and which then recommended me to your favourable consideration. The principles which then guided me I still firmly hold, and shall, in the future, steadily support, and upon these principles I ask for a renewal of your suffrages.

"I point to the past but as an earnest of the future, and assure you that, so long as the connection exists between us, so long as I am honoured by your confidence and support, and so long as health and strength permit, my best energies will be devoted to your service—knowing that what is done in *your* service is done for the country at large, and for 'all times and generations of men.'

"I have ever been the friend of *progress* in every branch of archæological history, and if again returned, my best energies will at all times be devoted to this end.

"I am decidedly in favour of a large extension of the Franchise, and will give support to any measure which shall bring within the folds of my constituency the largest possible number of readers for *The Reliquary*.

"Being firmly attached to the Protestant faith, and having a deep-rooted love for the Church of England, I have at the same time an equal love for my dissenting brethren, and for all whose lives and actions show that they are conscientiously endeavouring to promote Christian principles and virtue. I am especially desirous for the preservation in the pages of *The Reliquary* of historical, architectural, and documentary notices of the various glorious fabrics of the Church, in whatever part of the kingdom they may be placed, and will give whatever papers may be brought before me my most careful and serious attention.

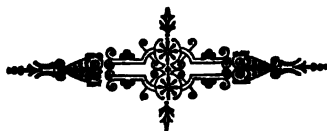
"I am decidedly in favour, as a general rule, of preserving a dignified neutrality in matters affecting foreign states ; nevertheless I would not carry out the principle of non-intervention to so great an extent as to prevent interference when ancient monuments, such as that of Dax, are threatened with destruction.

"Having thus touched, though but slightly, upon some of the principal topics which are now engrossing public attention, it remains only for me to thank those many kind friends who have so generously assisted me in the past, and to whose countenance and support I owe the proud position I have hitherto held, and which I once more seek at your hands. Should I be fortunate enough again to obtain your suffrages, it will be my constant desire and anxiety, by an unwearied attention to your interests, both general and local, to do my duty, and to render myself worthy of the confidence you repose in me.

"Trusting that the connection between us may be one of a long series of years in the future,

"I have the honour to remain, Gentlemen,

"Yours very faithfully, THE EDITOR."



## CHAPTER XXI.

LLEWELLYNN JEWITT VISITS HIS BIRTHPLACE.—HERBERT TRYs THE DERBY CHINA WORKS.—JOHN MOUNTFORD'S RECOLLECTIONS OF HIM.—BARROW-OPENING AT COLD EATON.—DEATH OF C. H. COOPER, F. W. FAIRHOLT, J. M. GRESLEY, AND LORD VERNON.—CHARLES DICKENS AND LORD VERNON.—WINSTER HALL.—"SWEET ARE THE DOMESTIC LOVES."—HERBERT GOES TO SEA IN THE "SHACKAMAXON."—DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE VISITS LLEWELLYNN JEWITT.—A MESSAGE FROM THE SEA.



AFTER a long gap in the diary, we have the following :

"September 7th, 1865.—Walked to Kimberworth, to see the house I was born in, and which I had never seen before. I left the house when I was a year old, so, of course, had never seen it to know it. Made a sketch of it." That sketch is now before me, and shows the birth-place as I have described it elsewhere in this volume.

"January 20th, 1866.—My dear boy Herbert's birthday—he is sixteen to-day.

"February 12th.—Took Herbert to the Derby China Works, to see about his going there to learn the trade. He seems to like the idea, and I hope we shall come to terms.

"March 12th.—Made an arrangement with Rev. Fletcher Allen for Llewellynn to go there to read up and be 'coached' for Oxford.

"April 2nd.—Llewellynn's birthday. He is eighteen to-day. How time flies! Herbert gone to-day for the first time to the Derby China Works, on trial to learn to be a potter. I hope he may like it.

"Poor Fairholt, Llewellynn's godfather, died to-day."

I may remark here as to Herbert that he tried potting for some weeks and did not like it. When the time shall come for the publication of my geological volume there will be found in that section of it which is entitled "The Constitutents of English Pottery," mention of John Mountford, who served his apprenticeship at Bloor's Old Derby China Works, and remained there until its close. He then came to Stoke, and was engaged as a figure-maker at the Works of the great potter Alderman William Taylor Copeland, and was the first to compound the porcelain body called "Parian" and "Statuary."

He afterwards returned to the Old Derby Works, or what remained of it, which was carried on by Sampson Hancock, and he is there still, a very aged man. A few days ago he called upon me in Stoke, and I asked him if he knew Herbert Jewitt. He replied that he remembered him very well, as they both worked together during the time of the trial. He speaks of him as a most amiable and lovable boy, who, while on his trial, was employed in making little china figures. Now to the diary again :

"April 7th.—Poor Fairholt buried at Brompton Cemetery.

"May 19th.—At the Hall all day. Llewellynn having entered the lists at Worcester College, Oxford, for a scholarship, is gone there to-day. He goes as the guest of my good old friend, Dr. Bosworth, D.D., the Professor of Anglo-Saxon. He started by the 10 15 train—twenty-two minutes late in starting.

"May 29th.—The 'Messiah' at last—a grand success. I was one of the stewards, and wore my blue ribband. At the banquet I had to return thanks for the Committee. Mr. Lucas, Miss Hewitt, Miss Tomlinson, Mr. Wilson of Wirksworth, and his sister, and Mr. Cherry, of Hanley, all here. We kept open house.

"July 19th.—This morning Lucas and I, and Carrington, went to Cold Eaton, to open a barrow on the Duke of Rutland's property, on Mr. Wild's farm."

The reader will, perhaps, be struck with the funniness of some of the names we meet with in these parts. There was that place called Glutton, where the farmers ate and drank so amazingly. On the contrary, there is another place called Little Eaton, suggesting very poor appetites. Then we have had Hungry Bentley; and now we have Cold Eaton, as if it were a nice cream to be eaten cold.

In the number of *The Reliquary* for July, 1866, Llewellynn Jewitt records mournfully the loss by death of four of his famous literary friends within the space of three months. They were Charles Henry Cooper, F.S.A., of Cambridge; Frederick William Fairholt, F.S.A.; the Rev. J. M. Gresley, M.A., of Exeter College, Oxford; and Lord Vernon, of Kinderton, in the county of Chester. The latter died at his seat, Sudbury Hall, near Derby. Llewellynn Jewitt's memoir of his noble friend is so very interesting that I must quote some bits. He says:

"Lord Vernon—descended from a long line of noble and illustrious ancestors, who, taking their name, Vernon, from their estates in Normandy, on which they founded monasteries, etc., came over with the Conqueror, and were ennobled as Lords of Shipbroke, and of Haddon, and of other places, and among them are reckoned men holding the highest offices in the realm, and with characters the most unimpeachable for nobleness, for patriotism, and for benevolence—was the fifth Baron Vernon, having succeeded his father, the fourth Baron, in 1835." Llewellynn Jewitt then gives the pedigree of Lord Vernon, showing his descent from Sir Thomas Vernon, brother to Sir

George Vernon, "the King of the Peak," of Haddon Hall, who was father of Dorothy Vernon. One of the Vernons was Edward, Archbishop of York, who by sign-manual assumed the name of Harcourt. Of this fifth Baron Vernon Llewellynn Jewitt says: "As a rifle shooter Lord Vernon took the highest possible rank, both at home and abroad; and it was matter of sincere gratification and pride to him to show the prizes he had won in the truly skilled contests in which he had taken part, in Switzerland and other countries. I remember the time when he showed me the prizes which he had carried off at matches in Switzerland and elsewhere, and the pleasure with which he spoke of the contests in which he had been engaged. Of these, the most notable were the Tirs Tecléalex, at Caire and Basle, which were held some time between the years 1840 and 1850. At the former meeting he won the first prize, and at Basle the second prize, on the latter occasion firing 6,700 shots within the week. It is worthy of notice that he competed for these prizes with the best shots from all parts of Switzerland."

It will be interesting to recall on this page Charles Dickens' testimony in favour of the marksmen against whom Lord Vernon had to contend. Dickens was writing to his friend John Forster, from Lausanne, October 11th, 1846, about the revolution at Geneva, which had just been accomplished, saying: "There was a great stir here on the day of the fight in Geneva. We heard the guns (they shook the house) all day; and seven hundred men marched out of this town of Lausanne, to go and help the radical party—arriving at Geneva just after it was all over. There is no doubt they had received secret help from here; for a powder barrel, found by some of the Genevese populace with 'Canton de Vaud' painted on it, was carried on a pole about the streets as a standard, to show that they were sympathized with by friends outside. It was a poor mean fight enough, I am told by Lord Vernon, who was present and who was with us last night. The Government was afraid; having no confidence whatever, I dare say, in its own soldiers; and the cannon were fired everywhere except at the opposite party, who (I mean the revolutionists) had barricaded a bridge with an omnibus only, and certainly in the beginning might have been turned with ease. The precision of the common men with the rifle was especially shown by a small party of *five*, who waited on the ramparts near one of the gates of the town, to turn a body of soldiery who were coming in to the Government's assistance. They picked out every officer and struck him down instantly, the moment the party appeared; there were three or four of them; upon which the soldiers gravely turned round and walked off. I dare say there are not fifty men in this place who wouldn't click your card off a target a hundred and fifty yards away at least. I have seen them, time after time, fire across a great ravine as wide as the ornamental ground in St. James' Park, and never miss the bull's-eye."

Llewellynn Jewitt, continuing, says of Lord Vernon: "At a great expense Lord Vernon formed a Rifle Range at Sudbury, which is believed to be the best constructed and most complete of any which



has yet been erected, his object being to show the advantage of the Swiss system of marking, which has been since adopted by the National Rifle Association at Wimbledon.

"In 1862, at the time when Lancashire was suffering so severely from the effects of the cotton famine, brought on by the disastrous, cruel, and suicidal American war, the nation was, it will be recollected, called upon to subscribe funds for the relief of the sufferers, and responded nobly to that call. Lord Vernon, ever alive to calls of humanity, and ever ready to lend a helping hand to those in need, was one of the first to subscribe, and at once entered his name for the liberal sum of five hundred pounds. . . . Later in the year, the mills being mostly closed, Lord Vernon's collieries at Poynton were stopped also, and the national subscription was administered by the Mansion House Committee. To this committee the Incumbent of Poynton applied for relief for the sufferers in his parish, which was afforded to some slight extent; but when Lord Vernon heard of the application, he wrote to say that he had determined, so long as his means would allow, to take upon himself the entire support of the distressed people there, and requested the committee to take back the money they had kindly sent, in order that it might be devoted to the relief of people in other distressed districts. His lordship however expressed a hope that if he found the burden too heavy for him, and the local committee should again be compelled to apply for relief, the committee would then bear the poor of Poynton in mind. To do this, and to carry out to the full extent his philanthropic determination, Lord Vernon left his magnificent seat of Sudbury Hall, and took up his residence in a small cottage in the village, in order that the whole of his funds might be devoted to the truly Christian purpose of feeding the hungry, and clothing the naked sufferers by that dire calamity.

"Well do I remember while at Sudbury Hall at that time, Lord Vernon telling me of the distress of the district around Stockport and Poynton, and of his determination to reside in the cottage, so as to alleviate, as far as in him lay, the sufferings of those from whose industry his income was mainly derived; and well do I remember that I looked upon the act then as I do now, as one of the noblest, most unselfish, and truly Christian-like which could be recorded, and himself as one of the most benevolent and philanthropic of individuals. This noble promise he faithfully kept, and there is no brighter instance of open-heartedness in the whole history of that dreadful time of famine and distress. In December, 1862, a public meeting was held in the Guild-hall, Derby, when Mr. Crompton, one of the most enlightened of the magistrates, brought the noble conduct of Lord Vernon before the meeting, and Mr. Barber, the Clerk of the Peace, said: 'That is the way to meet this dire distress, that is the noble example Lord Vernon has held up to these owners of property. That nobleman deserves a pedestal of gold, and to have his name handed down to distant posterity as the man who said, So long as I have the means, those who contributed to my fortune shall be assisted, relieved and

comforted by me, and by me alone. That is the example Lord Vernon has set, and a noble example it is.'

"As a classical scholar Lord Vernon ranked very high. He was a proficient in Italian, and in many other modern languages, and had published several volumes, connected with Dantesque literature, remarkable for their erudition and their good taste. His lordship also possessed a sound judgment on matters of antiquarian interest, and had himself conducted examinations and excavations into the ancient tombs of Greece, etc., with important results. An account of some antiquarian discoveries on his own estate at Sudbury, Derbyshire, was communicated to me, and his lordship's account of these discoveries appears in the pages of *The Reliquary* in July, 1863. Lord Vernon also contributed to its pages the Will of Alexander Selkirk—the Robinson Crusoe of Defoe, which appeared in the number for October, 1863. Other communications from his pen, including a paper on his discoveries in the Grecian tombs, and another on a curious metrical account of the Vernon family, were, through his failing health, obliged to be foregone. His lordship also commenced a 'History of the House of Vernon,' of which only one portion was printed, privately. This work, as far as it goes, is one of the most complete which has been attempted, and one which displays an immense amount of patient research." For all time to come the memory of this good Baron will be fresh and green—*Vernon semper virescit*, as a variation of *Ver non semper virescit*.

In his "Introduction" to the seventh volume of *The Reliquary*, the Editor says: "For my own part I point with, I am sure, quite excusable pride, to the past seven volumes—the magical number of seven of which we hear so much—as evidence of what may, by care and assiduous attention be done, and as an earnest of what in the future, by God's blessing, and with the continued help of my friends, may be accomplished. What the past has been, the future will, I trust, be, with the addition of such improvements as the lessons of the past may from time to time show to be needed."

There is a little more in the diary which still belongs to the life in Derby, but as it also belongs to a terrible sorrow which overtook Llewellynn Jewitt up at Winster Hall, to which he is about to remove, I will speak now of the new home, and of his strong domestic affections.

Had he continued to reside in a large town, instead of retiring to the quiet of Winster Hall, and of The Hollies, at Duffield, during the latter nineteen busy years of his life, the world would have inherited considerably less from his pen, pencil and graver, while the large town would have inherited, instead, many more evidences of his energetic benevolence. But although he spent so much time in his study at Winster, in which village there were no institutes, museums, and libraries to help and improve, he even there made his beneficent presence felt outside the Hall in many ways. He established there an annual flower show, which was held in the picturesque grounds of

Oddo, and was, year after year, a most brilliant and successful affair. He made it a great attraction by providing or suggesting various pretty auxiliaries and amusements, in addition to the grand floral and horticultural display, which was aided by the Duke of Devonshire from Chatsworth, and it always proved an enjoyable holiday, not only to the general inhabitants of Winster and neighbourhood, but to the members of the noblest families in Derbyshire, whose carriages crowded around Oddo on that day. The flower show was a considerable annual cost to its founder, but he loved it, and with his house crowded with happy guests he was himself the happiest of them all in promoting and witnessing their enjoyment.

It was during the early period of his residence there that he was overwhelmed by the greatest sorrow of his life up to that time, and the greatest but one to the day of his death. When he went up there to the High Peak he had three sons and four daughters—seven spared out of fifteen born to him. He was most happy in his children, as his father before him had been, and, as a matter of course, was as affectionate a father as husband. The following poem of his is a reflection of his domestic happiness at this time, although the infant climbing its father's knee was his last and fifteenth child. His group then included all the domestic loves which he here describes.

Reader, again I ask you not to skip the verses. If the following lines be not stately, they are sweetly homely, and tenderly express the heart and home joys of the author of "The Stately Homes of England" from the first day of his courtship to his early days at Winster,—home joys so soon to be overwhelmed in terrible sorrow :

"SWEET ARE THE DOMESTIC LOVES.

"How sweet the infant's early love  
 As smiling joyously  
 It looks up in its father's face  
 Or climbs upon his knee.  
 How sweet its voice, as word for word,  
 It prays its mother's prayer,  
 And hears of heaven from angel-lips  
 And feels that it is there.  
 How sweet its calm when tender words  
 Have stopp'd its cries and tears,  
 And pressing to its mother's breast  
 It buries there its fears.  
 Her healing words its clouds dispel,  
 And as its tears cease flowing,  
 Its pretty eyes light up with smiles  
 Like dew with sunbeams glowing.  
 How sweet the maiden's thrill of love  
 When first that thrill she feels ;  
 How sweet the timid blush which first  
 The new-sprung love reveals.  
 And, oh, that trustful loving look  
 Meeting the lover's gaze !  
 It warms his heart with joy, like earth  
 Warm'd with the solar rays.  
 How sweet that joyous tumult is,  
 Of hope and wish and thought,

In dream of day and dream of night  
Which that first love has wrought.  
With light divine it fills the soul,  
With warmth divine it warms,  
And all within and all without,  
With a new charm it charms.

Sweet is the mother's yearning love  
For her babe in its helplessness,  
And sweet is the joy of her bosom when  
She receives its first caress.  
Sweet is the thrill of joy she feels  
At its first attempt to talk,  
And joy beams from her gladdened eye  
At its first attempt to walk.  
With loving care and loving pride  
Its tottering steps she tends,  
While the little one looks up and clings  
To the guiding hand she lends.  
No sweeter, holier, purer love  
In human heart can glow ;  
No sweeter, holier, purer joy  
Than hers, the heart can know.

Sweet is that love a sister bears  
To brother fondly dear,  
Which, never changing with his lot,  
Clings to him everywhere.  
Unselfish, pure as winter's snow,  
Unchanging as the sun,  
She clings to him and he to her,  
And they live on as one.  
Sweet is the wife's undying love—  
The pledge for life she gives  
Of never failing faithfulness  
For ever while she lives.  
Sweet is her gentle, loving care  
Her husband's cares to ease,  
Her strivings for his happiness,  
Her endless schemes to please.

Yet sweeter still than each alone  
Are all these loves combined—  
The whole dear group, each loving each,  
All in each heart enshrined.  
'Tis sweet to know that in this life,  
When overwhelm'd with sorrow,  
Such hearts surround us, promising  
Return of joy to-morrow.  
Sweetest of all earthly joys—  
Sweet as the balmy breath  
Of Guardian Angel's loving voice  
Hailing a joyous death—  
So are these sweet loves of home,  
The love of father and of mother,  
Of wife and husband, son and daughter,  
And of sister and of brother."

Here is another avowal of his domestic happiness, included in the dedication of one of his books, printed while he lived in Derby: "In affectionate remembrance of a father, whose literary talents I have striven to emulate ; of a mother, whose goodness and virtues I

have vainly endeavoured to imitate (whose lives are of the past); as a token of love to a wife, worthy a higher and better tribute than I can ever hope to offer; to children whose love and dutiful affection are my greatest solace; and to those ever dear friends, whose loving kindness and sympathy have lightened many a sorrow and weariness, and cast bright rays of sunshine across my chequered path of life, these pages are, in all sincerity and love, affectionately inscribed."

Llewellynn Jewitt's eldest surviving son when he went to Winster—Llewellynn Frederick William, named after himself and his friend, Fairholt—inherited the literary genius of the family, and was, as we have seen, preparing to enter the Church. He was, although so young, the translator and editor of the "Agesilaus" of Xenophon, for "Weale's Educational Series," and a popular writer in *London Society*, and other serials, under the *nom-de-plume* of "A Raven's Feather," etc. The second surviving son, whose name was Isaac Herbert Sheldon, inherited Master Robert Juet's love for the sea, and became, like his great ancestor, a ship's officer. The third was a young boy, Edwin Augustus George, about nine years old. It is of the sailor son that I would now speak, and to shew the father's tender love for him—only a sample of his love for each of his children—I will make a further series of brief quotations from his diaries of 1866 to 1870, interesting passages referring chiefly to the sailor boy, but also to other matters in passing, and so lead up to the great sorrow to which I have alluded.

It so often happens that those brave and generous souls which in their boyhood hanker to go soldiering, and especially sailing, possess qualities of amiability which render them emphatically the beloved sons and brothers of the domestic circle, and the most reluctantly spared from it. It was perhaps so with Herbert Jewitt. He longed for the sea, but could not be spared. So he ran away a time or two, when his anxious father was rapidly upon his track, and gently and lovingly led him back to the fold. His father tried to coax him to become a potter; and even arranged, as we have seen, for his apprenticeship at the Old Crown Works, at Derby, to learn the whole art of potting. But the "on trial" period proved enough. Then he was allowed to amuse himself as he pleased, in fishing from morning till night, and in making rounds of visits to pleasant friends, in the pleasant places of Derbyshire. One favourite visiting place, as we have also seen from the diary, was Bentley Hall, Middleton, near Rowsley, the residence of John F. Lucas, who so frequently co-operated with Llewellynn Jewitt in the opening of grave mounds after the death of Thomas Bateman. But it was found that nothing could subdue the roving impulse of young Herbert, and after repeated proofs that he could never be induced to settle down at home, we find this entry in the diary, while they were still living in Derby:

"August 18th, 1866.—Herbert, I this morning heard, was to be sworn in, having enlisted in the 51st Foot. I, however, luckily prevented it, and, after a dreadful scene, have dismissed the sergeant,

and have kept Herbert under my eye all day. We have agreed that he shall go into the merchant service at once.

"August 20th.—This morning by the nine o'clock train, Betsy and I and Herbert went to Liverpool, to arrange for him to go to sea, as he has quite made up his mind to it.

"August 22nd.—We have agreed to apprentice Herbert for four years to Messrs. Joseph Heap and Sons. He is to be taught everything so as to be able to take command of a vessel. We have made a very satisfactory arrangement for him."

In passing, I quote the following particulars of Llewellynn Jewitt's leadership of members of the British Association at this time, in a happily-arranged tour through Derbyshire scenes of great interest and loveliness. I commend the same to readers to be followed exactly. And pleasant indeed will be the outing if it terminate at the residence of the hospitable Sir Joseph Whitworth, as this did.

"August 30th.—British Association's Excursion into Derbyshire. I took charge of the Stancliffe Hall party of one hundred. I had seventeen carriages to meet the party at Darley Dale Station. Took them by Wensley and Winster to Robin Hood's Stride and Cratcliffe Rocks. Then to Rooter Rocks and Birchover, and so by Rowsley to Stancliffe Hall, to luncheon at Mr. Whitworth's. On Robin Hood's Stride I made a speech. At Mr. Whitworth's my health and thanks were proposed by the great Mr. Glashier, and I made a speech in reply. Sir John Bowring and all the swells were of my party.

"September 8th.—Went with Herbert and Mamina to Liverpool to Mr. Heap's. Found the 'Antiope' was not ready, but he could join her at Glasgow. Arranged to go to Glasgow by the four p.m. train. Went to Heap's at two. Had Herbert bound. Arranged for him to go by the 'Shackamaxon,' Capt. Watson, which is to sail in a few days. Went on board the ship to look at her. She is a very fine ship. Spent a long time with the mate, Mr. Black, etc., etc.

"September 10th.—Went to the 'Shackamaxon' at 9 30, to see Capt. Watson. Very much pleased with him. Staid on board a long time, etc.

"September 12th.—Returned home.

"September 14th.—Telegraphic message from Herbert that he must go on board to-morrow. Started for Liverpool by the 1 20 train.

"September 15th.—Got the outfit and took Herbert on board. Found the vessel could not sail to-day.

"September 16th.—Went on board with Herbert. A wet day. Staid with him till the ship came out of dock and was anchored in the Mersey. Came on shore in the tug with Capt. Watson.

"September 17th.—Sent a letter to Herbert by Capt. Watson. Staid on Prince's Landing Stage all day to see if the vessel sailed, but it did not. At half-past five Capt. Watson came on shore to order the tug for daybreak.

"September 18th.—This morning, soon after three o'clock, went to see Herbert's vessel sail. Saw her go down the river, and watched her till she was out of sight, by the Lighthouse. May God bless him, and grant him a safe and happy and speedy return home. I came home by the train leaving Liverpool at 1 15.

"October 11th.—The Duke of Devonshire at our house for three hours. He and Mr. Barber had luncheon with us. Shewed him my Derbyshire collections.

"October 13th.—Llewellynn came home this afternoon for the first time since his appointment at Coleshill. It seemed like old times to see him in the house again. It only wants dear Herbert to make all happy again.

"October 14th.—Llewellynn has gone back this morning to Coleshill, and has taken Ted with him to stay for a week. The house *does* seem odd without any of the boys in it. They are *all* gone now.

"November 8th.—Dr. Pears, of Repton, wrote to ask me to go to Repton, to see some tiles recently dug up, and other remains.

"November 10th.—Dr. Pears came to see me to talk about the discoveries at Repton, which are most probably tile kilns." A good number of these tiles were presented to Llewellynn Jewitt, who illustrated and described them in *The Reliquary*. They are now in my collection. The following is written large and in red ink, the only instance of the use of red ink in the diary.

"November 28th.—*Had a letter from our dear Herbert this morning, dated October 30th, and sent on to Liverpool by a ship. Thank God for this letter—this 'message from the sea.'*

"December 25th.—My Wedding Day. We have been married twenty-eight years to-day. So we have served four apprenticeships!!



## CHAPTER XXII.

LLEWELLYNN JEWITT AND "FLINT JACK."—JACK'S FLINT ARROW AND SPEAR-HEADS.—HIS ANCIENT BRITISH URNS.—HIS ROMAN BREAST-PLATE.—HIS ROMAN INSCRIBED MILE-STONE AND OTHER STONES.—BILL STUMPS.—CHARLES DICKENS, LORD LONDESBOROUGH, AND ROACH SMITH.—A FLINT COMB.—A WONDERFUL RING.—JACK GOES INTO PARTNERSHIP WITH A JEW.—DISSOLVES IT AND GOES TO LONDON.—TAKES THEM IN AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM.—FILLS THE LONDON MARKET WITH HIS ANTIQUITIES, AND DEPARTS FOR THE PROVINCES.—HE FORGES FOSSILS.—HE RETURNS TO LONDON AND IS EMPLOYED BY PROFESSOR TENNANT IN THE STRAND, TO WHOM HE CONFESSES HIS FRAUDS.—HIS PUBLIC APPEARANCE BEFORE THE GEOLOGISTS' ASSOCIATION.—HIS OCCUPATION GONE.—LLEWELLYNN JEWITT'S GENEROUS APPEAL ON HIS BEHALF.



TO further illustrate the goodness of heart and true Christian character of Llewellynn Jewitt, I purpose to say a few words here about "Flint Jack," whom he actually at one time had up at Winster Hall, and tried to reform by counsel and kindness. But there being no new truths as to the beauty and profitableness of honesty to be opened up to the mind of this man—even by the eloquence and earnestness of Llewellynn Jewitt, he being a confirmed rogue by nature and by choice, and not through ignorance—all the good counsel and kindness of course missed their mark. In 1867, while "Flint Jack" was yet undergoing a sentence of imprisonment in Bedford Goal, his benefactor wrote an appeal on his behalf in *The Reliquary*, to raise funds from the very people whom this archæological cheat had swindled; hoping thereby to keep him from future temptation after his term had expired. He wrote:

"Of this individual, who in his time has caused some little noise in the world of antiquities and geology, I purpose saying a few words. My reasons are two-fold; first, because as the very prince of fabricators of antiques—flints of every form—celts, stone hammers, ancient pottery, inscribed stones, fibulæ, querns, armour, and every conceivable thing—whose productions have taken in the most learned, and are to be found in the cabinets of collectors everywhere, his memoir, and a record of his doings, ought to find a place in these pages; and



secondly, because I should wish through this appeal to raise for him some little help against the time of his liberation, so as at all events for a time to keep him out of temptation and trouble."

It appears that "Flint Jack's" correct name was Edward Simpson, whose *aliases* were Edward Jackson, Jerry Taylor, and John Wilson, and whose other nicknames besides "Flint Jack," were "Fossil Willy," "Cockney Bill," "Bones," "Shirtless," "Snake Billy," and the "Old Antiquarian." He was born near Whitby, about 1815, although Derry, Carlisle and London, have also been claimed as the places of his birth. It appears that he really had a love for archæology and geology, although he became the arch-swindler in connection with those sciences. His tastes were developed by his Whitby masters—first Dr. Young, the historian and geologist, and afterwards Dr. Ripley. As the servant of these scientists, and sympathetic in their work, he accompanied them in their rambles, and when his last master died and he was thrown out of a situation, he turned his attention to collecting fossils and disposing of them to dealers and others along that coast.

One day in 1843, the tempter appeared in the form of a Whitby dealer in curiosities, who shewed Jack a flint barbed arrow-head and suggested to him to try to make one like it. He tried, and succeeded; and there became two developed rogues instead of one. After this Edward Simpson made it his chief occupation to make flint arrow and spear heads of every possible form, and he sold them readily as antiques, not only to young amateurs, but to experienced old antiquaries.

After this he turned his attention to another class of antiquities, and starting for himself a small secret pot-works, he turned out a quantity of remarkable and most interesting Ancient British Urns! These he readily and very profitably sold, declaring that he had taken them by stealth from the Yorkshire tumuli, which he called *toomoloo*. His "pot-works" at first was simply a solitary open spot on the cliff, where he formed his urns in the Bridlington clay by thumb and finger, without moulds or wheel, and scratched the rude ornamentation upon them, as the earliest savage potter had done; and—like the same first potter—after thoroughly drying them in the sun, he baked them in a great bonfire of dry grass, roots, and brambles. Finding, however, that the clay-cliff of Bridlington Bay was too open for his trade, which proved too profitable to be endangered by discovery, he removed his business to the solitary woody neighbourhood of Stainton Dale, between Whitby and Scarborough, where he erected himself a hut, and would sometimes remain there at his secret manufacture for a week at a time.

In 1846 "Flint Jack" thought he would extend his market, and paid a visit to Malton, with a stock of his antiquities, where he was much annoyed to find already settled a rival manufacturer of Ancient British Urns in the person of a barber, who doubly shaved his customers. The trade in urns being flat he sold some flints, and immediately added a new branch to his business. Walking out near

Pickering with his eyes wide open, and his wicked wits about him, he came upon an old rusty tea-tray. At first he thought "Roman Shield!" and set to work. But the "boss" he couldn't manage, so the thing became a Roman breastplate instead. He not only changed the old tea-tray into an old Roman well-fitting breastplate, but himself into an old Roman, and walked into Malton wearing it under his coat. He had done the thing so ingeniously that he actually sold it—sold it and his antiquarian customer at the same time—as an ancient piece of armour found near the encampments at Cawthorne. It is still preserved at Scarborough, as a relic of Jack's knavery and ingenuity, and I think I ought also to add, the simplicity of his dupe, although a most estimable gentleman.

Jack's next creation was an ancient Roman mile-stone, which he inscribed, buried in a field, dug up, and wheeled in a barrow to Scarborough, and sold to a rejoicing customer.

He next undertook the manufacture of ancient Roman inscribed stones of a more mystic character than mile-stones, including seals. This is his account of the discovery of one of these relics, which afterwards, like the Pickwickian "find," puzzled the heads of learned antiquaries for some time, and gave rise to theories. He was passing the railway gate-house, he said, in the Pickering Marshes, when he went to the stream to drink, and in so doing noticed a dark stone at the bottom, which he lifted out, and found letters on it. He said he was advised at the Old Malton public-house to take it to Mr. Copperthwaite, which he did, and obtained a reward. The *Malton Messenger*, which gave a sketch of the career of "Flint Jack," referring to this stone, says: "The stone, which is now in the collection of Capt. Copperthwaite, of the Lodge, Malton, bore the inscription 'IMP CONSTAN EBVR' round the Christian symbol; it was wet, dirty and heavy, and seemed to be a curiosity. Jack being then little known, no suspicion of a forgery was entertained. In course of time this stone was submitted to Mr. Roach Smith, Mr. Newton, of the British Museum, and other antiquaries, but no conclusion could be arrived at respecting it, the form of it suggesting most, if anything, the ornate top of the shaft of a banner. But the ability of the Romans to work metal so well, made it unlikely that they should use so rude an ornament of stone for such a purpose, and that theory was rejected. The article still remained a puzzle, and is now regarded as a curiosity. Its parentage was afterwards discovered, and it is needless to say it proved to be the handiwork of 'Flint Jack.'"

Now does not this remind one strongly of the story of the stone made famous by Bill Stumps, so far as the puzzling of the antiquaries is concerned? Had not "Flint Jack" commenced his career of archæological roguery subsequently to the creation of Pickwick, we should have reasonably supposed that this Malton fraud had suggested to Dickens his Cobham sarcasm. Surely there must have been some earlier "Flint Jack" at work, to the knowledge of Dickens, inspiring him with his contempt for the gullibility of antiquaries, and his distrust of the genuineness of their collections. I am reminded of

an instance when Charles Dickens was even contemptuously rude to the greatest antiquaries of his day. Roach Smith once suggested to his friend Lord Londesborough that a card of invitation should be sent to Charles Dickens to be present at one of his Lordship's brilliant and intensely interesting antiquarian soirées. Lord Londesborough smiled, and said, he would not come. "Did you never hear? We were once the greatest of friends. But you can send a card. He'll not come." Roach Smith sent the card, and Charles Dickens did not come; nor did he acknowledge the invitation.

To return to Jack; he after this manufactured an ancient flint comb, which I believe is now in the Council Room at the York Museum. This also puzzled the antiquaries, as it had never been known that such an article in such a material had ever belonged to the toilet of the Stone Age. Had they not bone, and horn, and shells, and sharp flint knives with which to work these more suitable materials? The purchaser of this curious antique submitted it to Thomas Bateman, Llewellynn Jewitt's friend, and he decided that its most likely use had been to tattoo our ancient ancestors.

Another of Jack's specialities of specialities was a wonderful ring. Having brought himself under the notice of Dr. Henry Porter, of Peterborough—for he had now become quite an itinerant—he was sometimes employed by that gentleman to accompany and assist him in his fossil collecting. Jack having exhibited his ingenuity in some honest instances, the Doctor handed him a favourite piece of fossil wood to cut into the form of a seal. And of part of this wood he also made a ring, by removing the annular interior from the annular exterior; and this ring he furnished with a signet, of what material I know not, but probably it was stone. On this signet he engraved the name "INGVLFVS," and this was his story of its origin: A digger had found the signet in the soil of the churchyard of Croyland Abbey, and sold it for a trifle to a dealer in Peterborough, in whose shop it had remained for many years. Jack, in looking there for something else, saw it, and hearing its history, at once recognised it as part of the signet-ring of Ingulfus, who presided over the monks of Croyland about 1272. Here was a precious piece of antiquity, now happily mounted on the still more ancient piece of fossil wood, an intensely interesting combination. The Doctor was charmed: Jack was rewarded: but within a month he had to bolt from Peterborough.

He went thence to Huntingdon, Cambridge, Brandon, Newmarket, Norwich, Yarmouth, Thetford, Ipswich and other places, enriching museums and private collections with his various antiques, until he came to Colchester. At this place he came in contact with a kindred spirit—just the man he needed. Unfortunately for the honour of Israel, this kindred spirit happened to be a Jew—a merchant anxious to go into partnership with just such a manufacturer as Jack. Here Jack and the Jew worked harmoniously together for some time, during which Colchester gave evidence of its own extreme antiquity by its marvellous yields of antiques, which the Jew disposed of to the London dealers. After awhile, when Jack got to know the markets

where his manufactures were disposed of, he failed to see any need for the partnership, and forsook the companionship of the Israelite, trading at Chelmsford on his way to London. There he carried on a considerable trade, especially in flints and celts, chiefly with the dealers in antiques and all sorts of curiosities, who had no notion that they were spurious. One of his customers was Mr. Tennant, in the Strand. He also did business with the museums. On being asked, later on, after the discovery of his frauds, "Did you take them in at the British Museum?" he replied—"Why, *of course*, I did! They have lots of my things; and good things they are, too."

His industry had been so great, however, the stock of flint being so handy at the Woolwich chalk cliff, that at length, in about twelve months, even vast London seemed to have enough of flints and celts in its museums and the shops of its dealers, and Jack thought it prudent to leave that market to right itself, lest the greatness of the supply should not only cheapen it, but arouse suspicion of its source, and spoil his future prospects. He therefore departed from London this time undetected, travelling through Ware, Hertford, Bedford, Northampton, Market Harbro, Leicester, Nottingham, Claycross, Chesterfield, and Sheffield. By the time he reached Sheffield his flints were exhausted, and he had no material to make more, and he had to pass through that town without trading, and therefore with a sad heart. From there he went by Wakefield and Tadcaster to York. At that city he made an arrangement to collect fossils and shells for the Museum, and continued so employed for about a year.

The year 1849 he spent in collecting fossils, visiting Staithes, Guisbro', Redcar, Stockton, Hartlepool, Darlington, and Richmond, at which latter place he got to know Mr. Wood, the geologist, and remained there all the winter collecting and cleaning fossils.

In 1850 he travelled again, visiting Barnard Castle, Kirkby-Stanton, Kendal, Ambleside, Keswick, Cockermouth, Whitehaven, Workington, Maryport, and Carlisle. Thence he went to Wigton, Austin-Moles, Haltwhistle, and Hexham, where he halted to examine Hadrian's Wall. Here he found several Roman votive altars in the old wall, around about—altars with which Jack had had nothing to do—frequently built into the walls of stables and piggeries. These Jack must have looked upon as a great waste of good and profitable things. When he reached Newcastle he disposed of all his stock of fossils at the Museum. During all this time Jack had been without material for making arrow and spear heads, and was compelled to do an honest trade in fossils. But walking to North Shields he went down to the beach, and there to his joy found some boulders of flint among the shingle. On the spot he set to work at once to produce a stock of arrow and spear heads and celts, and made Durham his market, seeking out persons "who took an interest in antiquities." Thence he went to Northallerton and Broughton, scattering his handiwork; then by way of Thirsk, Easingwold, Helmsley, Kirby and Pickering, to Scarborough. There replenishing his stock, he went into Westmoreland and "did" a fair trade, and also a banker and a barber and

a museum curator among others. At the Lakes he took to carving antiquities in wood, as well as seals, rings, and beads, in various materials, including jet and amber.

In 1851 he went to Ireland, doing business on the road at York, Leeds, Manchester, and Liverpool. This year he did well—that is to say, he did much ill in selling falsehood as truth.

In 1852 he was more honestly employed in collecting fossils for geologists in Scarborough and Whitby, and later on set out again for London, stopping a long time at Bottesford on the way, collecting and disposing of fossils from the lias at that place. During his stay in London he was much employed by Mr. Tennant, of the Strand, in collecting fossils and other geological specimens, chiefly from the ballasts of ships and the various stoneyards.

In 1854 he went from London into Wiltshire and visited Stonehenge, Abury, and other places, doing business at Salisbury, Marlborough, and Devizes, and ever ready with a plausible tale to account for his possession of the antiquities. Thence he went to Bath, Bristol, Taunton, Lyme Regis, and other places thereabout. I mention so many of the places visited by "Flint Jack" as a hint that in all probability his handiwork may be found at least in *their* local collections to this day. At Lyme he did considerable business. Thence he went to Bridport, Weymouth, Blandford, Poole, and Southampton, and back to Salisbury and Winchester. Thence he went by Reading to Oxford, Banbury, Dunchurch, Stratford-on-Avon, Warwick, Leamington, Coventry, Birmingham, Lichfield, Burton, Derby, Matlock, Buxton, and Castleton, and thence to Sheffield. It will be remembered that his previous passage through Sheffield was with a heavy heart, because he had nothing ready to palm off there, having already disposed of all his antiquities and having no material within reach wherewith to make more. This time he did business with the curator of the Museum, and others. Thence he proceeded to "Black Barnsley," Wakefield and York, calling at Malton, and swindling the proprietor of the *Malton Messenger* with a collection. His word-picture was subsequently well drawn in the columns of that paper. From Malton Jack went to the coast for a fresh supply of material, and spent the winter trading in the Yorkshire towns.

Llewellynn Jewitt declares that several urns, flints, and other antiquities of Jack's make, found their way into the splendid Museum of his friend Thomas Bateman, of Lomberdale House, Derbyshire. These were purchased by Thomas Bateman as yields of the Yorkshire tumuli, from James Ruddock, of Pickering, and afterwards of Whitby, who obtained them from "Flint Jack." The researches of James Ruddock into the Yorkshire mounds are recorded in Bateman's "Ten Years' Diggings."

Jack next favoured Scotland with his presence, and I have seen some clever work of his which he sold there, deemed by the present proprietor to this day to be genuine specimens. He then again made a very profitable journey into Cumberland, visiting Houghton-le-Spring,

Durham, Barnard Castle, Brough, Lancaster, Morecambe Bay, Ulverstone, Bootle, Ravenglass, and Whitehaven. From Whitehaven he walked to Carlisle in one day, and thence to Longtown, Haltwhistle, Hexham, Newcastle, Durham, Darlington, Richmond, Leyburn, Kettlewell, Harrogate, and Leeds. On this journey he sold so many flint weapons that he might have been a veritable Ancient British artificer of the Stone Age disposing of them to the wild warriors for actual warfare against man or beast. And the probability is that every fragment of his work is still cherished in some collection or other as genuine savage workmanship. This ingenious rogue had now even taken to forging fossils when the demand was great and the supply limited.

From Leeds he went to Selby and Hull, thence to Grimsby, Louth, Boston, Spalding, and Lynn, "selling flints and lias fossils all the way." Thence to Yarmouth, Norwich, and Ipswich, and intermediate places. He says that some of his old customers in these and intermediate places were glad to see him with his fresh stores of antiquities, and jokingly and laughingly remarked that *surely he must make them*. "Many a true word," observed Jack to Llewellynn Jewitt, "is said in a joke ; they little knew they had hit the right nail."

In 1861 "Flint Jack" again went to London and sought the employment of Mr. Tennant in the Strand. By this time the rumour was abroad among the London antiquaries that Jack was the fabricator of the flints which he vended, and Mr. Tennant charged him with the fraud which he at once confessed. The geologist was more surprised and amused than angry at the discovery, and proposed to Jack that he might in future make money by openly exhibiting his skill in the manufacture of flint weapons at meetings of the Geological and other Societies, at which he would introduce him. This was readily agreed to with the following result quoted by Llewellynn Jewitt from the *People's Magazine* :

"On the 6th of January, 1862, a considerable gathering of geologists and their friends took place at the rooms in Cavendish Square, in which at that time the meeting of the Geologists' Association was held, under the presidency of Professor Tennant. Two popular subjects were announced for the evening's consideration ; the one being on 'Lime and Lime-stones,' by the President ; the other on 'The Ancient Flint Implements of Yorkshire, and the Modern Fabrication of similar specimens,' by the Rev. Thomas Wiltshire, the Vice-President.

"These announcements attracted a full attendance of members, and of their wives and daughters. The ladies rapidly filled the upper portion of the lecture-room nearest the platform ; but courteously left the foremost row of seats to be occupied by the friends of the President and the Committee. It soon became evident that it was to be a crowded meeting, and as the back seats gradually filled, many a wistful glance was cast at those reserved seats ; yet by common consent they were left vacant. Presently, however, an individual made his way through the crowd, whose strange appearance drew all eyes

towards him, and whose effrontery in advancing to the foremost seats, and coolly sitting down in one of them, was greeted by a suppressed titter on the part of the ladies. He was a weather-beaten man of about forty-five years of age, and he came in dirty tattered clothes, and heavy navvy's boots, to take precedence of the whole assemblage: it was natural, therefore, that the time spent in waiting for the President's appearance should be occupied in taking an inventory of his curious costume and effects.

"He wore a dark cloth coat, hanging in not unpicturesque rags about the elbows; it was buttoned over a cotton shirt which might once have been white, but which had degenerated to a yellow brown. About his neck was a fragment of a blue cotton handkerchief; his skin was of a gipsy brown, his hair hung in lank black locks about a forehead and face that were not altogether unprepossessing, except for the furtive and cunning glances which he occasionally cast around him from eyes that did not correspond with each other in size and expression. His corduroys, which were in a sorry condition, had been turned up; and their owner had evidently travelled through heavy clay, the dried remains of which bedaubed his boots. Altogether he was a puzzling object to the ladies; he had not the robust health or the cleanliness of a railway navvy; he differed from all known species of a London working man; he could scarcely be an ordinary beggar 'on the tramp,' for by what means could such an individual have gained admittance to a lecture-room in Cavendish Square? Yet this last character was the one best represented by the general appearance of the man, who carried an old greasy hat in one hand, and in the other a small bundle tied up in a dingy red cotton handkerchief. The most amazing part was the comfortable assurance with which he took his seat, unchallenged by any of the officials, and the way in which he made himself at home by depositing on the floor, on one side his hat, on the other side his little red bundle, and then set to work to study the diagrams and specimens which were displayed on the platform.

"At length the President, Vice-President, and Committee entered the room, and the business of the evening commenced. Many glances were cast at the stranger by the members of the Committee, but no one seemed astonished or annoyed at his presence; and, in fact, he was allowed to retain the prominent position which he had chosen for himself. He listened attentively to the President's lecture, and to the discussion which followed; but his countenance betrayed a keener interest when the second paper of the evening, that on Yorkshire Flint Implements, was read. And here the mystery of the stranger was suddenly revealed, for in the course of his remarks on the clever fabrications of modern times, by which these ancient flint instruments were successfully copied, the Vice-President stated that through the efforts of Professor Tennant a person was in attendance who, with the aid of only a small piece of iron rod, bent at the end, would, with remarkable dexterity, produce almost any form of flint weapon desired. He then desired the stranger to mount the platform, and

the man, taking up his hat and bundle, seated himself in a conspicuous position, and prepared to exhibit his skill. He undid the knots of his red handkerchief, which proved to be full of fragments of flint. He turned them over, and selected a small piece, which he held sometimes on his knee, sometimes in the palm of his hand, and gave it a few careless blows with what looked like a crooked nail. In a few minutes he had produced a small arrow-head, which he handed to a gentleman near, and went on fabricating another, with a facility and rapidity which proved long practice. Soon a crowd had collected round the forger, while his fragments of flint were fast converted into different varieties of arrow-heads, and exchanged for sixpences among the audience. This was the first appearance before the public, in London, of the celebrated 'Flint Jack.' It should be borne in mind that Jack's method of working was not a revival of a lost art, but a new art of his own, for the ancient artificer of flint weapons had no iron rod for a tool.

The next year—1863—Jack again visited Salisbury, but his fame as a forger had preceded him, and he did very little business until the honorary curator of the Museum, Mr. Stevens, gave him an order for a complete set of flints, for exhibition as Jack's own work, and not as originals, and these were placed in the Salisbury Museum, with a photograph and brief memoir of "Flint Jack," as a caution to collectors.

"Since that time," wrote Llewellynn Jewitt in 1867, "Edward Simpson has been wandering about—his occupation gone—picking up a livelihood as best he can, by gathering and selling fossils and 'curiosities' of any kind that came in his way, by occasionally making and selling a flint or two, or a stone hammer, or a seal, or by begging. One of his besetting sins, intemperance, has, it is to be feared, obtained more mastery than ever over him, and so he has gone on sinking step by step lower, until want and drunkenness have at last tempted him to commit theft, and brought him within the pale of the law.

"Some two years ago he called upon me four or five times, in a state of the most abject poverty, seeking relief, which, of course, it is needless to say, he got. Since that time I have not seen the man, but have learned from various quarters that he has been asking alms and offering examples of his skill for sale to many of my antiquarian friends.

"To Edward Simpson's credit, I am glad to be able to repeat what I have before stated, that he never attempted to deceive me by passing off his own work as genuine. He was always open and candid with me, and all the specimens of his skill which I possess, have been sold to me by him as fabrications. There is much good in the man—scamp though he is—and he never forgets a kindness. He has made more dupes than any other forger of antiquities has ever done, but antiquaries owe him a debt of gratitude for opening their eyes to deception, and for showing them how a lost art may be restored.



"Edward Simpson—'Flint Jack,' if my readers prefer it—is now, as I have said, confined in Bedford Gaol for two small thefts, committed while in a state of intoxication, and for which—happily for him—he was sentenced to a year's imprisonment, so as to afford him a chance of reformation. He was, it seems, making his way to London, and got as far as Northampton, where he obtained some work in collecting fossils. From thence he wandered on to Bedford, where he arrived in a miserable and starving condition, and utterly prostrated with cold and want. Here he met with kind friends, who gave him clothing and money to see him on his way, but the temptation to drink was too strong for him, and he gave way, and then committed theft.

"His time will 'be up' in March next, and I close this notice of this truly remarkable, clever, intelligent, and talented wanderer, by an earnest appeal to my antiquarian brethren, and to geologists and others, to do something for him against his time of liberation comes. The man is a scamp, no doubt, but even scamps must not be allowed to perish for want of help. He has duped hundreds of people—cheated them with their eyes open, and with all their faculties and their experience about them—but that is no reason why, after he has been made the 'plaything of an hour' at London scientific meetings, to amuse and to instruct learned professors and their wives and daughters, he should be left at last to battle with the world late in life, and to be turned adrift from gaol homeless, houseless, friendless and penniless. The man possesses more real practical antiquarian knowledge than many of the leading antiquarian writers of the day; and he is a good geologist and paleontologist. Is it meet, then, that he should be allowed to starve, when a few mites from those whom he may have duped, but whom, at all events, he has ultimately benefitted by his open disclosures, and by his indomitable skill, would materially assist him, and perhaps turn his talents into a better and an honourable channel?

"I may add that I shall most gladly take charge of any contributions in his aid which may be forwarded, and, through the hands of Mr. Roberts, the Governor of Bedford Gaol, hand them over to 'Flint Jack' in such manner and under such arrangements as seem most judicious. I hope this appeal may not be made in vain, but that, on the contrary, I may have the pleasure of receiving many sums—small or great—for his use.

"Winster Hall, near Matlock Bath."

In his Introduction to the eighth volume of *The Reliquary*, the Editor says: "Nine years ago, when I first projected *The Reliquary*, I announced my intention of making it 'not only a serial of local interest, but one which shall be of real value and service to the general historian, the archæologist, the biographer, the genealogist, the artist, and to the topographer, and to men of science and letters in every walk of life; and shall at the same time afford entertainment and instruction to every class of readers.' I took Derbyshire, for many

cogent reasons, as my centre, and through it determined upon illustrating as far as might be, the kingdom at large—I considered that county to be in fact but like a stone thrown into the water, and so to become at once the centre and the cause of constantly increasing and expanding circles. As time has gone on those circles *have*, year by year and month by month, been increasing, until now at the close of my *eighth* volume, I find them touching the banks—the very confines of the kingdom—on every side, and embracing within their radius every county, and every nook and corner in our land. Derbyshire was, as I have said, the original groundwork of my design, but as time has gone on, and my plans have become more and more developed, the articles have illustrated every county in the kingdom, and thus my aim ultimately to make *The Reliquary* the leading Archæological Journal of the day, has been to a large and satisfactory extent carried out; and it is with no little pride and satisfaction that I point to the eight volumes now completed, as evidence of the faith with which I have kept my promises in the past, and as earnest of what I trust in the future to do.

“Since the completion of my last volume the *Gentleman's Magazine*—the oldest and most venerable of journals, and for an almost incredible time the only antiquarian magazine in existence—has changed its stately, dignified, and courtly dress of solid and substantial reading, for the ‘daub and tinsel’ of fiction and sensation. Sylvanus Urban, that delightful mythic personage, whose name is dear to every historian and every antiquary, has ceased to exist as of old, and has become but a subordinate of the lowest order where once he ruled supreme. This lamentable change—lamentable in every way, and one which is deplored by no one more than by myself—leaves it open to me to make *The Reliquary* even more general still in its objects, and in the subjects it is intended to embrace, and thus, while still maintaining its own characteristics, to take the place of its venerable friend, and to engraft his best features upon its stock.”



## CHAPTER XXIII.

"BALLADS AND SONGS OF DERBYSHIRE."—LLEWELLYNN JEWITT HAS A MOST AWFUL DREAM.—"THANK GOD, HERBERT IS SAFE."—HAPPINESS AT WINSTER HALL.—HERBERT SAILS AGAIN.—BARROW-HUNTING AND BARROW-OPENING.—"GUISERS" AND "MUMMERS."—DELIGHTFUL DRIVES.—LORD DENMAN.—ANOTHER MOST AWFUL DREAM.—SAMUEL CARTER HALL VISITS WINSTER HALL.—ALTON TOWERS.—HERBERT HOME AGAIN; AND OFF AGAIN.—"GOOD-BYE, OLD YEAR!"—NEW YEAR'S PRAYER FOR HERBERT.—HEAVY WORK WITH A LIGHT HEAD.—A LETTER FROM HERBERT, AND A PRAYER FOR HIM.—"A SERVICE OF PLATE, AND A DONKEY'S BREAKFAST."—"ON FOOLS IN GENERAL, AND APRIL FOOLS IN PARTICULAR."—"CERAMIC ART."



E now return to the diary:

"February 23rd, 1867.—Heard from Messrs. Jos. Heap and Son that they had a telegram, dated February 17th, stating that the 'Shackamaxon' (my dear Herbert on board) had arrived out at Rangoon at that date.

"March 8th.—My Ballad Book ('Ballads and Songs of Derbyshire') out at last. First copy sent up to-day.

"April 5th.—Thank God, I this afternoon had a letter from my dear Herbert; written at Rangoon, February 17th and 24th. He got to Rangoon February 15th. No mail out till 26th. Thank God again and again for this blessing.

"August 11th.—I had a most awful dream at ten minutes before five this morning. I dreamed that I had a telegraphic message from my dear Herbert, which said—'I shall not return at all. You have had so much trouble with me already that I think it best to end it altogether, and I shall.' Here I awoke with a most awful sensation, and although the telegram seemed still before me, I read no more. Oh God, grant that it may be *but* a dream, and bring him back to us *soon*, in happiness and safety.

"August 17th.—Telegraphic message from Heap and Son that the 'Shackamaxon' had arrived in Liverpool at four this afternoon. Message here at 6 30.

"August 18th.—Started by the 9 5 train this morning from Darley Dale for Liverpool, to meet Herbert. Found the ship in Queen's Dock—Herbert just left. Found him at Capt. Glover's. Slept at the 'Saddle,' at Liverpool. Thank God Herbert is safe.

"August 19th.—At six went with Herbert to his ship. At nine got him leave of absence. At four got him a week's leave, and got his chest from the ship to the Exchange Station.

"August 20th.—At 10 20 left the Brunswick Station for home, and got to Darley Dale at 1 19. Walked home, and found all well." "Home" is now Winster Hall, on the High Peak of Derbyshire. A delightful and delightfully surrounded new home to the young sailor fresh from the monotonous sea. "In the afternoon Herbert and the girls had a walk, and in the evening all had a walk to the Tor." Of course they had. The scenery and the walks about Winster are perfectly lovely, and "the girls" would be eager to show their returned sailor-brother the grand August scenes of the new home. But father, mother, and "all" must go up with him to "the Tor" in the evening, for from thence is the best view to be obtained of pretty Winster Hall, made so happy a new home now by his return. The same evening "all went to Birchover Rocks." This is a delightful place, close to the Hall, of which I have most happy recollections, and have already spoken. There were great rejoicings and excursions and visits during that happy "week's leave," which leave was extended, and at the end of the week—"Heard from Mrs. Watson that she and Capt. Watson are coming to see us." How proud the young sailor would be to have his captain at his father's house! Then on the 28th "Mr. Smedley sent to invite us to Riber, and he will send carriages for us." And on Sunday, the 1st September, "Mr. Smedley sent two carriages for us to go to Riber, but we did not go."

"September 12th.—Rev. Mr. Milnes and I walked to Blakelow, and found a *barrow*, which I must make arrangements to open.

"September 14th.—Finished writing my article on 'City Grants,' for John Camden Hotten.

"October 5th.—HERBERT sailed in the 'Shackamaxxon' at five o'clock. Watched the ship from the Promenade Pier [New Brighton]. Put up white handkerchief, which they signalled in return, and they cheered. Watched the ship out of sight.

"October 6th.—This morning had a walk to Tranmere. After dinner went to Hoylake. Walked on the sands to Leasowe, to the spot where the old forest existed. Had tea at the Stanley Hotel, and returned to Birkenhead.

"October 7th.—Letter from Herbert by the pilot.

"October 11th.—Writing for Hotten on 'Age of Trees' all day.

"October 25th.—Went to Birchover and made two drawings of the old family seat of the Eyres, 'Rowtor Hall,' now in ruins mostly, and to be pulled down and rebuilt for a parsonage. More shame, for it might be repaired and restored.

"October 26th.—Llewellynn, Ted, and I went to Birchover, and on to Stanton Moor, barrow-hunting. Made sketches of the Stone Circle, the 'Nine Ladies.' Saw several barrows, most of which have been opened, principally by Major Rooke, last century. I shall reopen some of them at least.

"October 28th.—Writing for *Intellectual Observer* all day. Writing for Hotten on 'Love Divinations' at night.

"November 1st.—Drawing for *Intellectual Observer*.

"November 11th.—Went to Lucas's. In the afternoon went to continue the opening of a barrow on Hallington Hill which he had begun.

"November 12th.—Opened a barrow in Green's field, Hallington Moor. Found a fine secondary interment three feet from the surface in contracted position. Found some very good flints. The skeleton lay on its left side, head to the north, very much crushed and decayed. Continued our excavations to find the primary interment till dusk, when we covered up the skeleton and left.

"November 13th.—On arriving at the barrow this morning we found that Barnes, Sir William Fitzherbert's keeper, had been there, dug up and smashed the primary interment, and thrown out the bones. Continued our excavation and came to the rest of the primary interment—the skull, fortunately, beautifully perfect, which we brought away. Found more flints.

December 25th.—*My twenty-ninth Wedding Day*. What a long time to look back upon! Sent to Herbert.

"December 26th.—This evening we had several sets of children 'guising,' *i.e.*, dressed up in all sorts of queer ways, and singing one thing or other. The 'Hobby Horse' came too. Five men—one as a devil, one as a woman, one as an old woman with a besom, one with the Hobby Horse, and one as something or other else. We had them in the kitchen and gave them money.

"December 27th.—Troops of children 'guising' again. We gave something to each lot. In the evening the Winster 'Snap Dragon' and 'Hobby Horse' conjoined came to us—ten men, one as Snap Dragon, two with Hobby Horses, two devils, etc., etc. We had them in the kitchen and gave them money.

"December 28th.—This evening the Wensley 'Mummers' came—nine—and we had them in the kitchen and gave them refreshments and money. They played 'Robin Hood' excellently well, and sang afterwards several excellent songs. They were most interesting. Troops of children again.

"December 30th.—This evening had two parties of 'guisers' in the house. The first—five—were so dull and stupid that I packed them off soon. The second set—eleven—with 'Snap Dragon' and two 'Hobby Horses' were very good, and sang and recited well.

"January 1st, 1868.—Betsy and I went to Lucas's. Mr. Carrington there. All the day before leaving home we were besieged by children coming to the house, saying :

'I wish you a happy New Year,  
A pocket full of money  
And a cellar full of beer,'

and then expecting some halfpence. Gave to all that came.

"January 16th.—Opened a barrow in Miss Cresswell's field (tenant Mrs. Witham) above Winster Tor. Found a few fragments of bones ; much charcoal ; some flint chippings ; an iron awl ; an iron rivet ; and some decayed wood, etc.

"February 4th.—This morning Mr. Lucas, Miss Hewitt, Mrs. Williams, and Mr. and Mrs. Russell, of Dublin, came to spend a few days with us. In the afternoon we all went to Haddon Hall in two carriages. Lord Denman came to see us and staid an hour or two.

"February 5th.—This morning we took our friends in two carriages to Mr. Smedley's establishment at Matlock Bank ; thence to Riber Castle ; thence by Cromford to Matlock Bath. Lunched at Hodgkinson's Hotel ; thence home at seven o'clock." Delightful drives !

"February 7th.—Lord and Lady Denman came to see us.

"February 8th.—This morning Betsy and I went with Llewellynn to the Darley Dale Station to see him off to Denbigh in North Wales, where he is going to be assistant master in the Denbigh Grammar School, with the Rev. J. H. Roberts.

"February 11th.—Betsy and I went to Stony Middleton to Lord Denman's, spent the afternoon and dined there.

"February 16th.—A letter from Heap's of Liverpool to say that the 'Shackamaxon' had been telegraphed to them as arriving safe at Rangoon, and been chartered for carrying troops to the Andaman Islands.

"February 23rd.—Last night, or rather very early this morning—I fancy about two o'clock—I had the most awful and most wretched dream I can recollect ever having. I had been dreaming about all sorts of things—very pleasant—being out with Betsy, driving a new carriage and horse that I had bought, etc., and was then dreaming we were waiting somewhere to know the time of a train going, when a man dressed as a labourer, or perhaps miner, I saw come running up the hill towards me as quickly as he possibly could, with a little folded paper in his hand. As soon as he got nearly up to me he, in the utmost hurry, threw the paper towards me, shouting 'Here !' The paper fell over a wall I was near to, and into the field below. A lady (I cannot remember who) who was walking in the field, picked it up and gave it to me over the wall, and I opened it, saying I supposed it was the railway message, and they must hasten to get ready. When I opened it I found it was a kind of telegraphic message, as I supposed—a form partly engraved or lithographed and printed, and filled up—from Herbert. The first few words seemed to me a message

that he was all right, and would be home soon: but—oh how I trembled and shook! so that I could hardly read distinctly, and on looking again I saw '*will never return home,*' and '*buried in the sea.*' At the head of the form I saw filled in with writing the name of 'George Cooke,' which seemed to change to 'Frederick Cooke'—Mrs. Horace White's brothers—George, who was lost at sea, and Frederick, whom I know. When I saw the words '*buried in the sea,*' I could see no more. I trembled awfully, and awoke with the fright. But the dream has remained firm with me since, and the appearance of the paper—the ornamental heading and the lithographed 'script,' with the writing filled in, I shall never forget. Oh God! I pray that it may be *but* a dream, and that it is not so with my dear, dear Herbert. Oh God, I pray Thee through Jesus Christ to grant that he may be safe and happy, and that he may soon return to us all in happiness and safety.

"How strange to dream of George Cooke, whom I never knew, but who was lost at sea. Oh God, grant that Herbert is safe and well, and may soon return to us all in safety and happiness."

The intense anxiety which he and his equally affectionate wife suffered for months after this terrible dream he expressed many years later when writing to console me under a similar anxious sorrow, saying: "You have our full hearts' sympathy with you in your trouble, and our prayers that all may end well and be for the best in every way. *We* know—no one more acutely—what it is to have a darling son away at sea, and what the heart-achings and anxieties are that day and night were ever present with us, and we can, therefore, very fully feel with you and for you in this trial." But after six months of this suspense they had relief and joy at last.

We now return to the diary:

"June 13th.—Mr. S. C. Hall came to see us to spend a day or two

"June 14th.—S. C. Hall at our house; a quiet day.

"June 15th.—This morning I, Betsy, S. C. Hall, etc., went to Alton Towers—a forty miles drive. Called at Ashbourne, also at Mayfield Cottage. Got through Alton Towers and the Gardens. Hall went to Derby for London. We returned home.

"August 6th.—This morning I, Betsy, Lucas, etc., etc., went to Alton Towers. Betsy and I staid all night at Alton and they returned home. At Alton Towers all day.

"August 7th.—Up early. Sketched Alton Castle, then breakfasted. Then went to Father O'Connor, then to Dr. Fraser, to Foot Hill, and the Church, etc., then to the Towers again. At four came by rail to Rocester, sketched the Cross, then to Ashbourne, so to Lucas's.

"August 13th.—Sent off thirty-seven folios of MS. of Alton Towers to the *Art Journal*.

"August 15th.—Writing my Swansea and Nantgarw article for *Art Journal*.

"August 25th.—Had a letter from HERBERT to say he was coming up the river at Liverpool. Also a telegram from Heap's to say the ship had arrived. Started to Liverpool by two o'clock train; got there at five; went to the ship; met Captain Watson at Waterloo Dock Gates; got on board before Herbert left; brought him to the Victoria Hotel. Thank God he is safely back again!

"August 26th.—Went to the ship at eight in the morning with Herbert; at ten went to the Eye Infirmary, Park Road; then to Lipman's—bought him a splendid suit of clothes. At the ship again in the afternoon.

"August 27th.—Backwards and forwards to the ship. Got Captain Watson to give Herbert leave of absence. At four saw Mr. Joshua Heap and got leave for Herbert to come home with me at once. He is to have ten days' holiday.

"September 22nd.—Betsy, Herbert, I, and Clara, went to Liverpool to 'Shackamaxon,' to sail on Saturday. Llewellynn joined us from Denbigh.

"September 26th.—Herbert has sailed again for Rangoon. God grant that we may soon see him again.

"October 22nd.—Went to Pinxton, to hunt up Pinxton China. Took William Bemrose with me. Lunched, &c., at the Rectory, with Rev. C. G. Owen. Rev. R. T. Phillips, curate, went about with us.

"October 23rd.—Committee meetings at the Museum at eleven and 11 45. Got away at three. Committee meeting of Rifle Drill Hall Committee at 4 30. From there Art Sub-Committee at Dr. Taylor's. Got away at 6 15. Jumped into a hansom for station, and came home.

"October 29th.—Lord George H. Cavendish at our house. I have promised to meet him at Chatsworth, to look over some old documents.

"October 30th.—Sent off Pinxton, Brampton, and Ironstone China articles to *Art Journal*. Thirty-nine 4to pages.

"November 11th.—Sent off MS. of the Alton Towers Guide Book, and two woodcuts to A. and C. Black. Ninety-nine folios.

"November 14th.—Sent off MS. of Mayer Museum to *Art Journal*. Thirty-nine closely written folios.

"November 19th.—Lord George Cavendish here.

"December 31st.—Good-bye, Old Year!

"January 1st, 1869.—Commenced the New Year by going to Holy Communion at our Winster Church. Administered at 8 30.

"May God grant that the New Year may be a happy and joyous and prosperous one to us all. May it be happy to Herbert; and may God grant him every happiness and blessing, guard him from every



danger, and soon bring him home in happiness and safety." At the close of the day he records "Troops of children all day through at our door; they come saying:

'A pocket full of money  
And a cellar full of beer,  
We wish you a Merry Christmas  
And a Happy New Year.'

And then expect halfpence to be given to them.

"At two I and Teddy went to the schools to distribute the food to the poor people. We had sent the crier round to fetch them in. At home all the evening, after a very busy day.

"January 6th."—Here we have a record of a day's work. He received visitors; spent an hour drawing ampullæ for Ecroyd Smith; and having received a letter from Mrs. Riddell in the morning—who was editor of the *St. James' Magazine*—asking for a short story about St. Valentine for the February issue, he set to work at it, and completed it before retiring to rest at 12 15 that night. It extended to fourteen closely written quarto folios. Yet he complains of feeling very unwell all that day—"my right eye dreadfully bloodshot and painful, and my head light." This is only a fair sample of his perseverance.

"January 20th.—My darling *Herbert's birthday*. He is nineteen to-day. May God grant him every blessing.

"January 22nd.—Thank God a letter from *Herbert* this morning. Thank God he was well and happy when he wrote. His letter is dated 'Off Trinidad, Nov. 8th, /68,' and he says 'There is a barque ahead which if they can come up to they shall send letters by, though she is not homeward bound.' The letter was posted at Port Elizabeth, Cape Colony, December 9th; was at Cape Town December 14th, and got to Devonport *on the dear boy's birthday*, January 20th, and so to London and Matlock yesterday, and here to-day. He says in it 'all is going on gloriously aboard, in fact I could not be more comfortable than I am.' God bless the dear boy; the letter *is* a treasure to me and is a perfect Godsend. God grant that the remainder of his voyage, out and home, may be a happy and safe one, and that he may soon, very soon, return to us in happiness and safety.

"January 23rd.—'Shackamaxon' reported as 'spoken' in this day's *Standard*.

"January 27th.—Sent off batch of letters to Herbert. Drawing ampullæ for Ecroyd Smith all day. Writing 'Service of Plate and a Donkey's Breakfast,' in the evening. This I have been writing a few minutes at a time for some little time past.

"January 28th.—Sent off another batch of letters to Herbert to-day. Sent off article, 'A Service of Plate and a Donkey's Breakfast,' to *London Society*.

"February 2nd.—Ralph Rains brought me a pair of curious 'clippets,' or plates for boot toes, which *he* says were worn by Robin

Hood! Anyhow they are very curious indeed." These are now in my collection, and are indeed curious.

"February 3rd.—Received new edition of 'Vicissitudes of Families,' in two vols., from Sir Bernard Burke.

"February 4th.—Sent off letters to Herbert. Finished writing my 'Three Lifts,' for *St. James' Magazine* to-night.

"February 9th.—Shrove Tuesday. Pancakes to dinner, of course. Received and returned final revise of sheet one of 'History of Plymouth.' Writing letters and odds and ends of things. Began in the evening writing an article on 'April Fools'—probably for the *St. James' Magazine*.

"February 10th.—Sent off packet of letters to Herbert.

"February 12th.—Heard from Heap and Son that they had a telegram announcing the arrival of the 'Shackamaxon' at Rangoon, on the 30th January. Thank God for this. Finished writing my article 'On Fools in General, and April Fools in Particular.' Thirty-four folios 4to.

"February 16th.—Sent off to *Art Journal* 'Castle Howard' paper. Llewellynn sent off 'copy' of his 'Year of Honeymoons' to *London Society*. Sixty-three 4to folios.

"February 17th.—I began writing my 'History of the Ceramic Art in England.' Wrote part of the 'Celtic Pottery' chapter. Began at seven, finished at twelve at night." But he had been preparing the material for some of the later chapters years before this. He corresponded with me about it in 1867.

"February 18th.—Writing all day 'Ceramic Art.' Finished my chapter on 'Celtic Pottery.' Twenty large 4to folios.

"February 19th.—Writing 'Ceramic Art' all day from 7 30 a.m. to 12 p.m. Sixteen and a half hours. Writing the 'Roman Pottery' chapter.

"February 20th.—Writing my 'Ceramic Art' all day through. Writing the 'Roman Pottery' chapter. Began to-day at 8 a.m. Finished the chapter at 8 30 p.m. Fifty-nine large 4to folios in two days!!

"February 21st.—I began my 'Anglo-Saxon' chapter for the 'Ceramic Art' this evening.

"February 22nd.—Finished 'Anglo-Saxon' chapter for 'Ceramic Art' at 11 a.m. Fifteen large 4to folios. Arranging other portions of the 'Ceramic Art' in the day. Busy with the 'Worcester China' chapter for 'Ceramic Art' at night, from 7 to 12 30.

"February 23rd.—Finished the 'Worcester China' chapter for 'Ceramic Art,' and completed all connected with that book that it is necessary to take to London. Wrote to Miss S—— to say if all be well we shall be at her house—Kinross House, Oakley Square, Brompton, London—on Monday next.

" February 24th.—Wrote and sent off to *Art Journal* notice of Sir John Vanbrugh for 'Castle Howard' article. Heard from Mrs. Riddell [*St. James' Magazine*]. She will gladly have the paper on 'Fools.' 'Three Lifts' she tells me is in type. Heard from Wedgwood Institute Committee inviting to assist at the opening, and to lend for the Exhibition. Wrote back 'Yes.' Heard from Mr. Hewitt begging me to come up to March 5th meeting of Archæological Institute. Wrote back 'Yes.' Arranging *Reliquary* copy, and writing notes on books at night.

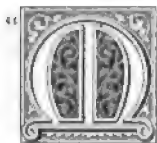
" February 26th.—Heard from S. C. Hall that they are fully expecting me on Tuesday. Heard from Mr. Hewitt begging me to attend, take part in, and speak at, the meeting of the Archæological Institute on Friday next. Wrote back that I would be there, but not speak. Busy writing all day.

" February 27th.—Writing letters and attending to all sorts of things all day. Heard from Thomas Wright begging me attend the meetings of the Ethnological Society, on March 9th and 23rd.



## CHAPTER XXIV.

LLEWELLYNN JEWITT'S VISIT TO LONDON IN 1869.—AT SAMUEL CARTER HALL'S.—DANIEL DOUGLAS HOME THE SPIRITUALIST.—LETTER FROM THE QUEEN TO S. C. HALL.—HIS LETTER TO THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.—DEATH AND OBITUARY NOTICE OF ORLANDO JEWITT.—LETTERS FROM HERBERT.—HOME AGAIN.—HIS LAST DEPARTURE.—S. C. HALL AT WINSTER.—LETTERS FROM HERBERT.—“THANK GOD, ALL WELL!”—HARD LABOUR.—JOSEPH MAYER.—THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.—ENGLISH LEGION OF HONOUR.—THE DIARY NEGLECTED.—CALM BEFORE THE STORM.—THE THUNDER AND THE THUNDER-BOLT AT LAST.—HERBERT “BURIED IN THE SEA,” AND YOUNG LLEWELLYNN IN WINSTER CHURCHYARD.



MARCH 1st, 1869.—Left Darley Dale Station by the 9 9 train this morning for London. Got to St. Pancras soon after four. Went by Underground Railway from there to Gloucester Road, Brompton. Then by cab to Miss S——'s. Very tired. Betsy and Edwin came up to London with me. All very tired.

“March 2nd.—This morning, after breakfast, we all went to where Lucas is stopping—15, Norfolk Street, Strand—and took him with us to Orlando's; then to Mr. Slack's; then to Spence's; then back to Norfolk Street; then to the Alhambra, to see the transformation scene. Left him there, and returned to Miss S——'s. Arranged with Mr. Slack to write for *The Student* a paper on Irish Art—fibulæ, etc.—and others on the Andamanese, and on antiquities named in my ‘Grave Mounds.’

“March 3rd.—Called on Smith, Elder and Co., and left part of MS. of my ‘Ceramic Art’ with them. Called on Groombridge and Sons as to my ‘Grave-Mounds.’ Called on Mr. Beeton, at the *Weekly Despatch* office. Am to send him contributions. Called on Mrs. Riddell, *St. James' Magazine*. Called at Bemrose's as to my ‘Life of Wedgwood.’ Then by cab to Hall's; dined at five; staid at Hall's. Betsy and Ted in Capt. Rintoul's brougham to see the Queen. Mr. and Mrs. Rochet dined at Hall's.

“March 4th.—This morning, after breakfast, went to Hotten's, and staid a long time. Then to Mortlock's, in Oxford Street, to see the specimens of Belleek pottery. Then to Miss S——'s. Found that

she and Betsy and Ted were just off in the brougham for a drive in the park. Drove with them to Hotten's. Then took them to Maclean's, in the Haymarket, to see a private view of pictures. Then came to Hall's. Dined at eight. Colonel Ratcliffe, of Birmingham, and Mr. Conder there."

And now for some days the calls and occupations become so numerous that there is not even time for their daily record. There are a few hurried lead-pencil marks, such as "Queen's Levée." "To Hall's to dine at four." "To Hall's—Col. Campbell, Capt. Grayson, Major Dugson, Chaffers, Mack's, etc." "Slept at Hall's." Then—

"March 10th.—Went from Hall's this morning, to two or three places to make calls. Then met Betsy, Ted, and Miss S—— at Burlington Arcade at 3 15. Left them to look at shops while Ted and I went into the city. Called at Sir John Lubbock's, and had a chat with him. Then to Billingsgate Market and the Tower. Then to the Royal Mint, to Mr. Newton's, to a party. Played cards, etc., and had tea and supper. Staid till twelve, then home to Miss S——'s in a cab.

"March 11th.—To Hall's, for letters, after breakfast. Then to Hotten's, etc. Got ticket from Mrs. Hall for four stalls at German Reed's entertainment, and took them to Miss S——. Called on Henry Bemrose in the Row. At four started to dine with Mrs. Riddell, at St. John's Lodge, Hanger Lane, Stamford Hill. Went by train to Hornsey Station, and they met me with the carriage. Dined at seven. Had music, and a delightful chat with Mrs. Riddell in the conservatory. A delightful evening.

"March 12th.—Came to Hall's after breakfast. Called on Murray, but he is abroad. Called on Hotten. At the Jermyn Street Museum. Returned to Hall's for four o'clock dinner, and staid all the evening and night. Had spiritualism.

"March 13th.—Left Hall's soon after breakfast, and went to Miss S——'s. Betsy, I, Ted, and Miss S—— drove to Piccadilly. Then made a call on Mrs. Henry Wood, St. John's Wood Park (Authoress of East Lynne). Had half-an-hour's chat with her. Drove to the Pantheon and left them there. I went to St. Pancras Station to meet Llewellynn. Took him to Miss S——'s. Staid there all night.

"March 14th.—In the morning Llewellynn and Mr. Newton walked to Kingston-on-Thames. Llewellynn and I dined at Hall's at 3 30.

"March 15th.—In the morning all went to the South Kensington Museum. In the afternoon went to see Llewellynn off from Bishopsgate Station. Slept at Hall's.

"March 16th.—South Kensington Museum in the forenoon. Dined at Hall's at five o'clock. Saw Daniel Home, who has just returned to-day from Ireland. He came to meet me, and I spent all the afternoon and evening with him. He read 'Death of Montiore' and Poe's 'Raven' to me, and played and sang for me.

"March 17th.—Went to Hall's for letters. Then Betsy, Ted, and I, had a long walk shopping—Lowther Arcade, etc. Took them back to Miss S——'s, and then went on to Hall's. Dined with the Noviamagians at the Trafalgar Hotel, Spring Gardens. Mr. Hall in the chair. There were, besides, Sir Francis Graham Moon, Sir Thomas Gabriel, Dr. Diamond, Dr. Doran, Dr. Stevenson, Dr. Walton, Mr. Hill, Mr. Moon, Mr. Lawrence, F.S.A., Mr. Bennock, and myself. Spent a glorious evening." Elsewhere in this volume will have been found mention of this Society of Noviamagians, and I will endeavour to find an opportunity to say something explanatory about it before the work is closed.

"March 18th.—In the evening I took Betsy, Miss S. and Miss Newton, full dress, to Westbourne Hall to hear Daniel Home read. He gave a reading for a charitable object. He read gloriously. But very small attendance.

"March 19th.—Went to Hall's for my letters, and staid chatting for some time. Thence back to Miss S——'s to dinner. In the evening Betsy and I, full dress, went to Hall's to have a séance with Daniel Home. Mr. and Mrs. Hall, Betsy and I, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Johns, Mr. Humphreys, Mr. Mountford, and Mr. D. Home, were the party." While I am quoting from the diary so much about the hospitality of Samuel Carter Hall so long ago, it is curious to have before me a hospitable letter from him to myself of only yesterday's date. He is at Brighton—but the brief letter will speak for itself:

"32, Bedford Square, Brighton, 7th June, 1887.

"Dear Friend,—Just a line to say I am, thank God, very well ; drinking sea breezes in Bath chairs !

"My house in Kensington is empty. Come and stay there, and see the illuminations, etc., etc., with your daughters. There are two servants in the house. . . Ever your friend, S. C. HALL." The illuminations, etc., refer to her Majesty's Jubilee.

Two days ago I received a letter from him from the same place, which, as it is really of general interest shall become one of the Pieces of Patchwork of this volume :

"32, Bedford Square, Brighton, 5th June, 1887.

"Dear friend, Mr. Goss.—Just a line to say I am here—revived already by the sea-breezes of Brighton. And quite well, thank God. The day before I left home—on Friday, I received two letters of which I send you the copy of one and the card of the other. I send you a card of invitation from the Lord Mayor, and a copy of my reply to it. It was a very gratifying compliment. The other more so. I sent a dozen or so of my poem 'Victoria' to Sir Henry Ponsonby, but I sent no letter—merely addressed them to him 'for distribution.' I expected neither notice nor letter. You will guess my gratification at receiving from him the enclosed. I do not think I ever in my life received so intense an enjoyment. For the present, farewell. I pray God to bless you all. Amen ! Your faithful friend, S. C. HALL."

It will please our good Queen if this should ever come under her notice, to learn that she has given such pleasure to this venerable gentleman in his eighty-eighth year. He has often before had messages from her Majesty, and much intercourse with the good Prince Consort ; and his extra delight now at receiving the Queen's thanks for his loyal poem, is in the feeling that his very last effort, thus far, at poetic composition—written only a few days ago, is good enough to meet royal approval. It is the triumphant feeling that there is still some work and usefulness left in him that is his "intense enjoyment." Here is the copy of his reply to the Lord Mayor's invitation :

"My Lord,—I very fully appreciate the honour and happiness you have given me by inviting me to a dinner at the Mansion House on the 18th June ; which I much regret I am unable to accept.

"My Lord, I am in the eighty-eighth year of my age ; my work is done, or very nearly so ; the remainder of my career must be rest.

"Your Lordship's invitation will most probably be the last with which I shall be honoured ; but I have been very often the guest of the Lord Mayor of London ; and I recall now to memory the fact that on one 9th November, I took to the Guildhall the happy news that a Prince of Wales was, as I was passing Buckingham Palace, born to the Queen of England.

"My Lord, I lament that I cannot once again enjoy the happiness your gracious invitation offers me the means of enjoying.

"I pray God to bless the great and loyal city over which your Lordship so worthily presides.

"I have the honour to be your Lordship's faithful servant,

"S. C. HALL."

We now resume the quotations from Llewellynn Jewitt's diary. The party at S. C. Hall's to meet the famous Daniel Home, was the finish of Llewellynn Jewitt's London doings for that time.

"March 20th.—Left at 10 20 for St. Pancras Station. Started by express train at 11 30. Went on to Woodley Junction by express. Back to Darley by ordinary evening train. Found all well at home. Very tired.

"March 21st.—Sunday. At home all day. Too tired to go to church.

"March 22nd.—Busy writing all day, getting through accumulations of work. M—— at O—— married to young G——. Time she was !

"March 25th.—Had a letter from my darling *Herbert*, written at Rangoon, February 1st. Thank God all well with him then. He writes in capital spirits.

"March 30th.—Heard from Herbert ; a second letter from Rangoon. He writes in excellent spirits. Thank God for His blessings on him.

"April 2nd.—Sent off to S. C. Hall by registered packet, MS. of my article 'A private Séance and what I saw and heard there.'

"April 7th.—Heard from Maxwell. Too late for May *Belgravia*, but begging me to send up something at any time. Heard from Slack that the 'Stone Circles' shall go in the May *Student*. Heard from the Duke of Devonshire. Wrote him a long letter back and sent him my 'Wedgwood.' Wrote him also as to Hardwick Hall for *Art Journal*.

"April 8th.—Wrote to Sir Roundell Palmer, Sir Robt. Collier (Attorney-General), Sir Bernard Burke, Sir Oswald Mosley, Planché, Smith, Wright, Halliwell, Dr. Bosworth, Sir Gardiner Wilkinson."

On the 30th May, 1869, Orlando Jewitt died, and I quote the following from the obituary notice which appeared in the *Art Journal*:

"THOMAS ORLANDO SHELDON JEWITT. This admirable engraver, whose works have for more than half a century been so familiar to the world, and whose signature of 'O. Jewitt' has been well known for so long a time, died at his residence, Clifton Villas, Camden Square, London, on the 30th May, in the seventieth year of his age. . . .

"Mr. Orlando Jewitt was entirely a self-taught engraver. In his earliest boyish days he evinced considerable taste and skill in drawing; a taste in which he was, fortunately, much encouraged by his father, himself an amateur artist of no mean skill, and a man of faultless taste, and who himself attempted wood-engraving along with his other accomplishments. Sixty years ago [written in 1869] wood-engraving was, with the exception of those produced by Bewick and some of his pupils, an art but little practised, and that little without much artistic success. While quite a boy he attempted this art, with such tools as he could get made, and with such materials as his own resources could supply, studying the art entirely from prints, and using his own inventive genius, and the aid of his talented father, to produce such effects as he desired; for he never in his early life saw an engraver at work, and never received the smallest instruction from anyone. Many of his early wood-cuts were engraved upon pieces of pear-tree wood, apple-tree wood, and some even upon holly, being the closest grained woods he could get until he procured box-wood. In 1815, when only in his sixteenth year, he illustrated with many wood-engravings his eldest brother's—himself only a youth of twenty—'Wanderings of Memory,' which was published in that year. These illustrations, which would now be considered extremely rude, evinced considerable skill as being the productions of a mere boy, and of one who had picked up the art in so unaided a manner; and from this time forward he continued to devote himself untiringly and assiduously to the art; practising also, as did his father, etching on copper and aqua-tint engraving.

"Fifty-two years ago his father, Mr. A. Jewitt, who had previously published several topographical works, projected and published the *Northern Star, or Yorkshire Magazine*, a monthly magazine, devoted to the arts, biography, topography, literature, antiquities, etc., of Yorkshire and the adjoining counties, and this was mainly illustrated by him (O. Jewitt, then in his eighteenth year), both with etchings, aqua-tints, and wood-engravings. Having determined upon making the



art his profession, and being repeatedly asked to undertake illustrations for various works, etc., he from this time forward devoted himself entirely to wood-engraving, in which he ultimately became not only a proficient himself, but taught four of his younger brothers, besides other pupils, among whom was Professor P. H. Delamotte, of King's College.

"In 1818 the family removed from Yorkshire, where they were then residing, to Duffield, near Derby; and here the young artist continued his profession, gradually extending his connections, and working his way up to fame, being sought after far and near to illustrate topographical and other works. Here it was that the connection, which has lasted till his death, between himself and Mr. Parker, the architectural publisher, of Oxford, commenced, and here it was that the illustrations for the 'Memorials of Oxford,' the first editions of the 'Glossary of Architecture,' the 'Domestic Architecture of England,' etc., etc., works by which the names of J. H. Parker and O. Jewitt will be long known—were executed. In 1838 Mr. Jewitt removed to Oxford, settling at Headington, near that city, it being deemed more convenient for his professional labours that he should be near to the firm with which he had become so closely connected. Here he remained several years, and ultimately removed to London, where he resided to the time of his death.

"As architectural engraver and draughtsman, Mr. O. Jewitt had for many years stood at the head of his profession—a position to which he was fully entitled by the fidelity, the beauty, and the delicacy of detail of his work. It were needless to attempt to enumerate the immense number of works which he wholly or partially illustrated. It is sufficient to say that the many architectural and antiquarian works published by Mr. Parker owe a fair share of their fame to the part he took, not only in their artistic, but in their literary preparation; and that among the others of his most successful works may be named Murray's 'Cathedrals,' Scott's 'Memorials of Westminster Abbey,' Mr. Street's works on Venice and Spain, and numberless others, published by various firms. The engravings he executed for some of the earlier numbers of the *Building News* are really fine: in delicacy and solidity of work they rival steel-plate work. Two of them we have framed and hanging before us as we write; one of them is 'The Grand Entrance to the Inner Court of Burleigh House, Northamptonshire'; the other 'A Tomb in the Monastery of Segovia.' Mr. O. Jewitt was an active member of the Oxford Architectural, and of other Societies; and was a member of the Archæological Institute, to whose journal he contributed some papers. He also contributed occasionally to other publications.

"Mr. Jewitt was an accomplished naturalist, an enthusiastic botanist, and a dear lover of nature. His illustrations to Harvey's 'Seaweeds,' to Bentham's 'British Flora,' and to Reeve's 'Land and Fresh-water Mollusks,' are sufficient to show that he was as much at home in all the details of natural history as he was in those of architecture. In the latter of these works almost all the slugs and snails

were captured by himself, and drawn by him from the specimens themselves. He had during his life made large entomological and botanical collections. He was a man of the most retiring and exemplary habits, and his loss will be much felt."

Such praise as is accorded in this notice in the columns of the *Art Journal*—whose own illustrations were so excellent—yielding to Orlando Jewitt the proud position of "head of his profession," is praise indeed. And this notice becomes additionally interesting when we remember that "Tour in Derbyshire" of his boyhood, which he described with so much freshness in his father's *Northern Star*, in which he evinced his taste for botany by naming the flora of the mountains, and in illustrating which magazine he left a respectable evidence of his early power as a draughtsman and engraver.

When Orlando Jewitt was struck down with his fatal illness he had been working at the engravings for that fine volume "Rome and the Campagna," by Robert Burn, M.A.\* Probably the last finished engraving from his hand was "M. Aurelius on Horseback," in that book, in which no sign of age or failing power can be detected. We now return to the diary, which has been neglected for months, until at last there is heart-stirring news to record :

"July 5th.—Telegram from Heap's this evening that the 'Shackamaxon' would arrive to-night. Thank God from the bottom of my heart for it !

"July 6th.—Started at seven this morning for Liverpool ; walked to Rowsley. Went to the Victoria ; then to Heap's. Ship in the river ; won't come into dock till Thursday. Went to Theodore's. Took a steamer and went to the 'Shackamaxon,' and brought Herbert on shore.

"July 7th.—In Liverpool at Mrs. Glover's, Theodore's, etc.

"July 8th.—Herbert and I went on board the 'Shackamaxon' at eight this morning. Staid till one o'clock, till she was in dock. I brought Herbert back with me. Left Liverpool at 5 20 for home. Got home about nine.

"August 11th.—Had a telegram from Herbert that he expects to sail to-morrow. Betsy, I, and Laura S—— went to Liverpool by the last train in the evening. Got to Liverpool at half-past eleven at night. Took cab to Herbert's lodgings. Found Lizzie only [Herbert's eldest sister]. Herbert gone to the Victoria to meet us. Drove to the Victoria and staid there, leaving Laura with Lizzie. Kept Herbert all night at the Victoria."

The interest in every word relating to the dearly beloved bright sailor-boy increases now. They, mercifully for them, know it not ; but I now let the reader into the terrible secret that these prayerful, trustful, thankful parents will see their darling boy no more on earth after this leave-taking.

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\* Cambridge : Deighton, Bell and Co. London : George Bell and Sons, 1876.

"August 12th.—Went to Herbert's lodgings. Got his chest on board ship as she was going out of dock, and brought him away with us again. Bought some of Herbert's necessities. At night I took them all to the Prince of Wales' Theatre to see Loveday's Opera Company play 'Fra Diavolo.'

"August 13th.—After breakfast went to Herbert's lodgings. Brought them all away, luggage too, to the Victoria, where we all staid. Bought rest of Herbert's things. At night had private sitting-room, and sang and played. Herbert sang.

"August 14th.—This morning, at nine o'clock, we went on board the 'Shackamaxon.' We staid on board (they were taking in a cargo of 1,150 tons of salt) all the day, till nearly five o'clock, when we took leave of Herbert, and came ashore. The ship is expected to sail at nine to-night.

"August 15th.—Betsy and I went to St. George's Landing Stage, where we met the girls. Found the 'Shackamaxon' had *not* sailed. She lies still in the river where we left her last evening. We left the Victoria at four; had a cab to Brunswick Station. 'Shackamaxon' lies just opposite the station; ran down to dock wall to look at her, and wave handkerchiefs. Sun shining splendidly, and all beautiful and calm about the ship. God grant it may continue so!

"Herbert sailed at eleven to-night. God grant him a safe and speedy voyage!"

This prayer for his darling sailor-boy—so earnest and so oft-repeated by this devout, trustful Christian, whose faith in the mercy and wisdom of Divine Providence no calamity could shake, although his true and deep religion was so utterly unparaded to the world as to be only discoverable in the beautiful uprightness of his life, and in his untiring acts of goodness—this his prayer was not to be answered. Yet there is no foreshadow in his mind of the dire calamity impending, and he has ceased to remember with trembling that awful dream of "*buried in the sea.*"

"September 18th.—S. C. Hall came to spend a few days with us.

"September 20th.—This morning had a waggonette and pair. Betsy, I, Florry, and Hall, went to Hardwick Hall. Mr. Cottingham and his brother, Rev. H. Cottingham, of Heath, met us there. Spent the day and lunched there.

"September 21st.—Kept the waggonette and pair, and I, Hall, Lizzie, and Ted, went to Haddon Hall, Bakewell, Sleigh's, Mr. McConnell's, and home again at six."

This "home again at six" explains why the hostess was not one of the party, although she always enjoyed these never-to-be-forgotten joyous drives contrived by her husband. She would stay at home to superintend and ensure the successful preparation of the evening dinner.

"September 22nd.—This morning I, Hall, and Betsy, went by 9 9 train to Derby. At the Station found Lord Scarsdale's carriage

waiting for us. We went to Keddleston and lunched and spent the day with Lord Scarsdale, who came back with us to Derby.

"September 23rd.—Went to Melbourne Hall. Hall went to London from Derby.

"October 13th.—Sent a letter to Herbert, *No. 1.*

"October 27th.—Sent a letter, *No. 2*, to Herbert, and book-post packet, *No. 3.*

"November 4th.—Sent a letter, *No. 4*, to Herbert.

"November 24th.—My birthday. Good gracious, born in 1816, I am now 53!! Little Beatrice gave me a pretty card. Teddy and Curly had clubbed together to buy me a pretty blue neck-tie. Florry sent me a pretty lamp-shade she had made, and had drawn on it Egyptian idols, skulls, etc., etc. Miss Eginton sent me a beautiful purse, Laura wrote me a very nice letter. Quite in luck's way!! Sent a letter, *No. 5*, to Herbert to-day.

"December 9th.—Sent to Herbert, *Nos. 8 and 9.*

"December 13th.—Letters from Herbert, dated October 7th and October 14th, Lat. 36 South, Long. 22 West. Thank God, all well! Letters sent by bark to Cape Town, and posted there November 4th.

"December 15th.—Sent to Herbert, *Nos. 10, 11 and 12.*

"December 30th.—Sent letter and newspaper packet to Herbert, *Nos. 13 and 14.*

"January 20th, 1870.—Herbert's birthday—twenty years old! Sent to Herbert letter *No. 17.*" A letter glowing with fatherly love and hope, we may be sure.

As evidences of his rapid industry we have the following successive entries all within a few days after this:

"Sent off 'Grave Mound' revises, four sheets. *Reliquary* proofs and copy.

"Sent off 'Plymouth' revise of F. 2, and copy for two sheets.

"Sent off corrected copy of 'Black's Guide,' to Black's.

"Sent off *Reliquary* proofs for correction.

"Sent off to Mr. Hall MS. of 'Arundel Castle' for *Art Journal*.

"Sent off revise of 'Grave Mounds.'

"Sent off revise of sheet seventeen of 'Grave Mounds,' and three wood-cuts—Lindenschmidt's skeleton, and two Anglo-Saxon horse-shoes.

"Received and returned proof of chap. 2, 'Mayer Museum,' *Art Journal*.

"Sent blocks 'Wakefield Seal' and 'Norman Door-way' to Mr. Banks.

"Sent drawing, 'Mayer, No. 4' to Mr. Utting.

"Sent parcel of sixteen wood-cuts for 'Mayer Museum' to Virtues."

"February 5th.—Letter from Herbert, dated at Chittagong, Christmas-day. Thank God for it. Herbert in capital spirits.

"Received and returned final revises of four sheets of 'Grave Mounds.'

"Sent off review of Wright's 'Womankind' to the editor of *Nature*.

"Sent off copy of index of 'Grave Mounds.'

"Sent off to *St. James's* copy of 'Woman's Worth.'

"Sent off to *Art Journal* copy of review of Henderson's 'Folk Lore.'" The general reader must understand that "copy" here means by no means "a copy." It means original manuscript.

"Sent a block, coat of arms, to Mr. Banks.

"Sent off parcel of drawings to Reynolds.

"Received and returned final revise of last two sheets of 'Grave Mounds.'

"Received and returned 'Ancient British Women,' for *English-woman's Domestic Magazine*."

On the 19th January, 1886, at the age of 93, died Joseph Mayer, F.S.A., one of Llewellynn Jewitt's old friends, and a large portion of the April number of *The Reliquary* is devoted to the record of his acts. As this is the number of *The Reliquary* which contains the obituary notice of his beloved wife, Llewellynn Jewitt had little to do with that article, and it includes none of his personal recollections of the great benefactor of Liverpool, and of Bebington, in Cheshire. To him in 1870 Llewellynn Jewitt dedicated his "Grave Mounds and their Contents," in these words :

"To my old and much-esteemed friend, Joseph Mayer, Esq., Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries of London ; Fellow of the Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries of Copenhagen ; Fellow of the Royal Asiatic Society ; Member of the Societies of Antiquaries of France, Normandy, the Morini, etc., etc. ; one of the most ardent and zealous of Archaeologists, and most kindly of men ; the princely donor to the public of the finest and most extensive Museum of Antiquities ever collected together by a single individual ; I, with true pleasure, Dedicate this Volume.—LLEWELLYNN JEWITT."

The diary continues :

"February 14th.—Two letters from *Herbert*—one for Welley [Llewellynn], the other for Florence."

Whenever he records the receipt of letters from Herbert, it is in a larger and heavier hand than the ordinary entries.

"Sent off to *Student* article on 'Bronze Celts.'

"Sent off make-up sheet one of *Reliquary*.

"Sent off 'Plymouth' revises, proofs and batch of copy to 1,620.

"February 18th.—Ted and I went to Derby. Attended a meeting of the Exhibition Committee at the Drill Hall at two. Duke of Devonshire there. He tells me he shall see Gladstone in about a week, and will then give him the second memorial, and again recommend it to him."

This "second memorial" to be presented by the Duke to the Premier was an endeavour to get Llewellynn Jewitt's name placed on the Civil List, an honour desired by most literary men, as a royal recognition of their labours, and better deserved by none than by the Duke's friend and neighbour of Winster Hall. But although recommended by several Dukes, and many great men, who knew Llewellynn Jewitt and his deserts, the Premier never attended to it. Llewellynn Jewitt told me that Mr. Gladstone once, when out of office, promised that when next *in* office he would give the matter his attention. Perhaps he gave the matter his attention, but Llewellynn Jewitt did not get the pension when Mr. Gladstone returned to the Premiership. Of course he had the right to follow his own judgment, and not other people's, in advising her Majesty. It was not until 1885 that the honour was conferred, and then it was by Lord Salisbury's and Lord Iddesleigh's advice. Yet it is thus that Roach Smith writes of Llewellynn Jewitt and the Radical Statesman, in his "Retrospections:"

"While Mr. Jewitt has done so much to promote education, he has not neglected the physical necessities of those to whom science and literature are almost denied; but who by their manual labour contribute so much to sustain those blessings. While residing at Winster Hall, from 1867 to 1880, it was by his consideration and perseverance that the inhabitants of Winster procured a supply of pure water brought from a considerable distance. On the opening of the public taps at a banquet over which Mr. Jewitt presided, it was happily said that 'the work itself was one worthy of a whole life, if the only good done during all that life; but with him it was only one of a series of good works, in which he was always delighted to take part.' Our statesmen have not seen their way to establish for England what would be equivalent to the Legion of Honour in France for men who have advanced the well-being and mental culture of their fellow-men by a life's devotion; and the reasons advanced for this are not creditable to those who have been placed at the head of the country's government. If to any statesman of the present time, Mr. Gladstone may be looked to as the founder of such an Order." Had Mr. Gladstone carried into effect this wise hint, it would have been one of the most harmless and most honourable acts of his long life.

Thus nearly every day the diary records "Sent off" MS. or drawings:

"February 21st.—Wrote and sent off chapter of 'Ancient British Women for *E. D. M.* to Mr. Beeton.

"Sent off blocks to Mr. Banks.

"Sent off revise of 'Hist. Plymouth.'

"Sent off make-up sheets one and two *Reliquary*.

"Sent off two drawings to Reynolds.

"Received and returned final revise of sheet one of *Reliquary*, and first revise of sheet two.

"Sent off parcel of wood-cuts to Mr. Banks.

"Sent off proof and wood-cuts for *Student*.

"Received and returned sheet of 'Plymouth.'

"Sent off corrected proof of 'Arundel Castle' to *Art Journal*.

"Sent off three blocks of Celts for *Student*.

"Arranged to do for Mr. Keene a new edition of my 'Guide to Derby.'

"Sent off MS. of 'Guide to Derby.'

"Parcel of thirty-six wood-cuts to Dafforne, for *Art Journal*.

"Three wood-cuts by post for 'Grave Mounds.'"

At last here is a holiday; but doubtless he made hard work of it. "Went to Lord Scarsdale's for the day, and he drove me on to Derby." I am dotting down these records of industry while searching the diary for more about HERBERT. But suddenly the diary becomes almost neglected. There is nothing about HERBERT, and little about anything else. On March 24th he writes "Mr. James Arkwright here." Then all is blank again, actually all through April. Has he had ominous dreams again during this momentous month? There are two or three hurried, uninteresting notes in the beginning of May, then all is blank again. A lightning flash, terrible, has struck somewhere—concerning him much—but its thunder has not yet rolled over his head. Has he a presentiment of its coming?

It comes at last!—the dreadful overwhelming tidings—the thunder and the thunder-bolt too, striking the heart and brain of each of those loving ones at Winster Hall!

On the 28th April, four days after the "Shackamaxon" had rounded the Cape of Good Hope, on her return from India, Herbert Jewitt was doing first officer's duty, when he observed that there was some hitch overhead in the management of the foreyard: he ascended to ascertain what was amiss, and in a few minutes fell thence headforemost on to the deck. The concussion rendered him insensible, in which condition he remained a few hours and then died. The next day he was "*buried in the sea*," and his loving father's awful dream was at length accomplished. It is not possible to describe, nor, happily, to conceive the mental agony of the family at Winster Hall when the dreadful tidings reached them. When Llewellynn Jewitt read the terrible news his mind seemed to become suddenly dazed, and for a considerable time he was quite bereft of all power of speech, while the anguish depicted in his countenance was terrible to behold. His poor dear wife too—such a loving mother!—was struck with a dire amazement and bitter sorrow, most pitiable. So it was with all the circle.

It was as though this loving family in the happy journey of life were suddenly confronted with a hurricane, which in its fury rends a strong heavy limb from some tree, and hurls it against them, wounding each sorely in the breast and head as it dashes them to the earth, stunned and bleeding. The manly father and husband, although perhaps most hurt of all, rises first; and—although so bruised and

bleeding—thinks only of help to the prostrate dear ones around him ; especially his beloved wife, whom he tries to sustain with tender loving comfort. Meantime his own anguish is inexpressible. Yet with him it is the fiery trial which ennobles and purifies.

His anguish was like that of David, when the latter exclaimed, "O my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom ! would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son !" And thus he might have mourned : "Why are you snatched from me thus ? I have prayed constantly with all the ardour of my soul, through Jesus Christ and for His sake, that God would preserve you to us and restore you to us in happiness and safety. What have I done that this great calamity should fall upon me ? Oh God, why am I thus forsaken by Thee ? I who never ceased thanking and praising Thee for Thy preservation of my dear son Herbert, and have never failed humbly to entreat Thee on his behalf—my dear, dear son, in whose stead I would so willingly have died !" Was this the temper of his afflicted mind ? No ; not in this complaint against Divine Providence. But this was its temper and triumph in its fierce fiery trial, addressing his wife as soon as he had power of utterance :

"My darling, have courage. This great trial is God's own Will, and God's own Wisdom too. It is hard, very hard, to bear ; but whatever God permits to happen to those who faithfully trust in Him, and who do their best, *is best*, and *for the best*, although we cannot see it now, nor understand it." Then nature would prevail, and his speech would fail, and he would feel himself short of that consolation he was trying to impart to the dear partner of his sorrow. But he would rouse again, and say : "Let us submit to His Will, darling, and still humbly trust in His goodness and mercy. Dear, dear Herbert was a good lad, and his God has taken him to Himself at the time which He in His Wisdom knew to be the *best*. It is very, very hard for both of us, but let us submit with perfect resignation to His Will."

One of the effects of this great shock was the change of the colour of the hair of the stricken mother, suddenly, from brown to white ; the original colour returning in the course of time.

On the memorial card of Herbert's death, his father speaks of him as "*one of earth's brightest treasures*."

It is very touching to turn over the leaves of his diary after his knowledge of this terrible loss. It is all perfectly blank to the very end, reminding one of his sorrow at the loss of his mother, of which he wrote in his diary ten years after her death, when referring to the sorrowful event : "But why should I recall these thoughts to write them ? They occur to my mind constantly, but they shall not be written." So likewise he declined to exhibit in his diary his heart so sadly bleeding for his dear son Herbert. Nor is there a word about his next great sorrow, so soon to be endured.

Only a few months after their knowledge of this terrible bereavement, young Llewellynn came home unwell, and in spite of the constant undivided daily attention of a skilful physician and most loving care,



he also died. And all over again there was the submissive anguish, nobly borne without a murmur against Heaven ; the assiduous care to comfort his heart-broken wife ; and the same unfaltering argument that "It is hard, very very hard to bear ; but whatever God permits to happen to those who faithfully trust in Him, and do their best, *is best*, and *for the best*—although we cannot see it now, nor understand it." Herbert died at the age of twenty, and Llewellynn towards the close of his twenty-third year. On the memorial card of the latter his father inscribed : "One of the best of sons and most brilliant of intellects." One monument in Winster Churchyard commemorates the two deaths. These losses stamped deep lines on the manly countenance of Llewellynn Jewitt, which gave him ever after the expression of a man who had endured great sorrow. But it was a sorrow, as I have said, that further ennobled his already noble nature.



## CHAPTER XXV.

LLEWELLYNN JEWITT CAUSES A SUPPLY OF PURE WATER TO BE BROUGHT TO WINSTER, WHICH IT HAD LACKED FOR MORE THAN A THOUSAND YEARS.—PUBLIC REJOICINGS THEREAT.—SPEECH OF LORD GEORGE CAVENDISH THEREON.—LETTER FROM THE DUKE OF RUTLAND.—MEMORIES OF DEPARTED FRIENDS IN THE THIRTEENTH AND FOURTEENTH VOLUMES OF "THE RELIQUARY."



WINSTER is situate on the Carboniferous-limestone, which abounds with veins of galena or lead ore, and its natural supply of water is both scarce and unwholesome. This caused no inconvenience at the Hall, for that residence happened to have a good and wholesome well all to itself. Under the circumstances few men would have felt called upon to attempt to remedy such an outside natural evil as this, which Winster had endured for considerably more than a thousand years, for it was Winster as long ago as that. But Llewellynn Jewitt was no sooner impressed with the public evil than he set about to remedy it. There was good wholesome water in abundance three miles away, on the Millstone-grit, whence the villagers sometimes fetched the delicious fluid in carts, and Llewellynn Jewitt determined that they should have it in the future without fetching, and without stint, and without water-rate, for ever. He formed an influential committee, and suggested to them his plans. Subscriptions were raised. He himself liberally contributed to the fund. Mrs. Brittlebank, of Oddo, generously gave £250, which I believe she subsequently increased to £300. The Dukes of Devonshire and Rutland, with whom Llewellynn Jewitt was somewhat of a favourite, also contributed; and the latter nobleman, as well as W. P. Thornhill, of Stanton, placed the Millstone-grit watershed of their estates at the disposal of the committee. The result was that on Thursday, the 21st December, 1871, eight public fountains, or taps, were opened at Winster, amidst great pomp and rejoicing, the delicious water having been carried through three miles of piping, in unfailing supply, from Stanton. And the accomplishment of this great and beneficent scheme of Llewellynn Jewitt was not due only to money subscribed. There were strong miners in Winster, too poor to give money, and the benefactor proposed that they should share the good work by giving a limited period of free labour in laying down the pipes; and

many names appear in the subscription list as giving from one to six days of labour each, and from the farmers were contributions of team work to the value of from one pound to five pounds each. The accomplishment of such a work alone, so utterly disinterested, if it had been the only good work of his life, entitles the name of Llewellynn Jewitt to the lasting love of his fellow-creatures. On the 30th December, 1871, the *Derbyshire Times* gave a report in two columns of close print of the rejoicings at Winster on the 21st, from which I quote the following :

"We heartily congratulate all who have taken part in this good work, and especially Mr. Jewitt, upon the realisation of an idea that at first sight seemed hemmed in by difficulty. The town of Winster may well look back with pride upon the 21st December, 1871, as a day distinguished by one of those victories which are more glorious than the conquests of the battle-field. The moral, social, and sanitary effects of a plentiful supply of pure water cannot be over-estimated. The town was gaily decorated for the occasion of the inaugural ceremony. Flags waved from every house, and garlands were suspended at different intervals along the streets. The bells of the Parish Church rang out a merry peal, and the inhabitants testified in every way their pleasure at the event about to be consummated. The Church was beautifully decorated for Christmas by the Misses Jewitt, and the village choir mustered in strong force. At 12 30 a service was conducted, etc., etc. . . . The company then walked in procession to the first tap, which, like the others, was beautifully decorated with evergreens, etc., and here Lord George Cavendish pressed the spring tap and allowed the water to stream away for a short time, after which he declared it free to the people of Winster for ever. The same ceremony was repeated at each of the other taps, three taps being declared open by Lord George Cavendish, three by Lady George Cavendish, and two by Captain Arkwright, M.P."

A public luncheon followed, at which Llewellynn Jewitt was chairman, and after which many good speeches were made by the county magnates. The chairman's speeches were very happy and brilliant, and so were two or three that fell from the lips of Lord George Cavendish. In one of them, in proposing the health of the chairman, his Lordship said: "Mr. Jewitt is a gentleman well known, not only to us, but to all Derbyshire, and throughout the length and breadth of the land, for his literary attainments. The position which he holds as an antiquarian is congenial with his residence, for no country is richer than the High Peak in monuments and relics of the olden time. It has been his pleasure to unite with the late Mr. Bateman in researches into the barrows and other antiquities, and to describe them in beautiful and glowing language. We are all under an obligation to Mr. Jewitt for this, and the inhabitants of Winster are also under an especial debt of gratitude to him for his exertions in the matter of the water supply."

I have said that Llewellynn Jewitt was somewhat of a favourite with the Dukes of Devonshire and Rutland. So he was with the then

Duke of Portland, and many other British noblemen. The Duke of Rutland who assisted him in his water-supply feat was the sixth Duke. But Llewellynn Jewitt was no less a favourite with the preceding Duke, and I will give here, although out of sequence of date, a letter from that nobleman to him while he resided in Derby, which will need no apology for insertion, as it is interesting :

“Belvoir Castle, April 29th, 1856.

“Dear Sir,—I am so unwell myself that I can the better feel for others under similar circumstances. But whether I get well myself or not, I shall equally rejoice to learn that you are enabled to bear the labours of your useful avocation without injury to your health.

“I am very sorry to hear that the sad event which has occurred at Brook Hill Hall has made such a change as you allude to. I have not heard from any of the family since our poor friend died.

“I thank you much for the printed accompaniment of your letter of 25th inst., with the interesting comments upon the work of Robert Bloomfield.

“The severity of my long-continued cough has so affected my eyes that I am obliged to save them from all work not absolutely necessary. But my public situation requires so much reading and writing, that I daily do more than is prudent in the use of them. For how much kind feeling towards me shall I not have to thank you, contained in your most interesting letter bearing date February 6th!! The narrative of your journey to Windsor Castle, and of the impressions called into your mind from all you saw there, especially challenged my attention. You will be surprised that I have not seen the Crystal Palace, but I have never had a sufficient flow of healthy feeling since its erection to take me thither. Your Journal of three days has been exceedingly interesting to me—and still more than that, the remarks you make upon the changes and chances of your early life, set my thoughts in a whirl of action. Exists there a man who would desire to live again his early life, without power to alter and amend?

“I hope that progress has been made towards placing you in possession of the diagrams, etc., which are destined to assist the operations of your able and ever active mind.

“I promised the worthy Mayor of Derby that I would contribute towards it £15. I have accompanied this letter by a draft for that sum, in the belief that you will have the kindness to pass it on to the Mayor.

“I have been fortunate in discovering among many papers the ‘Lines on the Duchess’ Portrait,’ to which your letter of the 25th inst. refers, and it gives me much pleasure to be of such trifling service to you.

“I have a warning that I had better lay down my pen—but previous thereto, I wish to add that I remain, dear Sir, your very faithful friend,—RUTLAND.”

It was this same Duke who so courteously placed at the disposal of William Jerdan, F.S.A., etc., to edit for the Camden Society's volume called "Rutland Papers," all those original documents illustrative of the courts and times of Henry VII. and Henry VIII. On the 20th of January succeeding the date of the above letter, this Duke died, and was succeeded by his son, who was also, as I have said, Llewellynn Jewitt's good friend. From this sixth Duke Llewellynn Jewitt received duplicate keys of Haddon Hall, admitting him to every part of that splendid and interesting structure at all times. And supremely happy times have I spent there again and again with him and his family, when we have driven over from Winster or Duffield on a lovely summer day. Fancy the charm of wandering about that grand old palace with such a guide as Llewellynn Jewitt, in person! And when we were wearied with that sort of enjoyment—satiated with the mental feast—he would send for the hampers from the carriage, and spread out upon that charming terrace with its beautiful balustrade, beneath the broad shadow of the ancient trees, a luncheon truly princely. He was himself remarkably abstemious, but a most bountiful and happy host—most happy in the enjoyment of his guests. Although he never indulged in annual holidays, and never had any season of rest, he was ever scheming grand outings for his guests by road and by rail. To his guests they were delightful holidays, but he always made them seasons of work for himself, and became completely tired out in ministering to his friends and searching out and elucidating the antiquities or beauties of the places visited, and in making notes for future articles.

The reference made by Lord George Cavendish to Llewellynn Jewitt's work among the barrows of the High Peak, brings to my mind pleasant recollections of days spent with him at that work later on.

We now come to the date of the completion of the thirteenth volume of *The Reliquary*, in the Introduction of which Llewellynn Jewitt writes:

"When I first started *The Reliquary*, now fourteen years ago, I knew it would be uphill work—and uphill work I have found it. I started it, however, with a determination to carry it on, and I have done so; and I look back with excusable pride to the row of goodly volumes which have been produced, and feel that a good work has been done, and still is doing, in thus putting on record so vast a mass of useful and valuable information; and I feel thankful that it has been *my* lot to have secured the confidence of so many, and such gifted, writers as have contributed to it. To one and all I heartily say 'Thank you' for all you have done, and assure you how grateful I shall be for all you may do for my future volumes.

"I say 'future volumes,' for I should like to feel that having now carried it on for fourteen years, I may look for its continuance for the few remaining years of my life. Nothing on my part shall be wanting to ensure its long continuance, and, supported in my endeavours, I hope to keep introducing new and attractive features from time to time, and thus to render it more acceptable to the readers.

"During the past year death has been busy among the old and valued contributors to these pages. Men have passed away whose places in their respective and peculiar branches of study can never again be filled. While regretting their personal loss, it is, however, pleasant to know that their labours and thoughts and knowledge and experiences have been recorded and rendered imperishable in these pages, and that though dead they yet speak to us and counsel with us by these their writings."

In the number of the *Reliquary* for April, 1873, Llewellynn Jewitt again mourns the loss of literary friends—six within the short period of three months, and all contributors to his Journal. He thus refers to them :

"It is not often in the course of one short period—three months—between the issue of the parts of *The Reliquary*, that the removal by death of twice that number of its friends and contributors has to be recorded. This, however, is the sad fact with the present number. Within three short months no less than six of my antiquarian and literary friends, some at a ripe old age, and others in the very prime of manhood, have been called away from their various spheres of usefulness, and have left blanks which cannot well again be filled. How different their walks in life ! how different their social position ! how different their pursuits ! and yet all are now equal in death ! Some of these were my most intimate and best loved friends, and their memory will ever remain green and life-like. Their sorrowing friends will long remember their kindly words, their too short lives, their pleasant features, their well-known voices, and their unobtrusive and genial manners ; but these are things *only* for those who knew and loved them, to remember. It is not *these* that live ; but long after this recollection has died away by the death of their contemporaries, the names and the works of some of these six will live and be read and referred to by coming generations, and their reputation will grow as time goes on. The six to whom I allude are :

"JOHN HOLLAND, of Sheffield Park, author of the 'Life of Montgomery ;' 'Memorials of Sir Francis Chantrey ;' 'Cruciana,' and a score or two of other books. . . . Of him—one of my oldest and dearest literary friends—a memoir is being prepared for publication by his nephew, Mr. J. H. Brammall, and I will therefore not forestall it by any present notice. . . .

"WILLIAM STOTT BANKS, of Wakefield, author of 'Walks in Yorkshire ; North-East and North-West ;' 'Walls in Yorkshire, Wakefield and its Neighbourhood ;' etc., etc. . . . Of the value of his works an estimate has already been given in *The Reliquary*, but of the goodness, and value, and spotless purity of his life, like that of John Holland, an estimate can only be found in the hearts of those who knew him best and loved him most. . . .

"THOMAS NORRIS INCE, of Wakefield, formerly of Wirksworth in Derbyshire. . . . He was one of the most zealous, painstaking, and reliable of genealogists, and one of the best of men. . . .

"JOHN FOSSICK LUCAS, of Fenny Bentley, died December 15th, aged thirty-five. He had much taste for archæological pursuits, and had got together a number of highly interesting and curious relics of the past. Had he been spared to a more matured age he doubtless would have much increased his collections, and might have rendered good service to local archæology. He was unmarried, and knowing him most intimately from his boyhood, I felt a deep and lasting attachment for him. . . ."

These notices give no conception of the sorrow of heart with which they were penned. Llewellynn Jewitt dearly loved John F. Lucas. It will be seen from the diaries how frequently they were together, and Fenny Bentley was the favourite resort of "dear Herbert." The next notice is of :

"THOMAS GREGORY LOMAX, of Lichfield, died January 3rd, aged eighty-nine. On the 1st of January, 1810, Mr. Lomax began business as a bookseller, in Lichfield, and on the 1st of January, 1873, having entered that date in his books, in accordance with his unvarying custom of sixty-three years, he retired to bed, feeling not so well as usual, and on the 3rd of January peacefully expired. The frequenters of the 'Johnson's Head,' the name of his house of business, will long remember him as a thorough gentleman of the old school, and in business matters a pattern of integrity and uprightness. The deceased was the son of the Rev. Jas. Lomax, M.A., of Druid Heath House, Staffordshire. For many years he was a member of the old Lichfield Corporation, and in 1843 he was the first Conservative Mayor elected under the new Municipal Act. Mr. Lomax was an enthusiastic admirer of Dr. Johnson. The principal remaining relics of 'the great lexicographer' have been at the 'Johnson's Head' for many years, having been originally purchased from Barber, the Doctor's black servant, who lived at Lichfield. These consist of the Doctor's arm-chair, table, large ivory-headed walking-cane, prayer-book, autographs when a boy, books marked by the Doctor as used and referred to in writing various works, teaspoons, Mrs. Johnson's wedding-ring, etc. There is also a curious ancient atlas, paged and indexed by him, as well as other books presented or belonging to him. In his earlier days Mr. Lomax knew and conversed with many who were intimate with Johnson himself.

"EDWARD GEORGE EARLE LYTTON BULWER-LYTTON, Baron Lytton of Knebworth, died January 18th, aged sixty-eight. Of him and his literary career it is surely needless to say a word! Descended from one of the oldest Derbyshire families, Lord Lytton took an interest in Derbyshire literary matters, and various 'helps' from his pen were promised for my new 'History' of that county. He, like many others, died too soon for the labour he had cut out for himself, but not too soon to earn a lasting fame."

In the number of *The Reliquary* for July, 1873, Llewellynn Jewitt records the death of another of his literary friends—a writer of eminence, of whom he says :

"Again it becomes my sad duty to record the death of yet another contributor to these pages—of yet another literary friend—and to chronicle another removal from amongst us of a gifted son of song as well as an ardent and untiring labourer in the fields of antiquity and of history. Thomas Rossell Potter was indeed, in every sense of the words, a 'Derbyshire Worthy'—worthy in every relation of life. Worthy as a writer; worthy as a tutor; and worthy, most worthy, as a husband, father, and friend; he was an honour to the county which gave him birth, and that other county, closely adjoining, to the investigation of whose history he so lovingly devoted himself. It is well that a record of so useful a life as his should be preserved in these pages, which his pen has occasionally graced, and one of whose objects is the enshrining of such 'memories' as his." I refer the reader to the volume for an interesting "Memory" of the author of "A History of Charnwood Forest," which is in "that other county" referred to above.

And this is in the Editor's Introduction to the fourteenth volume :

"*The Reliquary* has now been established fifteen years. Fourteen volumes have been completed, and I can confidently point to them as evidence of good work done, and as earnest of future achievements. Since *The Reliquary* was commenced, the venerable *Gentleman's Magazine*, after nearly a century and a half's devotion to antiquity has ceased, in its archæological features, to exist; *The Antiquary* has died a natural death; *Long Ago* has become a thing of the past; and the *Herald and Genealogist* has also, unfortunately, through the death of my excellent friend, Mr. John Gough Nichols, been brought to an untimely close. Thus *The Reliquary* has again become the only independent Archæological Journal in existence, and it will be my duty, as well as my true pleasure, to make it year by year more acceptable to its readers, and to make up by extra devotion to Heraldry and Genealogy, for the loss which the world has sustained by the discontinuance of the latter Magazine. With the constant help of kind friends, and the watchful editorial care which it is my delight to give it, the future of *The Reliquary* will be even more bright than its past, and its days of usefulness will increase with its age."

It is worthy of note here that in the number of *The Reliquary* for April, 1874, vol. XIV., Llewellynn Jewitt reviews a book by the Rev. Alfred Gatty, entitled "Sheffield Past and Present,"\* and an engraving is given of "The Old Cutlers' Hall, at Sheffield; Erected in 1638; Taken down in 1832." That picture of the old Hall is now interesting to look upon in connection with the meetings of the old Master Cutlers within its walls, at which the plaguey doings of Llewellynn Jewitt's grandfather were the great subject of discussion.

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\* Sheffield: T. Rodgers, Change Alley Corner. 1 vol. 8vo., pp. 364.





## CHAPTER XXVI.

THE GOLDEN WEDDING OF MR. AND MRS. S. C. HALL.—A GREAT TESTIMONIAL FUND STARTED.—LETTER AND ACROSTIC FROM LLEWELLYNN JEWITT.—PHILIP ROSE, FOUNDER OF THE HOSPITAL FOR CONSUMPTION, BROMPTON.—CHARLES AND HENRY KINGSLEY AT A GREAT BAZAAR.—JENNY LIND AND THE IRON DUKE.—A COXCOMB.—JENNY LIND'S LOVE-LUCK.—THOMAS MOORE, THE POET.—FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE; THE WOUNDED WARRIORS OF THE CRIMEA KISS HER PASSING SHADOW.—THE NIGHTINGALE FUND OF £48,000.—MUCH WORK DONE FOR THE WORLD AND FOR GOD.—OTTO GOLDSCHMIDT AND HIS WIFE AND THEIR GENEROSITY.—THE GOVERNESSES' BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION.—"THE OLD GOVERNESS."—THE EARLY CLOSING MOVEMENT.—BOYCOTTING AT THE WEST-END.—GOOD SIR PHILIP ROSE.



Now come to the year 1874. On the 20th of September of that year, Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall celebrated their Golden Wedding, which event brought forth a graceful tribute from their beloved and loving friend Llewellynn Jewitt. As this is the book of their memoirs as well as of his, this is the proper place to mention that it also brought forth a grand tribute in the form of a Testimonial, from six hundred admirers of the venerable couple of philanthropists. On the anniversary itself someone suggested this Testimonial, and immediately a Committee was formed, composed of seven noble Lords, thirteen Knights and Baronets, and over a hundred more of the greatest men of Great Britain, representing all its departments of greatness. The honorary secretary issued the following circular:

"The following Noblemen and Gentlemen have formed themselves into a Committee to promote the presentation of a Testimonial of a substantial character to Mr. and Mrs. S. C. HALL, in commemoration of their 'Golden Wedding'; and in recognition of the eminent services rendered by them to Literature and Art, and of their varied useful and energetic labours in so many good causes; feeling confident that the object they have in view will meet with the support of many who have appreciated the purity of tone and nobility of purpose which, during a long and well-spent life, have won for this estimable lady and most worthy gentleman so large a share of admiration and respect.

"The Committee, conscious of its inability to compress into a paragraph the labours of a life, must be content to cite the following as examples of the numerous literary, benevolent, and useful works associated with their names: As Editors—The *New Monthly Magazine*, the *Amulet*, the *St. James's*, the *Art Journal* (which he founded in 1839, and which has greatly influenced and advanced British Art and Art-Manufactures), the *Book of Gems of British Poets*, etc. As Authors—Ireland, the *Baronial Halls of England*, *Pilgrimages to English Shrines*, *Sketches of Irish Character*, *The Buccaneer*, *Marian*, *The White Boy*, *Tales of Woman's Trials*, *The French Refugee*, and other successful dramas, etc.; and as having largely assisted to found or support 'The Consumption Hospital,' Brompton; 'The Nightingale Fund,' 'The Governesses' Benevolent Institution,' 'The Pensioners' Employment Society,' and others."

The Committee then invite co-operation, and name themselves, being a total of one hundred and forty-one of—as I have said—the greatest names of Great Britain. This is Llewellynn Jewitt's congratulation:

"Winster Hall, Derbyshire, Sept. 19th, 1874.

"My dear Mr. and Mrs. Hall,—Pray receive, on this the morning of your 'Golden Wedding'—when you will receive this letter—our most cordial, warm and genuine greeting. And believe me that none of your friends more truly rejoice with you than we do. It is few who reach the blessing of fifty years with each other, and we are thankful that you are among the favoured ones. May the day be as happy in its fullness of joy as the one fifty years ago was in the budding. God grant you many many years yet of happiness, and may each year add another golden link to the chain that binds you together, to be fastened with a 'diamond' clasp at your 'diamond' wedding ten years hence. Our married life is now thirty-six years; but I dare hardly hope *we* shall see our 'Golden' day. Fourteen years is a long time to look forward to!

"We all unite in every possible good wish for you both, and our earnest prayer is that you may be spared many, many years to gladden the hearts of your friends, and to have yours doubly gladdened in return.

"An acrostic on your names for this day came into my head this morning, and it is hastily dotted down on the other side.

"It is not worth sending, but you will pardon its imperfections, in the genuineness of its feeling, won't you?

"Ever, my dear Mr. and Mrs. Hall, your true friends,

"LLEWELLYNN AND ELIZABETH JEWITT.

"P.S.—Thank you for the beautiful card just come. It is truly beautiful, and we shall prize it more than I can tell you."

"Softly and gently have Time's footsteps fallen  
 Along the path of life you two have trod,  
 Marking the cycles of revolving years  
 Upon the roll of Fame. As bells on Ephod  
 Even marked the sacred years of holy office—  
 Leading up step by step from earth to God.

Countless as golden sands, countless as stars  
 Are seeds of good your pens have ever sown !  
 Refreshing weary hearts, fostering pure thoughts,  
 Teaching mankind, and giving better tone  
 Even to the best of sympathies. For such  
 Reward awaits you at the golden Throne.

Among all writers of the present age  
 No twain have done more good than you have done ;  
 Nor ever twain more usefully have lived,  
 And none like you have earn'd so wide renown.

Manufactures by your fostering care expand ;  
 Art flourishes and owns your fostering hand ;  
 Rich germs for thought you spread throughout the land ;  
 Intemperance grows less at your command ;  
 And literature takes a noble stand.

Heav'n grant the 'Golden Bridal Day' may be  
 A promise of a 'Diamond' one in store !  
 Light be your tasks and cares ! Long may you live,  
 Loving and loved by all till Time shall be no more !"

I am not going to attempt to enumerate the good things done or aided by Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall during their long lives, and did not think of mentioning their help to the Consumption Hospital, Brompton, referred to in the circular of the Committee of the Testimonial Fund, until reminded to do so by an old letter which I have just been reading, and which will interest the reader other than myself. It was in 1840 that Mr. Philip Rose—the late Sir Philip Rose, Bart., a most honourable name—in conjunction with Samuel Carter Hall, and four others whose names I do not know, planned and started in a very small way a hospital for consumption. The meeting was held at the residence of Mr. Rose, 22, Hans Place, a house which should be for ever hereafter famous, and Mr. Rose became the founder and honorary secretary of the present powerful and beneficent organization known as the Consumption Hospital, Brompton.

Mr. Hall relates that in the summer of 1844 a bazaar was held in the grounds of Chelsea Hospital, in aid of the Consumption Hospital, at which his wife had a stall which yielded more than £450. Mrs. Hall wrote, and had printed, expressly for sale at that bazaar, the quarto book entitled "The Forlorn Hope ; a Story of Old Chelsea." Her special assistants—*aides-de-camp* her husband calls them—were the brothers Charles and Henry Kingsley, the sons of the then rector of Chelsea. One of their duties was to carry about the grounds a beautiful papier-mâché chair which had been presented to Mrs. Hall for her stall by the makers—Jennens and Bettridge, and to sell tickets for its raffle, the first purchaser being Mrs. Hall herself. In a few hours there was loud hurraing throughout the grounds as the brothers

Kingsley headed a procession bearing the chair to the stall of its winner, Mrs. S. C. Hall. In 1880 she presented that chair to the hospital, where it is now preserved. At this bazaar Jenny Lind sang two songs to the old pensioners assembled in their Palace Hospital.

Jenny Lind was the intimate friend and neighbour of the Halls when their residence was "The Rosery, Old Brompton." The old letter which I referred to above, was written to Mrs. Hall during this time, and it is this; from the secretary—not Sir Philip, the *hon.* secretary :

"Hospital for Consumption and Diseases of the Chest,

"Brompton, 4th August, 1848.

"My dear Madam,—I am directed by the Committee of Management to mention to you their great wish to obtain the co-operation of the Iron Duke—we have been told 'Now is the time to solicit him'—and the Committee are of opinion that if Jenny Lind were to mention to him the wish of the Committee, he would accede forthwith, become one of the Vice-Presidents, and probably give us £100. As I write it occurs to me that a Resolution from the Committee forwarded to him by Miss Lind, would be the proper and successful way to secure his name and money.

"May we task your kind influence again with our kind friend, and be still considered, my dear madam, yours much obliged? etc."

Mrs. Hall endorsed the letter thus : "*I would not do it.*"

But nevertheless the Iron Duke and the fascinating songstress will turn up together presently.

In the meantime a letter to Mrs. Hall which is before me, from an authoress and the wife of an author, gives an interesting glimpse of a conceited impudent young coxcomb of forty-odd years ago, first obtaining an introduction to Mrs. S. C. Hall, and then pressing for an introduction by her to Jenny Lind :

"Bayswater, May 25th, 1847.

"My dear Friend,—I am really quite vexed that you have been annoyed with Mr. Roberts. It was very silly of him to wish an introduction to Jenny Lind; as he ought to have known that though she was glad to make your acquaintance, she would be annoyed to be introduced to a young man totally unknown, except to his own friends and connections. It is astounding how blind people are when self-love holds a veil before their eyes. I don't wonder he wished to see Jenny Lind; I do; and so does half London at least. The only wonder is that he should think she would like to be troubled with him. I beg your pardon with all my heart for giving this man an introduction to you, but he is so well connected, and particularly with the T——'s, who are such kind friends of mine, that I did not know how to refuse. I have no doubt Mr. R. will be very glad to have seen you.—Yours affectionately and sincerely, —."

Later on, more money being needed for the further extension of the Hospital for Consumption, among other plans for raising it a

concert was thought of; and Jenny Lind promised Mrs. Hall that she would sing for the benefit of the Fund the next time she returned to London, for she had left her Brompton residence for awhile. On her return she at once offered her services, and Samuel Carter Hall formed a Committee, of which he became honorary secretary. In the programme he fixed the price of the reserved seats at two guineas and the unreserved at one guinea, intimating that no unreserved tickets would be issued so long as reserved continued to be applied for. He says: "When I showed the programme to Miss Lind she was angry. To her German or Swedish experience it seemed incredible that a large number of persons would give such a sum to hear her sing; she protested, therefore, against my act, as dooming her to sing to empty benches, and in no way to aid the charity. I knew better; she had never sung in public, except on the stage; there were many who greatly desired to hear her, who would not enter a theatre; moreover, if the ticket was an extravagance, it was an outlay to assist a most valuable institution, and not a speculation for private gain. In the result, the concert-room at Her Majesty's Theatre was allotted to us free; it was capable of seating nine hundred persons. I sold nine hundred tickets, not a single ticket through any agent; there was consequently no deduction; the only expenses were advertisements, hire of chairs, and gratuities to the attendants. I paid in upwards of £1,750 to the account of the hospital—the largest sum up to that time ever realised by a concert. The proceeds formed the nucleus of the fund for building the second wing of the hospital. It is known as the 'Nightingale wing,' and it contains a ward named after Mrs. S. C. Hall. Mrs. Hall has bequeathed—to be placed in the ward—a large photograph and two lithographs of the Queen and the Prince Consort, presented to her, with an autograph letter from her Majesty, in 1878. At no distant date they will be there as Mrs. Hall's most cherished record of gratitude and devoted affection for the Queen she loved so much—to whom she owed so much."

Among the audience at this concert were many famous people, including the great Duke of Wellington; and the Conqueror of Napoleon handed Jenny Lind to the platform. Thus the charmer's anger was changed to triumphant satisfaction. Instead of singing to empty benches, every seat was occupied as a reserved seat at two guineas, and fifty tickets at one guinea each were sold for the *standing* room, while twenty guineas were paid for the two passages leading to the boxes, to be occupied only after the boxes were filled. This concert was very fateful for Jenny Lind, as the following narration by Mr. Hall will show:

"There came to me an application from a young German composer expressing a desire to play for the charity. I submitted the letter, with other letters of the kind, to Miss Lind; she selected it as one I might answer in the affirmative. She had never until then heard his name; the selection was a mere chance (we too often use the word in lieu of that Providence which 'shapes our ends'), but the applicant

was Otto Goldschmidt, who not long afterwards became the husband of Jenny Lind. A better husband, father, friend—a truer gentleman of more entire probity in all the relations of life—does not live. In common parlance, it was a lucky day for Jenny Lind when she agreed to sing for the Brompton Hospital for Consumption, and surely a lucky day it was for Otto Goldschmidt.”

At the Weekly Board Meeting of the Committee of the Hospital for Consumption held 4th August, 1848, after a unanimous resolution “That the deep and earnest gratitude of the Committee be tendered to Mademoiselle Lind for her noble act of kindness in behalf of the charity,” etc. It was also resolved :

“That the Committee cannot forbear from again expressing to Mrs. S. C. Hall their deep gratitude for her continued and repeated interest manifested on behalf of this charity, and most particularly for the valuable assistance she has recently rendered it in connection with the concert of Mademoiselle Lind, from which has proceeded so large an accession to the funds of the Hospital.

“That the Honorary Secretary be requested to communicate the foregoing resolution to Mrs. S. C. Hall, and at the same time to inform her of the wish of the Committee to retain within the building a lasting record of Mrs. S. C. Hall’s services in the cause of the charity, by calling one of the wards in the new wing after her name.”

Mr. Hall says : “It added much to my pleasure, when seated on the platform where his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales was laying the first stone of the new building (on the 17th July, 1879), to know that it stood on the site of a row of houses—York Place—in one of which the poet Moore had lived. It was, I believe, No. 5. Sitting by the side of Moore and his admirable wife one evening at Sloperton, I said, ‘By the way, sir, will you tell me where you wrote the lines on the meeting of the waters?’—

‘Sweet Vale of Avoca!’

Some say one place and some another. There are, as you know, two *Sweet Vales* in which the waters *meet*; a spot is pointed out under one umbrageous tree where the *neighbours* say you wrote them. I should much like to know.’ The poet shook his head, and with a solemn look and tone, said, ‘Ah! that is a secret I never tell to anyone!’ Mrs. Moore bent her head towards me, and audibly whispered, ‘It was in an attic at Brompton!’ I visited the ‘attic’ not long afterwards, and fancied I saw the poet penning one of the sweetest of all the melodies. And again I visited, in imagination, the lovely spot in the county of Wicklow, where the rivers Avon and Avoca ‘meet.’ It was visited by the poet in 1807, when the poem was suggested; and when—

‘Friends, the beloved of my bosom were near,  
Who made every dear scene of enchantment more dear.’

“It will not lessen the pleasure patients will receive, nor diminish their chances of health, if they hear in fancy (as I did, in reality, more than once) the poet sing these lines, on the very spot where they were written.”

The mention by the Committee of the Testimonial Fund, that Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall had aided the realization of the "Nightingale Fund," does not convey much to the mind of the general reader, and it will be interesting to learn what they really did and how they did it. It is however quite needless to say what Florence Nightingale did to merit the raising of this Fund, as that is a lovely and noble passage of English history, fixing the sweet name sweetly in the hearts of mankind for ever. Speaking in his "Retrospect" of the noble army of high-born ladies who threw themselves into the wretched work, yet bright and hallowed work, of tending the sick and wounded in the hospitals of Eastern Europe during the Crimean War, Mr. Hall says :

"Foremost among these admirable and holy workers was Florence Nightingale. The name rapidly became a household word throughout the British Islands, and in all the colonial dependencies of the Crown ; it was universally hailed with enthusiastic affection ; the touching and beautiful lines of Longfellow, the 'Lady of the Lamp,' consecrated it. The heart of England beat warmly in response, and the feeling was universal that some means must be found, especially by women, to recompense one who was doing so much of woman's best and holiest work in the plague-stricken battlefields of the East."

In September, 1855, Mrs. S. C. Hall took the matter up with her usual energy and success, by writing to her numerous lady friends asking them to aid in preparing a testimonial. A large sum resulted, and she wrote to Miss Nightingale's personal friends—Lady Canning and Mrs. Sidney Herbert, for advice as to what form the testimonial should take. The reply from both was that the heroic young lady would not accept a personal testimonial in any form. Florence Nightingale was a high-born wealthy lady, and one who positively shrank from popularity and praise, and did her work only from an exalted sense of duty, and feelings of high humanity. Then the idea of an institution for teaching and training nurses was mooted, and Mrs. Hall issued the following letter to people of influence outside her own sphere of intimate friends. I copy from her original draft :

"It is understood that the return of Miss Nightingale from her mission of love and mercy may be soon expected ; it will no doubt occur to you that it is the especial duty of English women to record *their* sense of her services to the cause of her country and humanity.

"Would it not be well, therefore, to devise some means by which this may be done effectually ? Perhaps by establishing to her honour and that of her associates, an institution in which women may be wisely educated and properly qualified to undertake duties such as those which these admirable women have so worthily, and at so much self-sacrifice, discharged. This object it is known Miss Nightingale has always had earnestly 'at heart.'

"I am anxious to consult a few by whose opinions I desire to be guided, as to the practicability of a movement having this object in

view, and I venture to entreat your counsel and co-operation in reference to it.

"I have the honour to be, Yours obediently, ANNA MARIA HALL."

It was decided that contributions to the testimonial should not be confined to women only, but that the movement should be quite national, and then Mr. Hall stepped forward. He asked the co-operation of Sidney Herbert as co-honorary secretary, which was accorded, and the national scheme was energetically started. Sidney Herbert asked his colleague what sum he expected to raise, the reply being "Fifty thousand pounds." This was received with an incredulous laugh, and the remark that fifteen thousand would be much nearer the total. The total, however, exceeded £48,000. Mr. Hall engaged the services of a financial secretary—Mr. Henry Dobbin, of whom he speaks in high praise, and says: "Every day in his presence I opened all letters, placed all offerings in a 'strong box,' and each day he took the receipts of the day to Coutts' Bank. The careful regularity led to this: that although money came to the office in many odd ways—through the post, left at the door—cheques, notes, gold and silver, I never found that a single contribution had gone astray. No one at any time wrote to me to ask why his contribution, much or little, had not been acknowledged in the advertisements."

At one of the public meetings which had been addressed by the Duke of Cambridge, Lord Lansdowne, Sir John Pakington, Monckton Milnes, Lord Stanley, the Lord Mayor, Lord Goderich, the Rev. Dr. Cumming, and others, and very eloquently addressed too, the public feeling was stirred above all by a brief quotation which Sidney Herbert read from the letter of a private soldier who had lain wounded in one of the beds in the East. It was this: "She would speak to one and to another, and nod and smile to many more, but she could not do it to all, you know, for we lay there by hundreds; but we could kiss her shadow as it fell, and lay our heads upon the pillow again content." Samuel Carter Hall calculated that the result of those few quoted words was an addition to £10,000 to the fund.

The total would have exceeded Mr. Hall's first estimate of £50,000, had not the movement been suddenly brought to a close at the earnest entreaty of Florence Nightingale herself, who suggested that it would be better to direct the attention of the charitable public to the calamities caused by the inundations in France at that time—1857.

The rough draft of the resolutions proposed by Samuel Carter Hall, at the first public meeting convened, is before me, with slight alterations in another hand, which I take to be Sidney Herbert's. This meeting was held prior to the return of Florence Nightingale from the seat of war. These are the resolutions:

"1. That the services of Miss Nightingale in the hospitals of the East, demand some expression of acknowledgment and gratitude on the part of the British people.



"2. That although Miss Nightingale would decline any such expression, merely personal to her, it is understood she will accept it in a form that would enable her, on her return to England, to prevent the dispersion of the band of nurses collected at the seat of war; to establish an institute for the training, sustenance, and protection of nurses; to arrange for their proper instruction at some existing hospital, and thus to advance the public interests in a much neglected branch of public service.

"3. That with this view—to combine a national tribute of gratitude to Miss Nightingale, with a large augmentation of her means of usefulness—a public subscription be entered into.

"4. That to accomplish this object on a scale worthy of the nation, honourable to Miss Nightingale, and of magnitude sufficient to effect a large reform in the system of nursing in public hospitals, all classes be invited to contribute, and that applications be made for the aid of the clergy, the co-operation of mayors of corporate towns, and all other available sources of assistance.

"5. That with this view, the sum thus collected be placed at the disposal of Miss Nightingale, in whose tried aptitude, judgment, and integrity, the subscribers will entirely confide."

But Florence Nightingale would not accept the control of this "Fund," and here is an interesting letter from her to Samuel Carter Hall:

"30, Old Burlington Street, W., June 11th, 1860.

"My dear Sir,—I have no doubt that Mr. Clough, the acting secretary for the 'Nightingale Fund,' has communicated with you as to the practicable measures which have been taken upon '*Training Nurses*.' But I cannot bear that you, who have done so much for us, should not hear from me about it—although I am unable to write to anyone else.

"I enclose, for Mrs. Hall, some copies of the Rules and Forms of 'Entrance Certificate' for the Probationers.

"Is there any list of Subscribers to the 'Fund' which you could send me? I am aware that on the subject of the 'Local Committees' you have been communicated with. But I thought it might be satisfactory if I were to send these 'rules' to subscribers, especially country ladies. They might send us women to train.

"I dare say you are aware that this is only a partial and tentative experiment, not employing the whole income of that 'Fund.' The 'Council' reserves to itself the opportunity of either extending this, or, which I think is more probable, making to itself other centres of action.

"With kindest regards to Mrs. Hall, believe me to be, my dear Sir, ever sincerely and gratefully yours, FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE."

This noble daughter of England, whose passing shadow the wounded heroes of the Crimea bowed down their heads to kiss—

and felt better for it—is still busy at her holy work of self-sacrifice, as will be seen from the following recent letter to my venerable friend :

“10, South Street, Park Lane, W., January 26th, 1887.

“I have only heard, my dear Sir, from my sister, Lady Verney, of your request to me, and I make haste to comply with it. . . . May peace and even joy attend you, for I know that you live constantly with the presence of her who is made perfect, as we trust we all shall be. God bless you and her. I hope that you are pretty well. May every blessing from the Almighty Loving Father attend you. I hope that you will excuse my writing so briefly, and in pencil. I am always under the severe pressure of work and illness. And how much work *you* have done for the world and for God. I venture to enclose an article of mine on the ‘Training of Nurses’—not for your reading, for it is too technical—but as one of the fruits of *your* work, for now the training of nurses has extended to nearly every considerable hospital in the country.

“Again, God bless you. Ever faithfully yours,

“S. C. Hall, Esq.

“FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.”

I must not pass from this pleasing subject of the Nightingale Fund without adding another interesting passage of the subject which is brought to my mind by the sight of a letter before me, signed Otto Goldschmidt. Jenny Lind and Mrs. S. C. Hall, as I have shown, were loving friends, and the latter wrote to the former—who had become Madame Goldschmidt—asking her to give a concert in aid of the Fund—asking the Swedish Nightingale to sing in honour of the Nightingale of England. The husband of the Swedish Nightingale wrote from Paris, on the 9th of November, 1855, to Mrs. S. C. Hall, saying that before this proposal of hers his wife had already conceived the wish to sing in England for the benefit of the “Fund ;” but that it would not be convenient to come at once during the winter months, as she would neither like to leave her child behind, nor bring it with her so long a journey at such a season. On the 11th of March, 1856, the concert was given in Exeter Hall, and realized a sum approaching £2,000. This was the gross sum realised. The noble and generous conduct of M. and Madame Goldschmidt on this occasion was greater than it yet appears. While the gross receipts reached nearly £2,000, the expenses of this concert amounted to the enormous sum—for expenses—of £547. This bill would naturally, one would think, come out of the gross sum. But, no ; Mr. Mitchell, the agent for getting up the concert, was sent by his employers to inform the Committee that he was forbidden to hold back a single shilling towards the “costs,” and the gross sum was handed to them. Had it not been so there would have arisen suspicions in evil minds that these generous benefactors had managed to secure, under the head of costs, a pretty good remuneration for their evening’s work after all.

Another noble institution greatly aided by Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall I must briefly refer to, and that is the Governesses’ Benevolent Institution. If the reader know nothing about this institution he can

easily get information which will show him how grandly good is its operation. For its benefit Mrs. Hall wrote and published her story entitled "The Old Governess." In the Report of 1848 it is written: "Especial thanks must be offered to one who worked, heart and hand and head, in the cause; and all who have read the tale of 'The Old Governess' will, it is believed, agree that never did that gifted head and most kindly heart put forth a stronger claim to public admiration and sympathy." And again:

"Resolved,—That the Committee of the Governesses' Benevolent Institution desire to express their deep sense of the energetic benevolence of Mrs. S. C. Hall in the recent kindnesses bestowed upon this Society.

"That the realising so large a sum by Mrs. Hall's personal exertions at the Fancy Sale—more than £350—is alone evidence of the personal interest felt and taken; but 'The Old Governess,' expressly written for the occasion, amidst the multiplied avocations of a highly useful life, displays a warmth of feeling towards the Society which requires some marked token of gratitude from its supporters.

"Signed—D. LAING, M.A., Honorary Secretary."

They also worked with equal energy in the "Early Closing" movement. It was in 1835 that Samuel Carter Hall placed himself at the head of this movement, meeting at first with very little encouragement from people of influence. In 1836 he took the chair at eleven meetings, often under circumstances very discouraging. It was not until later on that Bishops, Peers, and Ministers of State became chairmen in his stead, and he gladly took a more subordinate place in the good work, but exhibited no less energy in the cause of the poor over-worked shop-people. It was his wife who invented and started in 1836 the "pledge-card," which she induced her lady friends to sign, to the number of nearly five hundred, pledging themselves "under no circumstances, except in cases of absolute necessity, to make purchases, either ourselves or by our servants, at any shop after six, or at the latest seven o'clock in the evening. And, further, that we will endeavour, as far as possible, to deal, and encourage dealing, at shops which are closed at reasonable hours—and we desire to procure lists of such shopkeepers as discountenance 'Late Hour Employment' in our respective localities."

The word "boycotting" was then unknown; but here we have the invention itself—and still of Irish origin—in actual practice at the West-end of London, in the year of our Lord 1836! What a tremendous debt of gratitude do the humble shop-workers of England owe this noble Irish lady, and to her no less noble English husband! And they knew it not.

There is just one more of Mr. Hall's large-hearted undertakings that I must glance at. When our gallant soldiers who had fought in the Crimea returned to London, they were, of course, received with an ovation. In anticipation of this, Mr. Hall put out an advertisement, commencing thus:

"When the Guards and other regiments march through the cities of London and Westminster, will it not occur to the admiring and grateful spectators to inquire, how a large number of those gallant fellows are to be provided for, discharged from the service as they must be, from wounds or other ailments, with sixpence or eightpence a day?"

This was the advertisement of the Pensioners' Employment Society, in which Samuel Carter Hall co-operated with Mr. William Jerdan, and gave freely much valuable time. Ultimately Captain Walter, who had established the Corps of Commissionaires, took over the Pensioners' Employment Society, and the original Committee retired.

While our interest in the history of the Hospital for Consumption is still fresh, I will add a letter from its noble founder—Sir Philip Rose, the beloved friend of Lord Beaconsfield :

"Rayners, Penn-Bucks, (Station) Loudwater, G.W.R.,

"July 3rd, 1881.

"My dear Hall,—I was glad to receive your letter and to find that you had settled down comfortably in the midst of your old friends.

"I have been turning up your old letters of 1861, when you assisted me to arrange with Routledge, and procured me the services of Fairholt to annotate the works of the elder Disraeli. I am thankful that our dear friend, Lord Beaconsfield, lived long enough to recognise your claims.

"Can you tell me how or where I can obtain a copy of dear Mrs. S. C. Hall's work: 'Pilgrimages to English Shrines'—part of which she wrote at Rayners? Someone has taken a fancy to my copy and it is *non est*.

"Also can you tell me what book it was that had a frontispiece vignette of our old house, No. 22, Hans Place? I cannot remember whether it was one of your books or a book of someone else containing reminiscences of I. E. L., but I certainly have seen it, but cannot find it in my library here.

"S. C. Hall, Esq.

"Yours sincerely, PHILIP ROSE."

And here is another written on receipt of "proof" of matter written by Mr. Hall about Sir Philip in the "Retrospect":

"Rayners, etc., September 24th, 1882.

"My dear Friend,—I am sorry we are not to see you this year. I had much in store to show you.

"I return your very interesting proofs. You have referred to me in more complimentary words than I deserve, but from such an old friend they cannot be otherwise than appreciated.

"Forgive my alluding to one circumstance. You are probably not aware that by all the respectable members of the legal profession the word 'attorney' is considered a word of reproach. It carries the mind back to the era when the attorney was a curse to society instead of what he is now—a blessing!—the type of a well-informed, enlightened, high-minded man. I notice you always speak of solicitors

as attorneys, no doubt in ignorance of this feeling. As regards myself, it is inapplicable, as I was never admitted an attorney, but only as a *solicitor*, to which no one objects, and which it is my pride to have been. Will you therefore describe me as a solicitor, which I was, and not as an attorney, which I never was.

"I hope we may live to meet here next year if it is hopeless to look for you this.—Ever your sincere friend, PHILIP ROSE."

Thus wrote the solicitor to the barrister.

A few years ago a new Board-room was opened at the Consumption Hospital, when it was proposed to place in it a portrait of its founder; but this was declined by good Sir Philip, who suggested that the money subscribed should form a fund for the benefit of poor patients leaving the hospital. This benevolent idea was carried out, and the existing "Rose Fund" was the result. Lord Beaconsfield loved and trusted Sir Philip Rose so much that he made him one of his executors. He was a man of most pleasing social qualities and never-tiring benevolence. I say *was*, for he did not live, as he had hoped, to meet his beloved old friend Samuel Carter Hall, at Rayners again. But in the history of England's great benefactors of mankind his name will never die. So long as sweetness is associated with the Rose, so long will the memory of his name be sweetly cherished.



## CHAPTER XXVII.

CHANTRY, BAILY, WESTMACOTT, AND FLAXMAN.—THE ART JOURNAL.—  
 A SUMMER EVENING'S CRUISE OF THE ELF OF THE STREAM, IN  
 FAIRYLAND.—THE GOLDEN HOUR OF YOUTH IN THE VOYAGE OF  
 LIFE.—NEGLECTED GENIUS DISTRACTED —FOLEY.—A WARNING TO  
 YOUNG ARTISTS AND POETS.—RUSKIN.—THE POETRY AND PROSE  
 OF ART.—CHARLES ROACH SMITH AND GIBSON THE SCULPTOR.



AND now, while the noble and distinguished members of the Committee of the Testimonial Fund are yet at work, let me also dwell at some little length on another of the successful and wonderful labours of Samuel Carter Hall, mentioned in their circular—The *Art Journal*. As already stated he founded that journal in 1839, and he continued its editor during forty-two years. During that time, and by that means, he was greatly instrumental in gradually exalting British Art in all branches of British manufacture, by selecting and illustrating the best, if good enough, according to his unerring taste. Its early volumes were called the *Art Union*, of which the earliest were very sparsely illustrated. At that time there was more artistic merit in the general productions of French manufacturers than in those of the English, and, after awhile, the masterpieces of the former were illustrated, for the education of the latter. And he did the same for painters and sculptors, creating a demand for modern British work which before did not exist; for, indeed, such work was quite out of the fashion. There can be no possible doubt in the mind of anyone who knows all the facts, that the greatest British painters and sculptors of this century obtained their recognition and reward chiefly through the influence of the *Art Journal*, in which their early works were illustrated. Before the dawn of this influence, Chantry was certainly busy at busts, portrait statues, and other monumental tributes; while Baily and Westmacott came in for a share of such work, for one of whom the great Foley worked at stonemason's wages; and Flaxman had been drawing his marvellous designs at a few shillings apiece. Mr. Hall says of those days: "So little was the grand art understood, that when I ventured on the issue of 'statue plates,' I had numerous warnings that I was ruining the publication; and not once, but several times, a plate of a semi-nude figure, torn through, was sent to me by post, protesting against such attempts to introduce indecencies into families. Of late years the statue plates have been the most popular of the three monthly engravings."

At first, and naturally, there being no Art Public, to speak of, there was little appreciation of an Art Journal; and, consequently, during the first nine years of perseverance it did not pay its expenses any one of those years, while during the year 1851 and part of 1852 the public paid £72,000 for it. Models selected for their excellence from the leading art manufactories of all the world have been illustrated in the *Art Journal* to the number of about 40,000, and the works of about 500 artists, chiefly British painters and sculptors, have been engraved there. And now, having shown what the *Art Journal* has done, I want to show what it has not done, and what it never could do. It could never make it safe for every youth who has ever so true a genius for painting or sculpture, or for both combined, to trust to the public recognition and employment of that genius, even for a moderate means of livelihood; much less to a reward of opulence and fame. Let us listen to the moan of an exceedingly clever artist, upon the state of art-patronage in England, in spite of all that Samuel Carter Hall has done for art. And it is from one whose works have been illustrated in the *Art Journal* and admired there by thousands.

A short time since, while engaged in writing a few chapters back, I received from my venerable friend just named—probably dispatched from Kensington on his eighty-eighth birthday, the 9th May, 1887—a rich gift of oil-paintings and water-colour drawings. Two of these paintings, by one artist, and two letters from that artist which accompanied them, furnish happy material for this brief chapter. The first of the letters was written a few days after the Golden Wedding Day. The paintings are little gems—charming dreams richly depicted in colour, and the clever poetic painter is also a clever poetic sculptor. No word-poet could express on paper such beautiful little poems as this paint-poet has expressed on the canvas. One is entitled “A Summer Evening’s Cruise of the Elf of the Stream, 1874.” The Elf is a semi-ethereal yet plump pretty little nude fairy, whose wings have brushed against a rainbow, and whose stature may be imagined from the circumstance that her entire head-gear, or cap, consists of a well-fitting pink-and-white convolvulus flower, which is very becoming. Deft fairy fingers have neatly constructed her little boat of silver-bark, with its frame-work of young rushes, for whose figure-head a real red-admiral butterfly has been sacrificed and fixed in position by a sharp thorn. Three colour-glowing drake’s feathers cleverly fixed upright act as sails; and the Elf uses another such feather, oar-like, in the water to guide her vessel’s course. She is intently watching the movements of a dragon-fly on the wing, and holds her feather-oar in readiness to strike in self defence. Her cargo is two blossoms of yellow iris, and a few bells of the fox-glove—folk’s-glove—fairy-glove. But they are too large for gloves, and are more probably being taken home to serve as tall helmets for the fairy children. Not only is the stream the Stream of the Elf, but the land is evidently Fairyland, and the air is all enchantment. The other little gem is entitled “The Golden Hour of Youth in the Voyage of Life.” This too is, every touch, good poetry as well as good painting. Here again we have the land, the water, and the air, of enchantment. A splendid gondola,

every curve of which is a line of beauty, and every ornament poetic, glides over the water. Its recumbent occupants are a handsome youth and a lovely maiden, in classic attire, both crowned with chaplets of flowers. The harp, silent, is put aside, and they gaze upon each other with the ecstasy of youthful love. The sail, of rich device, bulged with the soft breeze, is managed by three little immortal love-boys, with wings of gay plumage. One manages the sail up aloft, and two are seeing to it below; but they are just now amusing their leisure by drawing into contact a pair of doves which are on the wing, but are held captive with ribbons. There is the blazing torch of love; and the golden psychic butterfly ornaments the prow. The poetry and the painting are rich and rare, and should easily beget rare riches to the talented painter, should he deign to offer his poetry and his painting in return for gold. The beholder of his works naturally feels certain of that, and almost envies the magician—painter, sculptor, and poet. My venerable friend has sent with the two paintings, two letters, as I have said, from the painter to him—without any comment. I will now give the letters and then my comment:

“Pimlico, October 9th, 1874.

“Dear Mr. Hall,—I herewith send the little picture [The ‘Cruise’] and hope you will like it. In framing it please give instructions that the frame should intrude as little as possible—one-sixteenth, or at most one-eighth of an inch all round would be quite sufficient. I am much obliged for the notice in the *Art Journal*. If any opportunity occurs by which you can put anything in my way I shall be very grateful; for I do not think I can much longer endure the anxiety and depressed spirits which have been my lot for the last three years. Sleepless nights and anxious days are not very conducive to a working condition.

“I have not had a commission for many a long year. In fact I scarcely recognise the meaning of the word. They are given freely in Rome for fashion’s sake; and even there, as in England, a great many obtain false and borrowed reputations. A private history of the ‘under current’ in the business (for it can scarcely be called a profession now,) would somewhat astonish the public. It is being acquainted with all this that makes the matter so hopeless. Foley declared to me only eighteen months before his death that, notwithstanding he was then almost oppressed with commissions, if he had to begin life again he would not be a sculptor; as his days of hope in his youth, and of action and matured judgment of middle age, were marred and made miserable by disappointments. It was only during the last ten years of his life that he obtained tangible recognition of his ability.

“I would willingly undertake to do a consecutive series of Relieve and figures for a small annual sum to add to my small income derived from Kensington, so as to prevent the miserable state of anxiety in thinking and conjecturing how the expenditure of the following week is to be met. Having had the experience of twenty-five years, and



finding that I am just in the position of my commencement, *without the 'Hope,'* it is not to be wondered that I get into a morbid state.

"With kind regards and grateful recollections of kindnesses received at various times, I subscribe myself, truly yours, —."

"S. C. Hall, Esq."

Here is the second letter :

"November 17th, 1878.

"Dear Mr. Hall,—I believe you are personally acquainted with Mr. Godwin, the secretary of the London Art Union. If so, I have ventured to be sufficiently intrusive upon your kindness to ask you to write a line or two to him to mention the poetical character with which most people credit my humble performances; which will probably benefit me, as you will judge by the following: I submitted a statuette of Miranda watching the shipwreck (which was in the R.A. this year) for reproduction in Terra Cotta, to be distributed as prizes. There has been a meeting of the Council on the matter, and it is supposed they will come to a final decision on Tuesday next. It is well adapted for the purpose, as it is very compact in the composition, and would form rather a formidable object for a prize, as it is three feet in height, and could as easily be reproduced that size as smaller. It is the last I shall venture upon, as I have fully determined to devote the remainder of my days to painting, not having received a farthing this year by the sculptural art, although I have been very industrious. I am very thankful that I have now a settled income from South Kensington, which frees me from the fearful anxiety under which I laboured for many years, so much so, that I often wonder that I escaped the fate of an inmate of a lunatic asylum.

"The two Relievos or Reliévé of Peace and War are the last I expect to do in that way, as I never look for another commission—a thing seldom heard of in England at the present day, although they may be plentiful in Italy as the art mart of the world in sculpture. The sale of the Sculpture in the R.A. this year amounted to *eight* guineas!—(two little terra cotta toys). Elevated art and nature are now going out of fashion, and greatly encouraged by the painters who admire the attempts at flesh-texture and elaborate detail of the foldings of skin, as represented by the French School, Foley's thoroughness and abstract form, yet like nature and founded upon it, but by selection, is not understood or appreciated. He told me that McClise, the most sculptural of painters, once made an observation to him that he could plainly see that there were principles in form in sculpture that were different to those connected with painting. Abstract and select form is now being supplanted with the defects and peculiarities of individual nature, which some people recognise as 'character.'

"As I have sermonized to a sufficient length, and a trial upon your patience . . . I will conclude with kind regards to Mrs. Hall and yourself, from truly yours, —."

"To S. C. Hall, Esq., F.S.A.

"P.S.—Do not trouble to acknowledge this."

I shall have to remark presently upon the "abstract and select form" versus "individual nature" and "character." But it was not for that that I have given here these sad letters—sad letters from a genius neglected, which remind me of the following words of Ruskin on the same subject :

"Before a good painter can get employment, his mind has always been embittered, and his genius distorted. A common mind usually stoops, in plastic chill, to whatever is asked of it, and scrapes or daubs its way complacently into public favour. But your great men quarrel with you, and you revenge yourselves by starving them for the first half of their lives. Precisely in the degree in which any painter possesses original genius, is at present the increase of moral certainty that during his early years he will have a hard battle to fight ; and that just at the time when his conception ought to be full and happy, his temper gentle, and his hopes enthusiastic—just at that most critical period, his heart is full of anxieties and household cares ; he is chilled by disappointments, and vexed by injustice ; he becomes obstinate in his errors, no less than in his virtues, and the arrows of his aims are blunted, as the reeds of his trust are broken. . . . You might have cheered them in their race through the asphodel meadows of their youth ; you might have brought the proud, bright scarlet into their faces, if you had but cried once to them 'Well done,' as they dashed up to the first goal of their early ambition. But now, their pleasure is in memory, and their ambition is in heaven. They can be kind to you, but you never more can be kind to them. You may be fed with the fruit and fulness of their old age, but you were as the nipping blight to them in their blossoming, and your praise is only as the warm winds of autumn to the dying branches." *And so it will ever be.*

"There is one thought still, the saddest of all, bearing on this withholding of early help. It is possible, in some noble natures, that the warmth and the affections of childhood may remain unchilled, though unanswered ; and that the old man's heart may still be capable of gladness, when the long-withheld sympathy is given at last. But in these noble natures it nearly always happens, that the chief motive of earthly ambition has not been to give delight to themselves, but to their parents. Every noble youth looks back, as to the chiefest joy which this world's honour ever gave him, to the moment when first he saw his father's eyes flash with pride, and his mother turn away her head, lest he should take her tears for tears of sorrow. Even the lover's joy, when some worthiness of his is acknowledged before his mistress, is not so great as that, for it is not so pure—the desire to exalt himself in her eyes mixes with that of giving her delight ; but he does not need to exalt himself in his parents' eyes ; it is with the pure hope of giving them pleasure that he comes to tell them what he has done, or what has been said of him ; and therefore he has a purer pleasure of his own. And this purest and best of rewards you keep from him if you can ; you feed him in his tender youth with ashes and dishonour ; and then you come to him,

obsequious, but too late, with your sharp laurel crown, the dew all dried from off its leaves; and you thrust it into his languid hand, and he looks at you wistfully. What shall he do with it? What can he do, but go and lay it on his mother's grave?"

Yet thus must it ever be with the great majority of those painters who, being penniless, persist in trusting to their art for wealth and fame, seeing that the wealth from the art can only follow the fame and not precede it.

Now for the comment. It is clearly not sufficient to possess undoubted genius, accompanied, even, with indefatigable industry, to secure public appreciation and patronage; or to escape years of anxiety on the part of the possessor—even that "miserable state of anxiety in thinking and conjecturing how the expenditure of the following week is to be met." I am writing this chapter in Llewellynn Jewitt's memorial volume to dissuade the young genius in literature and art—*his* genius and *his* pursuits—from trusting to either, or to both combined, for pecuniary success in life. In the lottery and the race of such a life the prizes are few indeed compared to the terrible blanks, and the great crowd of runners. I know it well. Yet the brilliant position of the prize-winner is regarded too often by the ambitious young genius as the easily-to-be-obtained goal of mere effort. It is, however, more of a lottery than a race. They are comparatively few who can truly say of pen and pencil: "The meanes to lyve, these dothe me gyve," free from pecuniary anxieties and heart-aching disappointments. Those among the poor who find themselves endowed with poetic or artistic genius, should resolve on some less noble and less ambitious means of bread-winning, and reserve for their leisure hours the employment of their literary or artistic talents. Better poetry and the plough in alliance, with freedom from want, than the plough forsaken for an alliance between poetry and penury.

As to the question of the artist's choice between "abstract and select form," or "the defects and peculiarities of individual nature, which some people recognise as 'character'" in his treatment of the human figure, I do not see that he has any choice at all, but must adopt both the one and the other on their proper occasions. Foley's splendid Ino and Bacchus could only have resulted from his very proper adoption of the "abstract and select form" in that composition. But the same treatment would be outrageous in sculpturing a *portrait* from life, where "character" is essential to truth. It is many years since I first wrote on this subject in the press, pointing out where the one and the other course may and must be adopted. It is much longer since I first orally insisted upon these distinctions. My last utterance on the subject was very recent. It was a letter printed in the *Staffordshire Sentinel*, criticising criticisms on the Colin Minton Campbell statue at Stoke-on-Trent. That letter will sufficiently answer my purpose here:

"At the unveiling of the statue at Stoke on New Year's Day by her Grace the Duchess of Sutherland, several spectators were heard

to express disapprobation of the costume adopted by the sculptor. One gentleman said: 'The idea of a statue of Colin Minton Campbell in frock coat and trousers!' Another said: 'Why did not the sculptor give us an artistic drapery, instead of those hideous trousers?' And another, who is generally of excellent good taste and good judgment, observed to me: 'The sculptor has sacrificed the artistic to the real; give me the artistic.' I replied: 'It is, indeed, real; but the more real, the more artistic is the portrait.' As at present there seems to be a great divergence of opinion on the subject, I should like to be allowed to emphasise and strengthen that statement. If you set up a statue of a fellow-citizen you mean it to be a full-length portrait, or you would not adopt the statue at all, *but a colossal bust instead*. A man's coat and trousers become an essential part of his full-length portrait in the public eye; and to dress his statue in garments of a fashion which the public never saw him wear, or to wrap him in a blanket that the public never saw him wrapped in, is to destroy the full-length likeness completely, and to substitute for it a masquerade. It would be very absurd to make a statue of Demosthenes haranguing in frock coat and trousers, and it would be equally absurd to make a statue of Colin Minton Campbell in the costume of Demosthenes. If frock-coats and trousers are really so hideous why do we wear them? Why not go back at once to the costume of that other bronze potter in Winton Square? or to that of Palissy the potter, and make our streets gay with living and moving Walter Raleighs? But so long as the frock-coat and trousers are proper for the man on the public platform, they, and they only, are proper for the likeness of that man on the public pedestal. If we have any incipient heroes among us—self-known as such—who object to their future statue being in trousers, the only correct thing for them to do, to avoid it, will be to adopt at once the special costume in which they would prefer to be embronzed, and to constantly publicly exhibit themselves in it, or it can never become their true likeness. For the logic of the matter is very simple. A statue of a man must be a likeness of the man, or it is not a statue of him; and a likeness must be *like*, in every detail as he is, or was, wont to exhibit himself to the public. We really must not idealise a professed likeness. I will say presently what we may and must idealise. Here, in a portrait, you positively must *not*, or you will be setting up upon a pedestal a public untruth. You may represent your hero at his very best; but you must not make him look better than his very best, or you flatter him, and flattery is a falsehood. And you must not make him look less noble or less intellectual than he actually was, for that would be detraction, which would be a falsehood and a great shame. You must give his true likeness, and nothing but his likeness. You may make his effigy a colossus or a chessman; and in any material you like, but it must be a likeness from head to foot—like as the public knew him, that they may, and future generations too, see him in his effigy. One of my old art masters, Richard Redgrave, R.A., in a work on art, once said:—'In its lower phases art relies more and more on imitation . . . until in its lowest development, art, if

it can be called art, rests contented with mere imitation.' We know from the context that he meant imitation of nature or originals, not imitation of art or copies, to which I replied in the *Journal of the Society of Arts*, that 'by the same reasoning historical painting could not be high art, or, to be high art, it must be exaggerated and idealised, therefore untruthful.'

"And now we come to where you may and must idealise—without producing an untruth. Your likeness of your fellow-citizen must be faithful prose—even to the trousers. But when we come to allegorical sculpture, or free imaginary art, we are dealing with a material poem, and we may treat it as poetically and romantically as we please. Adam and Eve not having left us their portraits we can only idealise them; and we always aim at doing full justice to their beauty, whatever it may have been. But if there be anything in the ideal composition of those figures that is not in strict *imitation* of the excellencies of the human form and expressions, then woe to the work. They may be composed of several excellencies combined from several models into one beautiful whole; but they must be each exact imitations of nature, or they will not compose a beautiful result. Then in allegorical sculpture we are fancy free. We allegorise Britannia as the Warrior Goddess—Minerva—also the Goddess of the Arts and Sciences, who has exchanged her spear for the trident; who, however, wars only against tyranny, that justice and peace may prevail, and not as Mars for the pleasure of destruction. To produce this allegory, you find no human portrait sufficient, and you idealise by combining in one figure and face all that you can find to imitate among the several excellencies of humanity to represent strength, beauty, serenity, majesty, and wisdom; and of these various traits combined you make an allegory, and an ideal divinity. Here you may and must idealise, as in a poem or romance; but never in making the prose portrait of your fellow-citizen. I know there are artists who have declared that a portrait in sculpture, however exact a likeness, must *besides* be 'invested with artistic ——' something: what? They call it 'merit,' when it is really 'artistic falsehood' with which they would invest it!"

The same rules that thus apply to sculpture apply equally to painting, and I humbly submit that McClise was wrong in admitting a distinction. The "attempts at flesh texture and elaborate details of the foldings of skin, as represented by the French school," are perfectly correct so far as the natural models present these features. Truth is as much truth—more so—in the foldings of skin, as in the foldings of drapery. How could Homer be Homer without his wrinkles? But you need not wrinkle the foreheads of your ideal Venus or Juno, or even Jupiter, unless you like. In the ideal it is possible to omit flesh-texture and wrinkles to the extent of departing from the natural, in the approach towards the "wooden." I know it to be very difficult for sculptors whose lives have been devoted to working at the classic ideal human figure, its hair and its draperies, to deal with the exactness and "character" of modern portraiture, and the stiffness of modern costume. Charles Roach Smith in reference to my above-quoted letter said:

"By chance I met Gibson in Westminster Abbey, looking at his own statue of Peel, which he managed to make graceful in modern costume with an ample cloak. 'Accustomed,' he said, 'to classical elegance, I cannot bring myself to the uncouth modern dress.'"

Still it must be done in portraiture so long as the uncouthness is there in the originals.

Our letter-writer, as a poem-painter, is quite right in adopting the abstract and select form; but would not be so as a painter of prose; and the prose-painter is the painter of true life as distinguished from romance.

If some reader ask, "What have these pictures and these letters to do with Llewellynn Jewitt's memorial book?" the reply is that their consideration forms an important chapter in it; and he himself would have had it so; for he would have fully concurred in the views and warnings resulting from their introduction here.



## CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.—IRELAND UNDER HOME RULE.—THE HALL TESTIMONIAL FUND.—LORD SHAFTESBURY'S SPEECH AT THE PRESENTATION TO "OUR AUGUST FRIENDS."—SAMUEL CARTER HALL'S REPLY.—MAHOMET AND KHADIJAH.—THE GOLDEN WEDDING AT THE SACRAMENT TABLE.—MRS. E. LYNN LINTON.—MORE FRIENDS LAY DOWN THEIR PENS TO TAKE UP THEIR HEAVENLY CROWNS.—THOMAS BRUSHFIELD.—JOHN JOSEPH BRIGGS.—RECOLLECTIONS OF WINSTER.



LEAVING the noble and distinguished members of the Testimonial Committee still at their work, I shall, before recording the results of their labours, quote a brief article which appeared in the *Bath Daily Chronicle* a short time ago—the 10th May, 1887, written the day before, the eighty-eighth birthday of Samuel Carter Hall :

"THE NINTH OF MAY.

"Mr. S. C. Hall, who is contemplating another visit to Bath for the benefit of its waters, and for the repose and quiet of our fair city, enters this day upon his eighty-eighth year. His continued presence with us links us to a past full of eventful and interesting incidents ; Waterloo is as fresh in his memory as if it were but of yesterday. He refers with a merry laugh and sparkling eye to the primitive way in which many took part in the public celebrations of Wellington's great victory. He loves to dwell upon the simple manner in which his father's house was illuminated on the eventful occasion, a tallow candle being placed in every pane of glass of each window in the fine old mansion. The house is still standing, and is precisely as it was in the days of Mr. Hall's boyhood : it is on the left-hand side of the main street as you enter the town (Topsham) from Exeter. It is interesting to think that only seven years before Mr. Hall was born, the great Napoleon Bonaparte was doing duty at Toulon as a young and obscure Lieutenant of Artillery. Mr. Hall was born May 9th, 1800, a very eventful month. Six years before his birth, namely, on May 10th, 1794, the innocent and youthful Louis XVII. was executed at the hands of a merciless crew of socialist butchers, without pity or remorse. On the same date two years afterwards, Napoleon, then General Bonaparte, fought the celebrated battle of Lodi, obtaining complete mastery over the Milanese, a fatal month for Milan, for it

fell again in 1799, after enduring a nineteen days' siege. And in May, 1800, the First Consul (Napoleon Bonaparte), once more entered it in triumph. It was in the month of May, 1796, that Napoleon took command of the mysterious expedition supposed to have been formed for the purpose of joining the notorious Tippoo Saib in India, with the intention of trying to subvert the British Empire there, but he unexpectedly invaded Egypt in a ruthless and dishonourable manner, having at the time been on perfect terms of peace with the Turks. He took possession of Alexandria; and Cairo and the whole of the Delta fell into his power; he also took possession of Malta, but lost it in 1800, when it was taken by the British. It was in the month of May, 1798, that renewed hostilities broke out between France and England, when all the English found in France were made prisoners, and when Napoleon frightened all the good wives at home by the projection of a powerful invasion of the British isle, and it was in May, 1804, that by an *organic senatus consultum* Bonaparte was declared Emperor of the French. It was in the year in which Mr. Hall was born, and at about the same time, that the two Houses of Parliament in Ireland signified to the British Parliament their willingness to accept the provisions of the Union of the two Kingdoms, and on the 1st of January of the following year, a Royal declaration was issued regulating the style and titles appertaining to the Imperial Crown of Great Britain and Ireland, with the arms, flags, and ensigns thereof. Up to this time the English Monarch used also the title of King of France, and the French arms. '*Britanniarum Rex*,' now became the title, the quartering of the *Fleurs de lis* being omitted in the blazonry. The Union was an act which statesmen of both countries thought would be productive of peace to the troubled island. In 1798 the affairs of Ireland under Home Rule, occasioned great and grave difficulties, a regular organised rebellion, the leaders of which were constantly in communication with the French, threatened totally to dissolve the connexion subsisting between Ireland and Great Britain. Ruffianly gangs of men went about in all directions committing acts of most savage butchery and wanton cruelty. Hundreds of people, some of the very best of the country, were slain by orders of mock judges and juries, neither age nor sex being regarded, and the horrid and cruel enormities that were committed were truly appalling. The loyal were everywhere alarmed at the progress of revolutionary principles. The Catholics were dissatisfied with the Parliament of that country, while the Protestants, who were greatly outnumbered by the Catholics, had good reasons to suppose their interests would be best secured by one united Imperial Parliament. Mr. Hall has long made the Irish question a study, and he speaks with authority when he says, to return to this wretched state of affairs by carrying Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule scheme, would be fatal to the best interests of the Irish people. Mr. Hall's father, Colonel Hall, was quartered in Ireland with his regiment during the Irish Rebellion, and from him he had learned much concerning the horrible atrocities perpetrated during those dark, dark days—days that no sound-thinking Englishman will allow, if possible, to come again. That England has wronged Ireland, no one attempts



to deny, but not the England of to-day. No, nor the England of thirty years ago. In his early days the Irish poet Moore wrote strong things against England; 'But,' says Mr. Hall in his life of Thomas Moore, 'But, when times and enlightened policy removed all the distinctions between the Irishman and the Englishman, between the Protestant and the Catholic, his muse was silent, because content; nay, he protested in emphatic verse against a continued agitation that retarded her progress when her claims were admitted, her rights acknowledged, and her wrongs redressed.'

Now we return to the Hall Testimonial.

On the 14th of July, 1875, the Committee of the Testimonial Fund, having completed their labours, met at the house of their honorary treasurer—Mr. Frederick Griffin, 1, Kensington Palace Gardens—where the presentation of the Testimonial took place. A sum of £1,570 had been collected from six hundred subscribers. The good Earl of Shaftesbury, who was Chairman, made the presentation, which consisted of an annuity of £100 a year for the joint lives of Mr. and Mrs. Hall, absorbing about £900, and a cheque for the balance; also a handsome monster album, in which were five hundred letters from persons of all ranks and various countries, congratulatory and complimentary, which the Committee considered the very highest possible tribute that could be accorded to Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, as evidences, not only of private friendship, but of public appreciation.

This album, which is now before me, is a splendid thing. It measures about fifteen and a half inches by eleven inches. It is bound in the finest Russia leather, and the gilded tooling is very beautiful. On the front cover is a label in gold "After Fifty Years." It contains letters from the noblest contemporaneous leaders of literature, art, science, and oratory, as well as a goodly number signed with the less noble titles of noble lords.

Some brilliant speeches were made at this gathering, too lengthy for insertion in this chapter, yet passed by with regret; with regret that begets hesitation; hesitation that begets the decision to include one of the speeches, because brief and of general interest. There was a shorthand writer present. It was by the good Earl of Shaftesbury, who said:

"You are assembled, ladies and gentlemen, on an interesting occasion, for interesting it is, very much so, to all of you, the personal friends or public appreciators of Mr. and Mrs. Hall, to do honour to them and to do honour to yourselves, by recording your sense of the services they have rendered to Literature and to Art, and to various good and useful institutions for which they have been workers, and which they have largely aided to sustain. I am happy to discharge the duty of presiding; although I have asked myself, as no doubt you have asked yourselves, 'Why on earth is he the man to do it?' But I share in common with you the high respect and esteem with which you regard this lady and this gentleman—our august friends—who so happily illustrate the conduct, the comforts, and the

dignities of domestic life. I was, when young, taught by the Latin Grammar that which I believe has coloured the opinions of many people (but I trust the Latin Grammar, like many other things, has been reformed), that the masculine gender was more worthy than the feminine; by way of making up partly for that, it was added—but the feminine is more worthy than the neuter. My opinion is that the masculine gender is not more worthy than the feminine; I entirely concur with those who argue that what has been achieved and is now doing by women is one of the marvels of the age; and I do not hesitate to say that this is a generation of great women, who are employed by God, in His Almighty Wisdom and Mercy, to effect great changes and great blessings on the surface of the habitable globe. For Mr. Hall we need not enumerate his many good and useful works; they are known to all the world; but we have specially to thank him for the bold and manly position he has taken in that department of literature in which he stands unequalled, and to which he brought his sagacity to bear in the discovering of fraud and the detection of deceit in all works of art; pictures more especially. His valuable work—the *Art Journal*—is well known to you. Mr. Hall, fifty years ago, obeyed the great precept that 'It is not good for man to be alone;' he sought and found one of whom we know he is, and may well be, proud; a helpmeet who has helped him largely during the whole of his career; who brought to him a mine of good and refined taste, of healthy and invigorating influence, and who has herself given to the world a long series of publications, not only to amuse, but to instruct, and greatly to elevate the human mind. Her works are known and valued wherever our language is read. In my time I have witnessed three Jubilees; the first was that of the reign of George III., the second was that of the Bible Society. This is the third; I think I can see in it the completion of the other two; the completion of loyalty—a completion secured by piety and religion; honouring the wedded life; giving an example of that which is an undeniable truth—that domestic life, especially in the early wedded, and by the all-merciful Providence of God, is the refuge and stronghold of morality, the honour, dignity and mainstay of nations. To sum up all in one very serious and solemn sentence—Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, you have been lovely and pleasing in your lives. If it shall please God, in His Mercy, His Wisdom, and His Providence, that you shall be divided in your deaths, we pray and we believe that you will be again united in a blessed Eternity."

At this conclusion it was touching and stirring to see the venerable couple, whom his Lordship had designated "our august friends," rise, and stand, hand in hand, while Samuel Carter Hall made a lengthy and noble speech. It was touching when he told the story of the Prophet Mahomet, who, when his young and beautiful wife, Ayesha, said to him, "Surely you love me better than you loved the aged Khadijah;" he replied, "No, by Allah! for she believed in me when nobody else did!" "So," continued S. C. Hall, "I say of her who stands by my side; I say more; she has faith in me after fifty years; and this may be, and shall be, my boast; she who knows me best

loves me best—whatever is good in me, whatever is bad in me, no one but God can know so well. It chanced that on the 20th of September last, the fiftieth anniversary of our wedding, was a Sabbath day; it was Sacrament Sunday, and in our Parish Church at Kensington, kneeling beside her at the altar, I whispered to her the words, 'With this ring I thee wed,' and I placed a plain gold ring on the third finger of her left hand; she wears it now, and will wear it all her life, with that other ring which I gave her half a century ago; and I led from the altar a better woman and a better wife than I had taken from it on that day fifty years; aye, and a handsomer woman too, for there is a beauty of age as there is a beauty of youth, and that which in 1824 was promise, was in 1874 fulfilment. During all these years we have, no doubt, passed through many struggles, encountering many difficulties, but overcoming them all by 'mutual love and mutual trust,' at once our spear and shield in our contests with the world. I would not laud her overmuch; the praise she values most is that which she receives when nobody is 'by; but this I must say, that though literature has been her profession, as it is mine, and though she has to show as its produce more than two hundred printed books, I know there is not one of the womanly duties she has neglected—the very humblest of them has been at all times her study and her care: she is, in truth, a thorough woman in all womanly avocations, pleasures, and pursuits; but she has been none the less my companion, my friend, my counsellor, my guide—I *must* say it here, as I have said it elsewhere, and in verse—my comforter in all trouble, my helper in all difficulties, by whom I was ever prompted to think rightly and to act rightly; by whose wise counsel, when I followed it, I was ever led to right from wrong. Enough of this; you will not, I hope, think it too much. She is by my side, thank God! her work not yet entirely done; if she may not write as continually as she did, she can as continuously labour, helping many of our best institutions, inculcating religion, virtue, loyalty, truth; and she may perhaps do even more good by the exercise of 'old experience' than she has done by her pen." The eloquent speaker then gave a brief review of the progress of British Art during the preceding forty years, and also the progress of the *Art Journal*, which was exactly commensurate with the other, and its aider, side by side with the Art Union of London. I can bear hearty and certain witness that the following statement is perfectly correct, with my knowledge of the speaker and his works during forty years.

"It has been the guiding principle of my life (and surely if it has been mine it has been hers), that there is no happiness which does not make others happy; we cannot possess it unless we share it. I have been a critic for more than fifty-three years, and an editor all that time; and my rule has been to write of others as many kindly things as was possible, and as few unkindly things as was possible. I have reviewed the works of probably thirty thousand persons—artists and authors. I never penned a line of censure without feeling pain; or a line of praise without feeling pleasure. Well, I have my reward to-day, and so has she who stands by my side; a reward for

herself, and—well I know it—a double reward in the honour you accord to *me*!

“My lord, we thank you; we thank our assembled friends; we thank the one hundred and forty-one noblemen and gentlemen who form the Committee you represent; we thank the indefatigable workers . . . who have laboured to accomplish this result. For that we may well be, as surely we are, proud as well as grateful. It is a grand and gracious tribute to hard workers in the wide and broad field of Letters; at once an encouragement and a reward. That it is very far from a mere compliment the book on which I lay my hand in pride and thankfulness will show. It contains letters from all parts of the world—from dear or appreciative friends. One of the kindest and best of them is now beside me—General Grant Wilson, of New York; so is my valued friend, George Fox, of Manchester. We look round this closely-packed room, and in so many beloved faces, that our hearts may well beat with joy. But memory will even better record this day—by these letters in this book. Among them is one from the Salt Lake City, signed by several men, each of whom has probably several wives, and transmitted to him who thanks God he has, for more than fifty years, had but one. . . .

“And so, friends, in so far as the ceremonial of this day is concerned, I bid you farewell! The time cannot be far off, when all the work of earth will be a Retrospect! Even now, although I do not yet scent the ‘mould above the rose’—

‘The gathering clouds around I view,  
And days are dark and friends are few,’

at least, they are becoming fewer day by day. Since this Testimonial was commenced, barely a year ago, just ten of those who subscribed it have been called from earth.

“This day will ever be a proud and happy memory to us. We thank God and you for it. Your lordship has well said our union is not ended here. It has endured long; in the natural course of events it cannot here endure much longer. But well we know it can never end: that it will last for ever and ever!”

Mr. Hall in referring to his Golden Wedding at the Sacrament Table at the Parish Church of Kensington, omitted the following: “Our good and much-loved friend, Archdeacon Sinclair, was astonished and displeased to hear me whispering, and looked so as he shook his head; but when a word or two conveyed to him the purport of my words, he smiled and held up his hands in token of a blessing, for the words that caught his ear were these, ‘With this ring I thee wed,’ as I slipped another ring on the third finger of her left hand.” Those two rings she wore to the last, and they were buried with her in her grave at Addlestone.

The presence of the good and truly noble Lord Shaftesbury at the presentation of the Testimonial, reminds me that he, as well as the hero and heroine of the occasion, was an encourager of the literary ambition of my boyhood forty years ago. The now venerable couple

were then at the zenith of their power and popularity. I remember that after glancing over my manuscripts they never awarded the praise that might produce vanity, nor the depreciation that might produce discouragement. The verdict was to this effect: "There is promise; you must proceed, practise, and persevere." I now return to the chief subject of these memoirs.

In this year, 1875, Llewellynn Jewitt thus wrote in the Introduction to the fifteenth volume of his quarterly journal:

"*The Reliquary* is not now in its infancy, but fully matured in its plans; and in its old age it 'grows with its strength,' and becomes year by year more important in its aims and more successful in its achievements. How different from human life! As I, its founder and editor, increase in years, I find that health and strength decline; but *The Reliquary*, as its age creeps on, grows in point of value of its contributions, more robust and healthy than ever. With the aid of its staff of contributors, and with the care that it is, and ever will be, my truest pleasure to give it, it will continue in its course of usefulness to that ripe old age when, besides being a receptacle for relics of antiquity, it shall have become itself an object of antiquarian interest." How true this has already become. Complete sets of *The Reliquary* already fetch very high prices, and the probability is that when its history is more widely known its price will rise by "leaps and bounds."

On August 2nd of this same year, he wrote me from Winster: "We have Mrs. E. Lynn Linton, the authoress—whose name you will know very well—staying up here. You would be delighted to meet her, I am sure. We took her last week to Chatsworth, Stony Middleton, Eyam, etc.; and a day or two ago to Dovedale, Ashbourne, etc.—all of which is new to her—and she enjoyed it immensely. We had delightful weather. I only wish you and your daughters had been with us." Yes; Mrs. Lynn Linton undoubtedly enjoyed it immensely. I never experienced anything more delightful than these drives with Llewellynn Jewitt and his family, and can fully sympathise with her in her enjoyment. I remember that once upon a time when we made one of those delightful excursions to Dovedale together, we were strolling along the edge of the river-bank, when Llewellynn Jewitt paused at a certain spot, and looking down at the river-edge for a few seconds, and glancing right and left along it, he said to me: "There should be some very good sherry somewhere about here." He then turned to his wife, saying, "You remember, Betsy dear?" and she replied, "Yes, Llewellynn." And then they related that many years ago, when they had driven some friends to the Dale on a hot summer day, they placed several bottles of sherry in a shady nook of the river-edge to cool, while they took a stroll further along its banks, before sitting down to the *al fresco* luncheon. Of course they were quite sure they could find the spot again. They were sure it was somewhere about where we were standing. But when they returned and looked about, lo! they could not find the wine, whether they had found the spot or not. And he always held to the belief that they had overlooked the wine, and that it remained hidden there, yet, ever increasing year by year in value as in age.

In the number of *The Reliquary* for April, 1876, vol. XVI., is another "Memory" of a departed literary friend—Thomas Brushfield, of whom, and others, he writes: "Another and yet another of my most dear friends and most valued contributors have lately passed away from amongst us, and left a void in our most intimate circles, and in the list of helpers of our pages in the cause of literature and archæology, which no time, no fresh faces, no new writers, can fill. During the past twelve months, nearly that number of our oldest literary friends—friends whom we miss more than words can express—have breathed their last on earth, have completed their allotted task, and have passed to that world of happy and blessed spirits, where for ever they will rest in peace. Their labours one and all, here, have been great, and have benefited their fellow-men by adding knowledge to knowledge, and giving them the result of their researches in the various paths they have so well and so persistently pursued; and now they are removed for ever from us, those records of their labours will remain for the enlightenment and instruction of generations yet to come. Gladly, most gladly, would I, if that were possible, devote page after page of *The Reliquary*, whose columns their writings have so often adorned, to a recapitulation of the literary and antiquarian labours, and the incidents in the lives of each of these friends who have passed from our midst; but this cannot well be. Let me, therefore, simply record that within the past few months Sir Gardner Wilkinson, John Joseph Briggs, the Rev. Dr. Pears, Alderman W. W. Wilkinson, Thomas Brushfield, William Swift, John J. Bagshawe, Jonathan Couch, Paul Bridson, and others of my literary friends and contributors, have 'laid down their pens' to 'take up their heavenly crowns,' and are for ever, except in memory and in their works, lost to us. Of one of these—my old, most intimate, and very dear friend, Thomas Brushfield—whose career from the cradle to the grave was one of marked character, both as an example of indomitable perseverance, of unblemished integrity, and of complete success, I cannot but pen a brief memoir." Llewellynn Jewitt relates that his dear friend was born in the village of Ashford-in-the-Water, in Derbyshire, on the 16th February, 1798, his mother being one of those splendid women, so many of whom it was Llewellynn Jewitt's good fortune to know, whose epitaph truly recorded that "Her life was a living lesson of piety, benevolence, and usefulness." And in the course of time, when he married, he, also like Llewellynn Jewitt, mated a treasure of a woman, whose epitaph, written by himself, recorded:

"HERE LIE THE REMAINS  
OF  
SUSANNAH,  
FOR NEARLY FORTY YEARS THE FAITHFUL,  
AMIALE AND BELOVED WIFE OF  
THOMAS BRUSHFIELD,  
WHO DIED ON OCTOBER 11TH, 1865,  
IN HER 71ST YEAR.

If virtuous deeds and spotless purity,  
Win for a mortal's soul a life divine;  
Then, my dear Susan, it is well with thee,  
A glorious day which has no *night* is thine."

It appears that in his early life Thomas Brushfield went in for Reform and Liberalism. In later years he wrote to Llewellynn Jewitt, "Like most young thinkers, I thought 'Reform' meant really some improvement, true reformation in the proper sense of the word, as I thought liberal professions meant liberality in action; mature years and experience dispel the vision!" And so at the time of the Chartist disturbances, when every male inhabitant of his parish in the East of London was sworn in as special constable, he was made captain of that division, and so well organised his men as to receive a letter of thanks from the Home Secretary. It fell to his lot as a magistrate in the Liberty of the Tower Hamlets, to swear in the illustrious and brave veteran, Sir J. Burgoyne, as Constable of the Town of London. The public duties of citizenship which were well performed by Thomas Brushfield in the east of London and elsewhere, were very numerous. In this "Memory" Llewellynn Jewitt expresses the intention of giving in a future number a catalogue of the literary works of Thomas Brushfield, but I do not perceive that he ever did so, and he passes on to the finish, saying: "Mr. Brushfield ever, to the latest moment of his long, useful, and successful life, entertained a love, an undying and fervent love, for his native village and its surroundings. It was his unvarying practice, when health permitted, to visit Derbyshire two or three times in the course of every year; one of these occasions being the 'Club Day' at Ashford, where, year by year, he used to dine with the members. This custom he fully hoped, and intended, to keep up at the anniversary not long before his death in 1875, and he exacted a promise from me that I would meet him there on that occasion. Alas! his illness prevented his leaving London, and his next coming into the county was his being brought there to be laid in the silent grave. On the 13th of March he wrote to me, 'For some weeks I have been ailing and not able to fulfil my ordinary duties; am somewhat improved now, and fine congenial weather may restore me to as good a state of health as the seventy-eighth year justifies me in expecting; but I feel my life is nevertheless in a precarious state, and I write to you to express a wish that you would attend my funeral at Ashford, should I pass off to the world of spirits before seeing you again' . . . 'You always have my sincere good wishes, and I hope those very dear to you will live to bless the future of your life; and that your brightest anticipations may be fully realised in the days to come. . . . Should it be my good fortune to be spared to visit you and your family again at the old Hall, I may then talk to you again over matters connected with myself, but fear I must not dare to hope for such a pleasure. However, Providence has been very kind to me—has blessed all my efforts up to this time, and may favour this desire of my heart; but whatever change may come, you may believe me *no* change will occur to take from me that respectful feeling towards you and yours which has now for so many years existed in my bosom. . . . Should I be spared and able to do it, I intend visiting Ashford at the Men's Club Festival—Tuesday in the Trinity week; perhaps if that good fortune awaits me, I may prevail on you to meet me and my Club-mates. Probably my sons may be

there too, but of this anon ; when you have time to spare please drop me a few lines. I suffer from bronchitis, and the east wind is very merciless with such a complaint and affliction—I suppose I must be careful and patient.' Later on, on the 17th of May, my friend, whose life was then rapidly drawing to a close, wrote to me, 'I write to you now to say that my declining health forbids me to hope to see you again. I am anxious that you should have my various letters and writings. . . . My strength and my breath fail me daily, and so I must give up my thoughts about this life, and be content and thankful for what blessings I have already enjoyed. Yes! I have done my best with the talent God gave me, and have had my reward. Thank you for your many kindnesses—give my thanks to your good partner—you and your family have ever had my best wishes. May our Heavenly Father shield and bless them during their coming period of earthly existence. What a painful word is '*Last!*' I fear I must now use it, and believe me, it wrings a tear of sorrow from your old friend—THOMAS BRUSHFIELD.' "

Llewellynn Jewitt writes: "This was his last letter to me—truly the words he had written were, as he feared, the *last* he was able to write to me—and he saw his dear old county and the faces of the friends in it who loved him so well, no more."

There is before me a curious rudely carved figure, which once belonged to Thomas Brushfield, and which he greatly valued, but of whose history I know nothing more. It appears to represent an abbess or prioress, seated in a wicker chair, reading a book which she holds up in both hands, and she has a huge cross pendant from her waist. Her head is covered with a remarkable hood. When Thomas Brushfield was dying he expressed the wish that it should be passed to his beloved friend Llewellynn Jewitt ; and the latter, long before his death, conveyed to his son his wish that this, and all else of his antiquities should be added to my own collections. Perhaps some reader of this book who knew Thomas Brushfield may know the history of this curiosity, and will kindly communicate it to me. For a long time the possession of Llewellynn Jewitt's important collection of antiquities and curiosities was a constant reminder of my bitterly lamented loss of his fellowship, and a renewer of sorrow. But Time, the cicatrizer, is gradually changing this influence, and I am getting to regard these things as the ever-to-be-preserved memorial of the original collector, prominent in the midst of my other treasures of art and antiquity.

In *The Reliquary* for July, 1876, Llewellynn Jewitt bemoans the loss by death of another of its contributors, and one who was, to my own knowledge, a very dearly valued friend of his—John Joseph Briggs. He speaks of it as "a friendship of more than forty years' standing, and of more than usual warmth and sincerity. . . . Alas! that these pages will bear his name no more, and that we who mourn his loss will for ever miss his kindly, genial, and warm-hearted friendship!" A lengthy "Memory" follows, and towards the close are these words: "For some months my dear friend's health had been gradually failing,



and he had suffered much, but his spirits did not forsake him, and his philosophic mind gave him content in his suffering. On the last day of February in the present year, he wrote to me one of his most hopeful and chatty letters, on all sorts of pleasant topics, and in the course of it, after speaking of the new acquisitions to his collection of Nichols and Shaw, went on to say, 'When shall we have Jewitt's 'Derbyshire' among the noble array of County Histories? I hope, before long. As for myself, I shall be obliged to relinquish a vast deal that I had cut out, and consider myself somewhat of an invalid for the rest of my life, and must content myself with collecting books, and amusing myself with my little garden, by growing tulips and roses, and such like little treasures.' Little did *he* think, and little did *I* think, that within three short weeks of writing this, one of the last letters he ever wrote, he would be no more, but would have passed away from amongst us, leaving 'the tulips and roses, and such-like treasures,' which he had planted, to bloom for other eyes, and to be lovingly tended by other hands. But such was the case. On the 23rd of March, early in the morning, he breathed his last, and his spirit returned to his Maker, leaving a loving, and genial, and happy memory in the minds and hearts of his circle of friends, and a void in their midst that can never again be filled."

John Joseph Briggs was a man after Llewellynn Jewitt's own heart, and many many happy days did they spend together up at Winster. In fact it was the same with him as with myself; our happiest days were spent at that fine old Millstone-grit mansion—since mutilated and spoiled—and in happy excursions from it to the most interesting places of Derbyshire, and in rambles with the Jewitt's round about it. Those happy times and that happy family are brought vividly to recollection by the name of John Joseph Briggs. There never could have been a more loving, united, hospitable and gentle circle. All was unruffled peace there. The large-hearted loving pair neither of them lived for self, but ever for the good of each other and of everybody, in conformity with their armorial motto *Non Sibi*. And it was very pleasant to observe how greatly they were respected and beloved by their neighbours. I never walked with either of them through the village without observing that everybody shewed them respect blended with the smile of affection. Llewellynn Jewitt at all times had a kind word for all, whatever their station; and no one applied in vain for help of any kind, either to him or to his beloved wife, who was his counterpart in universal kindness. They would chat as freely and kindly with the poor water-cress seller, if chance brought them in contact, as with the lords and ladies who used to call upon them, and upon whom they used to call in their stately homes of Derbyshire. Then there was a vague knowledge among the villagers that something very learned and clever was always going on at the Hall, for the convenience of whose master the post office seemed to have been chiefly instituted, so numerous were his letters and parcels, and all that increased their respect for him. In a letter recently received from a Winster friend are these words, referring to the flower shows: "How happy he was at those times, and how hard he worked! It is quite

touching to hear the people in the village speak of him. They were so fond of him, and seem to miss him so much. They always say they shall never have anyone in Winster again like him, for he entered so heartily into all their pleasures."

I remember that on one occasion when I had been chatting with Lord George Cavendish—who, with his beautiful daughter Mrs. Brand, and her children, was at the Flower Show—a respectable old villager, who took me to be of his lordship's party, instead of Llewellynn Jewitt's, thought I should be interested to know who "that gentleman" was, pointing to the latter. So he told me that "the gentleman" was Mr. Jewitt, a man of great learning, who resided at Winster Hall, and wrote many clever books, and gave him other praises, which, when afterwards related, greatly amused their object.

It was Lord George Cavendish who, at the opening of the Jewitt Water Supply at Winster, referred to his great and productive work among the barrows of Derbyshire; and that brings to mind one of my joyous visits there, the result of a telegram received one morning inviting me to go and assist at the opening of a barrow. The visit was so very pleasant, and happened to be of so much general interest, that I wrote a special account of it for the *Staffordshire Times*. In that form it may be accounted as already lost, and I will restore it here in this its proper place, as a happy memory of Winster and the Jewitts. But this chapter is long enough, and it shall appear in the next.



## CHAPTER XXIX.

BARROW-OPENING ON HART HILL MOOR, WITH CANON GREENWELL.—  
 “THE STATELY HOMES OF ENGLAND.”—“CERAMIC ART OF GREAT  
 BRITAIN.”—BLIND, LAZY, IGNORANT, AND STUPID POTTERS.—  
 “HALF-HOURS AMONG SOME ENGLISH ANTIQUITIES.”—BLAKE LOW  
 BARROW.—DR. KENEALY, THE LION OF BRITAIN.—LLEWELLYNN  
 JEWITT’S GRATITUDE.—PARTY AT THE DRUIDICAL ROCKS AT  
 BIRCHOVER.—THE CREMATION OF PATROCLUS AND HECTOR.—  
 BRITAIN’S OLD STONE, LATER STONE, AND BRONZE AGES.—THE  
 PRAYER-SONG OF THE SUN-WORSHIPPERS ON THE MORN OF THE  
 DAY OF BATTLE.—THE OATH OF AGAMEMNON.

## “AT THE OPENING OF A BARROW.

“BEING AN ACCOUNT OF THE DISCOVERY  
 OF A CIST, AND THE BONES OF AN ANCIENT BRITON;  
 OF A VISIT TO FOUR OLD LADIES, WHO ARE A DEAL OLDER THAN  
 METHUSELAH; AND OF FAIRY-LAND AND THE ORIGIN OF  
 THE FAIRIES; FINISHING UP WITH A SONG.



EARLY in the morning of the eleventh of this month of October, 1877, I received a telegram from my good friend, Mr. Llewellynn Jewitt, to this effect: ‘In the midst of opening barrows: come by next train and have a dig: bed prepared.’ Where is the antiquary who would disobey such a commandment? Truly a barrow has a perfectly irresistible attraction to every archæologist. By the next train I obediently started for Darley Dale in Derbyshire. The morning was very fine, and the journey, especially the drive from Ambergate to Darley Dale, exceedingly enjoyable. The sunny October landscape was perfectly clear and gorgeously tinted; and the sky was as mountainous with bright fleece-clouds as the land with variegated green hills and grey limestone cliffs. Winster Hall, Mr. Jewitt’s residence, is situate in the glorious High Peak country, about three miles up from Darley Dale Station. Arrived there, I found the digging was in progress about two miles N.W from the Hall, on Hart Hill Moor, at the farm of Mr. Frederick Potter, on the estate of Miss Thornhill, and thither I hastened. The grave-diggers were the Rev. Canon Greenwell, F.S.A., of Durham; my friend Mr. Llewellynn Jewitt, F.S.A., and his son, Mr. Edwin Augustus Jewitt; Mr. Meynell, of Meynell Langley, ex-High Sheriff of Derbyshire; some other gentlemen, and a rankless troop of rank-and-file. The mound under

examination had been, evidently, much reduced from its original elevation, by the operation, during many ages, of the ploughshare and the harrow; and its diameter proportionately extended. Mr. Jewitt and Canon Greenwell decided that its original diameter had been about sixty-eight feet, and that the barrow had been erected upon a natural slight elevation or mound, so that at present the actual barrow was of less depth at its summit than in some parts of its radius; namely, at its summit not much more than two feet, but at other parts more than five feet. The country is here a soft crumbling Millstone-grit, and the soil is but the sand thereof, abounding in masses of grit great and small. This barrow had been constructed of such masses of grit and grit sand. One slab, measuring five feet long, three broad, and eight inches thick, was encountered and removed; and there were many more very ponderous, some of them being set up on end like tomb-stones, but all entirely buried in the sandy rounded mound. In the centre of this barrow, only a few inches from the surface—so considerably had the mound been reduced—was found a cist, kist, or stone chest, composed of rough, unhewn slabs of grit; or, rather, the remains of a cist, for it was minus its cover and one end. It was conjectured that the cover had at one time come in contact with the plough, and led to the discovery of the contents; probably a cinerary urn, which had been taken out, and the chamber filled up with stones and sand. On removing the stones and sand there was found no trace of bones nor of pottery, which makes it probable that the bones were contained in an urn, and removed with it. The opening left by the missing end of the cist was eleven and a half inches across; but at the opposite end the interior measure widened to twenty inches across; along one side it was twenty-four inches, and along the other nineteen inches, the depth being about twenty inches. One foot S.E. from the cist was a bit of rough pavement, consisting of four flat stones, set a little above the natural surface, on which was much charcoal and burnt sandy earth, and a very few fragments of bones. This may have been part of the site of the funeral pyre, from which the bones were removed to the conjectured urn, and placed in the cist. About ten feet S.E. from the cist, a foot above the natural surface and seventeen inches below the present barrow surface, were found four other flat stones, with a heap of burnt human bones piled thereon, and much charcoal, and some burnt sandy soil, extending over a diameter of four feet. It would appear that the burning had taken place on this spot, after which the bones and charcoal had been drawn together in a heap, and covered up with stones and sand. These remains of a fiery funeral of pre-historic times—the remains, probably, of some ancient British chieftain or chieftainess, were tenderly shifted by Canon Greenwell, from their resting-place of rude stones to an outspread copy of the *Daily Telegraph*. What crowding thoughts arise of Time and Progress! There were the relics of a ruling spirit of the letterless, unrecorded, lost past, brought in contact with, and enfolded in, the crowdedly recorded round world's history of yesterday. These were the results of that day's digging, the previous day having been spent in approaching these objects.

"In the evening we had an opportunity of looking through the revised proof-sheets of Canon Greenwell's important work, entitled 'British Barrows,' which is now in the press—the Clarendon, Oxford. It will be an important addition to our barrow-lore, the Canon having opened no less than two hundred and fifty barrows. His field has been especially, although not exclusively, Yorkshire and Durham, and his archæological relation to those counties will be as that of Sir Richard Colt Hoare to Wiltshire, and of Messrs. Bateman and Jewitt to Derbyshire. His work is profusely illustrated with wood-cuts of the antique articles which he has turned up, and of others, especially Cinerary urns and other Celtic pottery. The Canon sent to the charge of Professor Rolleston, at Oxford, all the skulls which he found in his explorations, and the Professor has undertaken to write an essay on that special subject as a supplement to and part of 'British Barrows.' The work now only awaits the completion of that essay to be issued to the public. We also had a glance at the revised proof-sheets of another important work which is just completed, 'The Ceramic Art of Great Britain,' which includes notices and illustrations, not only of British Celtic pottery of all kinds, but of British pottery and potters right down to the present day. Mr. Llewellynn Jewitt has been labouring at this great undertaking for several years, and readers will be interested to know that the publishers promise its issue some time next month—November. It is comprised in two large and sumptuous volumes, and illustrated with more than two thousand examples of British and Irish pottery.

"The next morning we repaired again to the 'diggings,' expecting to find other interments in the mound which had been already the object of two days' careful and laborious investigation; but nothing more, worthy of notice, was disinterred. Two other neighbouring mounds were then tested, but proved to be natural bosses of grit. The only other objects of special interest found during the exploration were, a piece of flint, or chipping, such as before now has been engraved and described as a flint knife, and two flint flakes which Mr. Jewitt picked up in the ploughed field. These fragments, however, trifling as they may appear, are vestiges of a Flint Age, bearing evidences of a human touch and of human importation, as there are no flints found naturally *in situ* in this locality. Although there are, undoubtedly, many barrows in the High Peak yet untouched by modern man, barrow-opening has become much more tedious and expensive, because much less fruitful than of old, from the circumstance that during the last century Major Rook and others did a good deal of work among them, and during the present century a good deal more has been done by Mr. Llewellynn Jewitt, and, in connection with him, by the late Messrs. Thomas Bateman, John F. Lucas, and others. So that now there is much risk of labouring at mounds which have been already explored, and at others which are merely natural mounds. At the same time it is almost certain that many barrows have been so reduced by the plough, the harrow, and the degrading influence of time and weather, that, although their treasures may be, therefore, very near the surface, they are no longer mounds at all, and are passed over by the antiquary.

"The exploring party next proceeded a short distance through a field or two, eastward, to a rude stone monument called the 'Nine Ladies' of Hart Hill Moor. Not very far from it is another circle, called the 'Nine Ladies' of Stanton Moor, which is described in Mr. Jewitt's 'Half Hours among some English Antiquities.' Of these Sisters of Hart Hill Moor, however, there are but four left, the others having 'left' in an opposite sense, and settled elsewhere in life—or in death. Tradition says there were nine, and five more placed in the gaps would complete the circle. The interior of the circle, like that of Stanton Moor, is about thirty-six feet in diameter. The stones that remain are huge shapeless pillars of Mill-stone grit, each of several tons weight. The Canon and Mr. Jewitt measured them. One was found to be seven feet six inches in height above the ground, and nine feet three inches in girth round the middle; another was six feet ten inches above the ground, and ten feet four inches in girth; another, seven feet and three inches in height, and twelve feet in girth; and the last, which had sunk down to an incline, was six feet eight inches above the ground and seven feet six inches in girth. I say 'in height above the ground' because these pillars are firmly rooted in the earth, and the height given does not give the height of the entire stone. The Canon caused a hole to be dug at the root of the pillar measuring seven feet three inches above ground, and followed it two feet nine inches below the surface. Only for Mr. Jewitt's opinion to the contrary, I should have regarded this circle as a place of sacrifice and ceremonial rather than a burial-place. The great circle of Arbor Low is four or five miles from this of the 'Nine Ladies,' and the latter at once appeared to me likely to have been a *demlan maen*, or stone temple of the ancient Celts, subordinate to Arbor Low. But Mr. Jewitt is the best authority living, on the subject of Derbyshire Celtic antiquities, and he regards this circle as a burial-place, within which a mound may have once stood and since been removed. The Canon directed a good deal of digging within the circle, but nothing spécial was turned up. In this circle, and hereabout, we are solemnly assured by the natives that the fairies—the *Tylwyth Teg* and *Ellyllon* of the ancient Britons, dance by moonlight; and men declare, and their neighbours don't doubt it, that in the woods hereabout they have, when benighted in them, seen sudden illuminations, as if by a great conflagration, and been as suddenly left in total darkness. These High Peak descendants of the ancient Britons, in fact, preserve among themselves the same traditions and beliefs that one finds among their distant cousins, the inhabitants of Wales, and they see the same supernatural sights in both districts. I could tell some pretty fairy tales, but have not space here. Of course the lead-mines hereabout are the recognized domain of the fairies, and for the miners to whistle in them while at work would be accounted a tempting of Providence, to the mischief of the irreverent whistler. It is said that the fairy race originated in our Saviour's time on earth, but I think they must have had a much more antique origin. The tale runs thus: In the era named there was a woman who was mother of nearly a score of children, who, when she saw our blessed Lord approaching her house,

felt ashamed of her fruitfulness, and concealed about half of her family very closely. After the departure of our Lord she went to set them at liberty, but, to her surprise, found them not. Nor could they ever after be discovered, and it was supposed that for hiding what God had given her she was deprived of them, as a punishment from heaven. It is said that these, her lost offspring, generated the race of faeries.

"In sight from the 'Nine Ladies,' two or three fields away, there is a grand pile of rocks called 'Robin Hood's Stride,' so called because there are among the group two towering towers of solid grit, many giant strides apart, but, from one to the other of which, tradition says, Robin Hood was wont to stride. There are perpendicular grooves in these natural towers, which tradition says were made by Robin Hood, in sharpening his arrows there. Some geologists would call them glacial striations; but they are really the work of the mere rains of ages running off the top of the rock, down its sides, and furrowing gutters thereon. Similar furrows may be seen on the aged cheeks of the four that are left of the 'Nine Ladies,' and suggest that these pillars, now water-worn for ages, must have been originally much larger. The Stride was visited and traversed, and the scene from these rocks—the undulating High Peak country, is indescribably grand. Not many strides from this pile of rocks is another, called Cratcliff, which at first sight suggests the ruins of a castle of Titan. There some hermit once dwelt, and his hermitage remains to this day, an intensely interesting excavation, with a fine crucifix cut *in alto* in the rock. I mention this in a whisper, to true antiquaries only; and trust it will never be known to initial-cutting, and iconoclastic vandals.

"Now the day's work is done, and the party, burdened with spades and picks, returned to the farmhouse of Mr. Frederick Potter, whence they—the spades and picks—had been borrowed. There they were detained, and most hospitably entertained by the jolly farmer and his most cheerfully kind wife. Mr. Potter is, in tastes and sympathies, himself an antiquary, and had, years ago, often accompanied the late Mr. Bateman in his barrow diggings, and he was, on this occasion of the Canon's visit to the High Peak, kindly interested and helpful in the excavations, although they were carried on to the detriment of his fields and the rending of his green carpets, which, however, nature will soon stitch up for him, and make as good as new. He had, he assured us, himself handed out from the earth more than one Celtic urn, necklace, bracelet, flint spear-head, and what not—of prehistoric origin. He is also a very Nimrod in the field, and delights in a good horse, on which, regardless of gates, he visited the diggers, from over the by-no-means low stone field walls. While eminently generous, he is, judging from his stories, an implacable pursuer of all thieves—except foxes, whom he cheerfully forgives for the theft now and then of a stray duck or so. Why, yet, he pursues them also in due season, but not because of the theft, but for the mere fun of the thing. He is ever ready with his jokes, even with a learned and Reverend Canon—or any other great gun. After a pleasant evening spent with this jolly farmer, during which the writer of this notice got awfully chaffed

about his junior representative in the British Commons House of Parliament, we wended our way back in the dark—very dark, to Winster Hall, looking about for the fairies in every direction. But there being no moon visible, the merry little folks did not come out to play, or else exercised their well-known power of rendering themselves invisible.

“The next morning I took leave of my kind friends, and of this magnificent land of barrows. Mr. Jewitt said truly and well when he wrote in 1862 in his ‘Notices of some Celtic Grave Mounds in the High Peak’ which he and the late Mr. John F. Lucas had opened together, ‘Our Celtic forefathers were men of sublime taste; they raised their grave mounds on the tops of the highest mountains, where the view was the grandest, the air the purest, and the elevation the most conspicuous from the surrounding country. They could look *up* to their dead, and see the cairns they had so religiously piled over them, wherever they went within the range of vision. They could see them against the distant horizon in the early morning greyness, in the full light of the noon-day, and in the lowering of the evening; and at night when the watch fires were lit, they were still more clearly discernible. There is something truly sublime in the notion of being buried in such spots as were chosen by these ancient people, and it is pleasant to stand at an open barrow and contemplate in imagination the rites which have been observed in its construction.’

“This quotation brings to mind the song attributed to an ancient British chief of Cambria, of the same kindred as these of the High Peak. It is said to have been the custom of the ancient British prince, when he had gained a battle, to take in hand the Hirlas horn, filled with metheglin, which he drank off in honour of the brave dead, each of his officers following his example. And this is the conclusion of the song—

‘Fill higher the Hirlas! forgetting not those  
Who shared its bright draught in the days which are fled!  
Though cold on their mountains the valiant repose,  
Their lot shall be lovely—renown to the dead!  
While harps in the hall of the feast shall be strung,  
While regal Eryri with snow shall be crown’d—  
So long by the bards shall their battles be sung,  
And the heart of the hero shall burn at the sound.  
The free winds of Maelor shall swell with their name,  
And Owain’s rich Hirlas be filled to their fame!’

Yet for all that, how finite proved the fame of these ancient warriors. The magnificence of the mountains of the High Peak remains; so does ‘regal Eryri,’ or Snowdon; but the harp is unstrung, the bard is ‘no more,’ and the renown of the valliant is lost in eternal oblivion with ‘Owain’s rich Hirlas’ or drinking horn.”

Canon Greenwell’s splendid volume immediately after appeared, and he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society in consequence. Llewellynn Jewitt’s “Ceramic Art” also appeared during the succeeding month, and was followed by a second edition. While this work was in hand, and he was awaiting the tardy replies of manufacturers



to his pressing enquiries respecting their ceramic specialities, he managed to complete that exquisite volume the second series of "The Stately Homes of England." His presentation copy to me was accompanied with this loving epistle: "Winster Hall, Derbyshire, New Year's Eve [1876]. . . . Pray do me the favour to accept this volume—only published *this* week—with every possible good and earnest wish and prayer for your, and all your circle's, happiness, joy, and prosperity in the New Year. May it bring blessings innumerable, and at its close give place to even brighter ones in succession. I hope you will like this *second* series as well as the first. You will find I include *Trentham* in it," etc., etc.

The meaning of the emphasis to Trentham is this: After the Duke of Sutherland had one day, long prior to this date, shown him through Trentham Hall, and pointed out to him the specialities of the place, Llewellynn Jewitt returned to Stoke, and entered the Station Post Office to send a telegram to his wife. While he was there intently writing it, I also accidentally entered it on some business. He was writing words to the effect "Have had a pleasant time with the Duke, and am now going to see Goss," when I was at that moment accidentally at his elbow, to the subsequent amusement of the telegraph clerk, when he read over the telegram, and I had departed to the appointed meeting-place.

Before passing from the subject of the "Ceramic Art of Great Britain," I should mention that besides the hindrances caused by the inattention of manufacturers whose names he was honouring, and whose interests he was advancing, his work was frequently interrupted by sickness, although his habit always was to work in spite of sickness, if possible. Here is a letter from Winster, written while his wife and son were away at Worthing, on a visit to the married daughter residing there; and he will not let them know of his illness, although their absence intensifies his wretchedness.

"January 27th, 1876. . . . I am a prisoner! and can scarce write. Pardon therefore only a line or two. I took extra cold in seeing Mrs. Jewitt off, and I have not been out since. Indeed I could scarcely get from room to room, but am getting better. I have scarcely been able to write a letter. Thanks, many for your enquiries. Florence—Mrs. G——, has a little baby son, a fortnight old, and all going on well. I have capital accounts of their progress from Mrs. Jewitt, who, you know, is with her. We are wretchedly lonely without Mrs. Jewitt and Edwin—especially as I have been so ill; but I have taken care they should not know of my illness at Worthing!—and am now better." Then referring to the "Ceramic Art," he says: "I am anxious to get *all* my notes together now, rapidly, for the first volume is *done*, and the second far advanced—and the Staffordshire Chapters are what I am hard at now—as far as my health will let me."

Here is another instance of interruption from illness dated many months later: "May 19th, 1877. . . . Many thanks for your kind note this a.m., for all your truly kind enquiries, and for the Tunstall

list. I am happy to say I am better—much better than I have been. Indeed, if I were *not* better I could not be writing this letter to you. It was a terribly sudden head attack, and the only wonder is that you did not get a black-bordered envelope, not directed by me! My head *wants* rest; my doctor says it must *have* rest; but I say it *can't*, and never *will have* rest. So there the matter rests. However, I am thankful to say I am very much better, and able to do a little," etc.

Here are two of his letters complaining of the stupidity of manufacturers in not promptly furnishing replies to his letters:

"March 30th, 1876. . . . You will think I write about nothing but death and funerals! I am only just returned from an absence—a sudden absence—of a few days, caused by the death of a very dear friend, one of my oldest, dearest, and most intimate literary friends—a friendship of considerably over thirty years—who has been called away before his time. We buried him on Tuesday, and I am just home to find your kind letter, and a vast accumulation of 'proof' packets and letters. . . . Unfortunately I find some—nay *many*—of the manufacturers who are too blind, or too lazy, or too ignorant to reply to my enquiries. So, from many, although I write twenty letters to one firm perhaps, I really can get no response. It arises, surely, from a want of attention, but it is very awkward, and makes it difficult to get *all* houses in. I fear I may, quite unintentionally, omit some.

"June 11th, 1877. . . . It is very kind of you to take so much trouble as to go to Longton, but I am, in *truth*, ashamed to put you to so much trouble. You have no idea of the trouble I have had with some of the manufacturers—Mr. H——, whom you name, for instance—and the stupidity many of them display. I will show you a few specimens of their letters some day! They'll astonish you! But I think of all the stupid people, the *Tunstall* folks are the worst.

"I have had a very sad time of it, and am fearful I may have a repetition—but I must be as careful as I can. . . .

"In making your summer arrangements pray don't leave *us* out in the cold. We are looking forward to having the pleasure of again having you and your daughter here for a few days this summer.

"I don't know if you see the *Leisure Hour*. I gave a memoir of my friends the Halls in it lately, with portraits—one of the many things I write without putting my name to it, for I often *don't* put my name to my contributions—I don't care to—and not one person in creation except myself knows much that I do write," etc.

In February, 1877, appeared his "Half Hours among some English Antiquities," of which he wrote me: "February 7th, 1877. . . . Pray do me the favour to accept the copy of my 'Half Hours'—only out this week—which I send with this in a separate book-post packet. If your shelves—as I fear—are getting too full of my wretched rubbish, pray give them to your kitchen-maid for her fires, or sell them to the butter shop—I shall not be hurt whichever way you do—or even if you give them a lingering death by taking them page by page for spills for your cigars. Ever yours—past, present and future," etc.

By Llewellynn Jewitt's direction to the publishers, the very first copy of his "Ceramic Art of Great Britain" was dispatched direct to myself, as a gift from him. The following letter, announcing that he had given that direction is inserted in front of the first volume of that copy: "November 22nd, 1877. My dear Mr. Goss,—I hear this a.m. that my 'Ceramic Art' is now in binders' hands. When you were here I remember I promised *you* should have the very first copy. For fear there should be any miscarriage, and that it should be sent to me, I have dropped a note to London to-day, to ask them to send a copy direct to you from *there*, so as to ensure your getting it earlier than otherwise you could do. Please accept it from me, and if it reaches you, as I hope it will, on Saturday, please take it as a little gift from me on my sixty-first (Oh! Lord! how old!!) birthday," etc.

I suppose it would be on my acknowledging receipt of the volumes that I received the following, dated December 14th, 1877: "I congratulate you! You are a deal more fortunate than I, poor devil of an author as I am, have been. For it is a fact that although you got my 'Ceramic Art'—and lots of other folks have got it—I have have not down to the present moment even 'set eyes on' a single finished copy of my own book! Not a copy has yet reached me, nor have I seen one at all in a finished state. *You* will perhaps wonder at this, but *I* don't. I have seen so much of it in progress that I am *not* dying to see it now it is done. But the truth is the publishers wrote me that they were 'not able to bind them fast enough to supply first sale.' So, of course, I am waiting till there is a chance of other folks having enough supplied that one can be spared for me! I saw a good notice of it in *The Times* last week—a friend sent it to me. It is well to see such a notice in such a leading daily," etc. This notice I have given elsewhere.

To return to Canon Greenwell's visit to Winster Hall, it will give some idea of the intense pleasure and intellectual profit which were to be derived from a visit to Llewellynn Jewitt if I complete the foregoing sketch by quoting from his subsequent letter to me on their further doings during the Canon's stay. And this is only a fair example of the manner in which he ever treated his visitors. There were drives day after day to places of special archæological interest within a radius of twenty miles, which he knew more about than any other man, and which knowledge he ever imparted most freely and eloquently. And these glorious drives were always accompanied with sumptuous picnic preparations of the highest class. And yet that is not correct, for the feast of a picnic is added to by each member of the party, while the provision for these excursions was of course made entirely by the host. And his beloved wife and his children were always with us. And their own share of the enjoyment seemed to be almost all and only that derived from witnessing the happiness of their guests. After leaving Winster on the occasion above referred to, I wrote to Llewellynn Jewitt, asking him for the measurements of the stones of the "Nine Ladies" group, and received the following reply:

"Winster Hall, October 18th, 1877. . . . I was away yesterday when your letter came, and when I got back it was after post time, so I could not send till now. [Then followed plans and measurements]. Mr. Meynell left me on Monday night—the Canon has left me this forenoon—so we are quiet again; I miss them much; they and you going away leaves us again in solitariness. On Monday I took them to a barrow I have long intended opening—Blake Low—and we opened it of course, but the wind was terrific—the remnant of the hurricane we had had in the night. We found only indications of the central interment; but we found on one side of the barrow, a skeleton lying in its usual position on the left side, with knees drawn up as usual. Yesterday Ted and I took the Canon to Haddon Hall and Chatsworth and Bakewell—a glorious drive. Saturday, after you left, we all went (*i.e.*, Meynell, Greenwell, myself and Edwin) to Youlgreave, Middleton, Arbor Low, Monyash and Bakewell, a nice drive, and only wanted you with us to make it more enjoyable." I said just now that his beloved wife was always with us in these excursions, yet here was a drive on a Saturday without her. Why? *Because* it was Saturday, and she would insist upon not going that she might be sure the preparations for the comfort of her guests on the Sunday were complete. There never was a lady more thoughtful for the comfort of her guests, which she would spare no personal toil to ensure.

The reference in the foregoing paper to my junior representative in the British Commons House of Parliament was to the talented and eccentric Dr. Kenealy, who for a brief time made a great noise in the world as the member for Stoke-on-Trent, and who styled himself "The Lion of Britain." I had published a porcelain caricature figure of this man on the 5th November, 1875, with leonine mane and beard, a copy of which was exhibited at Winster Hall, and is referred to in the following:

"Durham, 28th October, 1877.

"My dear Sir,—I received this morning the very happy account of our not very happy opening of the barrow on Hart Hill Moor, with "On Arbor Low." Pray accept my best thanks. I hope some day we may meet again over the burial mound of some ancient of days, with more success. Anyhow, urns or no urns, I shall be glad to meet you by a British Barrow, or anywhere, except by the side of the pseudo British Lion. I am glad to say that by this time I believe my 'British Barrows' is issued from the Clarendon Press.—Yours very truly, W. GREENWELL."

And I was gratified to know that the paper I had written also pleased both Llewellynn Jewitt and his wife. From him I received the following on the 30th October: ". . . What can I say to you as to your spirited and graphically expressed account of the 'diggings'? I hardly know, for it is so," etc., etc., "that I feel more than ever a culprit for having fetched you such a long way for such poor practical results in 'finds.' I hoped, as you know, that the barrow would turn out a good one, but alas! barrow-opening, as I

full well know, is all a lottery—a prize here and there, and a host of certain blanks. The prizes are as ‘angels’ visits,’ the blanks as common as the ‘Evil One’s misdoings’! Thanks a thousand times for the paper and for all the kind things you have said, and written, and sung! Next time I hope you will have a better theme than my poor services—and next time, too, I hope we may have a better result to shew—next time, too, when you come barrow-digging you must let us be your doctors and make you take a dose of strong overcoat—for I quaked for you in the cold without wraps. I believe in wraps and indeed can’t get on without them. What a scribble!! All send,” etc. “Ever yours truly, LL. JEWITT.”

“P.S.—Please look at and return the enclosed Introduction. I could not let it pass without thanks to you in it. Others I give in the lump. You I heartily thank for all your help.”

I have produced this letter, postscript and all, that I may say a word about the gratitude of my dear friend. The “Introduction” here referred to, was the “proof” of the Introduction to his “Ceramic Art of Great Britain,” in which work I had rendered him some slight help. He would be at any pains and at the loss of much valuable time to search out answers to questions for me; he would thoroughly weary himself in searching among his rare books to furnish me with information; and if he could not accomplish the object in one day he would go at it again and again until he succeeded. Yet if I gave him some slight help in return, he never put his own services in the scale contra, and could never shew enough gratitude and sense of indebtedness.

I have said that Mrs. Jewitt also was pleased with the paper which I had written on the opening of the barrow, which I learned on a subsequent visit. We were having a happy picnic up among the Druidical rocks at Birchover, near Winster—or, rather, a large party of us, all guests of Llewellynn Jewitt, were having a happy time up there picnic-fashion—among the rocking-stones, the stone-chairs, the menhir, and various megaliths, when Mrs. Jewitt called me aside to sit beside her against one of the rude stone monuments, and said she wanted to ask a favour: Would I send her a copy of the paper containing the account of the barrow-opening? She liked it very much, and would like to have a copy to keep for herself. Then Llewellynn Jewitt came stealthily towards us, and peeping round the corner exclaimed in his pleasant serio-comic way, “Look here! I’ve caught them at it. He’s courting my wife here, round the corner!” He was never more gratified than when his friends paid special court and homage to his adored wife.

I have been speaking of the completion of the “Ceramic Art of Great Britain,” in November, 1877. In May of the following year, I commenced a series of Notices of it in the “Pottery and Glass Trades Review,” extending to June, 1879. This necessitated a closer and more careful analysis of its pages than would otherwise have happened, and I found the work to have been written with most toilsome and studious care, with valuable and trustworthy results. His descriptions

of the productions of all modern British potters, large and small, are unavoidably tedious and monotonous, but they are written for future reference, and will become valuable to the collector, only in the distant future. All else in these volumes is of immediate and considerable value. Some reviewer wrote to the effect that the work, like good wine, will increase in value with age, and that is true. *The Times* said: "'The Ceramic Art of Great Britain,' by Mr. Llewellynn Jewitt, F.S.A., is one of those works which are made possible only by a combination of learning and ability with abundant leisure, and above all the zeal which sympathy alone can give. . . . This is the only work devoted to the whole range of British ceramics, and that exclusively. Almost absolute knowledge, and a good sound judgment, have certainly been rewarded in the result of these two volumes."

Some further idea of the persevering rapidity of his pen may be gathered from one or two of his diary records of the progress of this "Ceramic Art," which the reader has probably skipped. After collecting materials for it during several years, he started writing it in chapters on Wednesday, the 17th February, 1869. His first day's work, at the Celtic chapter, lasted from seven in the morning until twelve at night. The next day he finished that chapter. On the Friday he did a day's work of sixteen and a half hours on the Roman chapter, and finished that the next day, which he records with great satisfaction. And the work which was thus rapidly done was very good, and was, self-evidently, the result of much thought and research. On the Monday following he wrote the Anglo-Saxon chapter. The reader might suppose that such rapid marches must soon lead to the finish of the work. But it was when he had completed the history of the Ceramic Art of the past that the difficulties of his task commenced. The contemporaneous potters bothered him a great deal, and he had to wait years before he could get the necessary information to close the work; and meantime, the contemporaneous art itself was constantly on the move and change of progress, and had to be re-written again and again. But while thus hindered he worked at his "Grave Mounds and their Contents," at *The Reliquary*, at the *Art Journal*, the *St. James' Magazine*, his "History of Plymouth," and many other works.

The above mention of "Grave Mounds and their Contents," and of Canon Greenwell's "British Barrows"—in the Introduction to which he refers to the cremation of Patroclus and Hector—reminds me that it would not, perhaps, be out of place to introduce into this volume, as an appendix, a very simple reading of the death and funeral of those Homeric heroes as illustrative of the funeral ceremonies of the ancient days of cremation and the erection of grave mounds. For it is more than probable that the same funeral rites which were practised in the Homeric Bronze Age were handed down from the earlier Stone Ages. Llewellynn Jewitt assisted at the opening of many mounds, not only of the Earlier and Later Stone Ages, but also of the Bronze Age, and it is to add interest to his collection of their yields, in flints, celts, bronze implements, bones and other things, now all included in my own collections, that I will draw a

simple Homeric picture of the ancient rites of the cremation, of the interment, and of the erection of the grave mound, and dedicate it to my dear friend's memory in an appendix to this his biography. I will do this because there are many earnest archæologists who are intensely interested in the ancient grave mounds and their contents, yet never think of old Homer and his graphic description of the ceremonials of cremation and interment of the remains of Patroclus, and of Hector who was slain to avenge him. This may add interest to these fragments of cinerary urns and their contents, of date contemporaneous with those ceremonials, and even much more archaic. My chief excuse for offering this reading shall be the hope that it may prove more simple and more ready for the mental digestion of the ordinary reader than either of the rhymic or merely rhythmic versions extant, or of the more learned prose versions so heavily fringed with elaborate foot-notes, if the works of Homer may in any form be called prose. It is not improbable that some of these bone fragments of Llewellynn Jewitt's collection may be relics of warriors as sincerely mourned in their death and cremation as was Patroclus by his friend and avenger Achilles. There is nothing more touching in all Homer than the record of the grief of Achilles on this occasion.

No one has done more than Llewellynn Jewitt, during an untiringly busy and useful life, in bringing to the light of day, and to the elucidation of his extensive archæological knowledge, the hidden antiquities of his native land. In conjunction with Thomas Bateman, John F. Lucas, and others, he was a director and worker at the opening of numerous barrows and other excavations, and very often a mere handful of fragments of pottery, flints, or bones, such as are now largely accumulated in this his collection, would be the only reward of much labour and expense. But even these fragments, the leavings of previous more reckless explorers, or of the levelling and destroying plough or harrow, were reverently gathered up and treasured by the great antiquary. And now, besides their original value—their value in his eyes as relics of our prehistoric fore-fathers—they are invested with an added interest in having been gathered together by his hands from youth to old age—his busy hands, which have now finished their earthly labours. Their original value is also great as the wrecked relics of the ancient tumuli of the Princes and High Priests of this land, whose obsequies, most of them, were performed "in the high places," according to the ritual of the worshippers of Baal, whose worshippers some of these were, long before Trojan Brute landed on this island, and gave it the name of Britain—if his advent here be true. For, as I have already observed, the barrows examined by Llewellynn Jewitt have yielded evidences of an Old Stone Age, Later Stone Age, and the Age of Bronze, which latter may have commenced in this land with its name of Britain. What a field do these fragments suggest for the revelling of retrospective imagination! They carry us back beyond the dawn of civilisation, when the greatness of our ruling forefathers was only commensurate with their savage cunning, physical strength, or valour. There were potters in those days, and here are fragments of their rude workmanship; which, because it was their

work and evidence of their early utilization of the discovery of Fire, and of the coming Dawn, is worthy of preservation for ever. And here are numerous rudely-worked flints, which are also curious relics of an Early Stone Age. Unlike the beautiful arrow and spear-heads which later barrows yielded, they may be described either as formless, or as of every rude form; but there is evidence in themselves of human chipping, and they generally have some edge sharp enough to be cutters of flesh and skin, and scrapers of hides, bones, and wood. And some may have been used as deadly missiles by skilled throwers, either in the chase or in battle. Some of these ornamented fragments of urns were from barrows of a Later Stone Age, when the flints were beautifully formed, as well as the stone celts. And these fragments of bones, perhaps of "mighty chiefs untimely slain," remind us of those lines, which I have quoted elsewhere, of the song of the Hirlas Horn:

"Fill higher the Hirlas! forgetting not those  
 Who shared its bright draught in the days which are fled!  
 Though cold on their mountains the valiant repose,  
 Their lot shall be lovely—renown to the dead!  
 While harps in the hall of the feast shall be strung,  
 While regal Eryri with snow shall be crowned—  
 So long by the bards shall their battles be sung,  
 And the heart of the hero shall burn at the sound.  
 The free winds of Maelor shall swell with their name,  
 And Owain's rich Hirlas be filled to their fame."

And the "high places," where the barrows were generally constructed, from which these fragments have been gathered—where "cold on their mountains the valiant reposed"—remind us of that primitive worship of Baal, or the Sun, practised by these ancient people, and so often referred to in Holy Writ. How rational to them would appear this prayer-song of their priests in the early morn of the day of battle, while looking towards the east from these holy high places:

"Hail, Supreme God, source of Light,  
 Sole revealer of the earth!  
 At thy uprising, O Most Glorious,  
 All Nature chants her joy  
 And owns thee God.  
 When thy face is hidden  
 Fear prevails and dread silence.  
 Without thee there is no beauty,  
 No form of loveliness, no glorious tints,  
 But only blank desolation.  
 Hail, divine Day-spring, source of Heat!  
 Without thee the earth would be barren;  
 All life must perish,  
 All sweet sounds cease,  
 The lakes and the rivers be changed to rock,  
 All sparkling fountains stopped,  
 Swift gales and gentle breezes still'd for ever.  
 Wherever thou art not, O God,  
 There is darkness and silence and death.  
 All hail! Most High, source of Life!  
 Save thy people, O Most Mighty;  
 Inspire them with the Sacred Fire



That maketh invincible in battle.  
Fight for us, O Omnipotent ;  
Draw thy bow against the enemy  
And destroy him before us with darts of fire.  
Accept our sacrifice, O Supreme,  
And deliver thy worshippers !”

Then others of these fragments of urns and bones belong to an age later still, the Bronze Age, for implements of bronze were found with them. Then, perhaps, the simple but cruel worship of Baal, with its attendant human sacrifices, had with some peoples yielded to a polytheism, or a mythology of numerous divine attributes and offices, separately personified and worshipped ; Jove, variously named, taking the supreme godhead in place of Baal, and the latter becoming the subordinate Apollo, Sul, Sol, Mithra, or what not. And a vow made at one of these holy grave mounds may have been in the sense of that oath of Agamemnon in the matter of Briseïs, as recorded in the nineteenth Iliad :

“ Then the son of Atreus, drawing the knife which always hung by the scabbard of his great sword, and cutting off the forelock of the boar, prayed, lifting up his hands to heaven, all the Greeks sitting in silence listening in a becoming manner to the king. He prayed saying :

“ ‘ Be witness thou, most high Jove, King of Gods, and thou Earth and Sun, and ye Furies who beneath the earth prepare horrid woes for the souls of perjured men ; never have I laid hands on the maid Briseïs, but inviolate has she remained in my tents. If this be false, may the Gods inflict on me the many evils which they inflict on those who sin in swearing ! ’

“ Then he cut the throat of the boar with the merciless bronze, and Talthybius, whirling it round, cast it into the mighty water of the sea as food for fishes.”

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In his Introduction to the sixteenth volume of *The Reliquary* its editor writes : “ As a father looks with pride and with a warm fond heart on the career of a loved son who has never given him cause for disquietude, so I look with pride—a pardonable and natural pride—on my serial, which through all these years has kept steadily on its course, doing its own good work in its own unostentatious way, making new friends year by year, and losing none of its old ones save by death. After so long a literary and artistic life as mine has been (for it is now close upon forty years since my first book was published), it is truly pleasant to find so brilliant a circle of old friends, and so constant an accession of new and equally gifted ones always ready and always willing to devote their time and their talents to the service of my *Reliquary*, and to enshrine within its pages the results of their researches, and the fruits of their literary and archæological labours.”

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## CHAPTER XXX.

AN ACCIDENT TO LLEWELLYNN JEWITT.—FURTHER LOSSES OF LITERARY FRIENDS—THOMAS WRIGHT, DR. DORAN, MRS. BURY PALLISER, RICHARD WOOF, DR. THURSFIELD, GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, AND JOHN HEWITT.—CHARLES DICKENS, GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, AND WILLIAM HONE.—INVITATION TO THE FLOWER SHOW.—LLEWELLYNN JEWITT VISITS JACOB THOMPSON, R.A.—THE LUCK OF EDENHALL—A CUP SNATCHED FROM THE FAIRIES.—TO SCOTLAND AND HOME AGAIN.—HOW HE STUCK TO IT.



EARLY in 1878 Llewellynn Jewitt met with another hindrance from sickness. While walking in Derby he was seized with sudden giddiness and fell, striking his head so violently upon the pavement as to be stunned by the blow. The first intimation I had of this accident was by a paragraph in the newspaper. His recovery was slow, but during his illness he was, as usual, full of merriment. His handwriting when in sickness was quite different to his style when in health, and the following is in, decidedly, his sick hand:

"Winster Hall, February 12th, 1878. . . . I tell Edwin I will answer your kind letter to him to-day—and so I do so. But I must ask you to be content with a brief note of thanks, as I am not much in writing condition. I am happy to tell you that I am better, and able to sit up—but, unfortunately, most of my time has still to be passed on the sofa! and I am very feeble yet. Concussion of the brain—how happy, by the bye, those *without* brain ought to be that they have none to be 'concussed'!—a new word for you—is not easily got over, and I am yet far from right. Edwin tells me he sent you a newspaper at the time, so you will see what my accident was. . . . I don't know whether you will be able to read this, for it is a hard task to write." etc.

In the April number of *The Reliquary* for this year 1878, Llewellynn Jewitt records sad losses of literary and artistic friends thus:

"It is not often that in the brief space of seven weeks one is called upon, as I am now, to chronicle and mourn the loss of more than that number of literary friends; and therefore the task of recording their deaths becomes unusually heavy and sad. It is so many more links broken, so many voids created, so many warnings given, so many more losses to be entered in the day-book of one's life, and so many

blanks that no time or circumstance can ever fill! Among those who have in this brief space, between the end of December and the day on which I write (February the 11th)—seven weeks only—passed away, are Thomas Wright, F.S.A.; Dr. Doran, F.S.A.; Mrs. Bury Palliser; Richard Woof, F.S.A.; Dr. Thursfield; George Cruikshank; John Hewitt, and others, and the void their removal has created, not in their own circles alone, but in the whole literary, artistic, and antiquarian world, is indeed great, while to myself and numberless others who enjoyed their friendship, it is of surpassing intensity. Their mortal lives—their ‘living, moving, and breathing’—are over, and their friends will see them no more, but their works will live for ever, and through them their memory will indeed remain green and undying.

“THOMAS WRIGHT, one of the oldest and most valued of my literary and antiquarian friends—a friendship dating back to considerably over thirty years—was born in 1810, at Ludlow, in Shropshire, his ancestors, however, being from my own county, Yorkshire, where, as appears from the ‘Autobiography of Thomas Wright, of Birkenshaw’ (his grandfather), they were living at Birkenshaw, and other places in the neighborhood of Bradford.

“Thomas Wright, my late friend, was educated at King Edward VI.’s Grammar School, in Ludlow, from whence he went to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took the successive degrees of B.A. and M.A. Here he commenced his literary career—a career that became more brilliant year by year till health, strength and vitality itself left him. Whilst yet an undergraduate he became a frequent contributor to the *Gentleman’s Magazine*, *Fraser*, *Literary Gazette*, *Foreign Quarterly*, and other serials, and also wrote his well-known volume on Mediæval Legends regarding Purgatory. In 1836 he took up his residence in London, and continued his successful literary life. The next year he was elected a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, and in 1838 was one of the founders of the Camden Society, of which, for some years he was hon. sec. Later on he was among the founders of other societies, notably the ‘Percy’ and the ‘Shakspeare,’ to the publications of all which he was one of the most valued contributors. His reputation had by this time grown European, and in 1842, on the death of the Earl of Munster, the Grand European Blue Ribbon of Literature and Science, with a seat in the Imperial Institute of France (the ‘Académie des Inscriptions’) was conferred on him mainly through the procuration of his friend M. Guizot. In 1844, Thomas Wright, in conjunction with his and my own friend, Charles Roach Smith, and others, founded the ‘British Archæological Association,’ and it was at that time that our friendship—a friendship that remained unbroken to the last—was formed. When the unfortunate division in the Association took place a few years later, Wright, Smith, and others wisely remained with the party which retained the original name, the seceders adopting that of ‘Archæological Institute.’ About this time Thomas Wright commenced the issue of his grand work ‘*Biographia Britannica Literaria*,’ for the Royal Society of Literature; he also became member of many other learned societies, and was a constant and valued contributor to their published transactions.”

Then follows much more respecting Thomas Wright and his works, and his death on the 23rd December, 1877, and burial in Brompton Cemetery. The Editor then writes :

"MRS. FANNY BURY PALLISER, one of the most gifted of women, most genial of friends, and most painstaking, careful, and reliable of writers, had earned for herself a name and a fame that will be long enduring and cherished lovingly by all who had the privilege, as I had, of knowing her. Of pure and refined taste, possessed of the highest personal accomplishments, with a deeply read and well-stored mind, possessing an amazing store of knowledge on subjects connected with Art and Antiquity, a capacity for study, research, and literary labour, such as is rarely given, and with a comprehensive and concentrating mind that eminently fitted her for the post of critic, Mrs. Palliser was withal a true woman in every thought, feeling, impulse, and action, and was the very exemplar of kindness and gentleness in her every act, and look, and word. I speak of her as I ever found her, and in so doing I know I am but faintly expressing what I ought to say, and that the words I have written can therefore only be taken as a faint and imperfect outline sketch of the finished picture which my remembrance of her leaves permanently on my mind.

"Mrs. Palliser was the daughter of Joseph Marryatt, M.P., of Wimbledon House, and was sister of the more than popular novelist, Captain Frederick Marryat, R.N., . . . and was also sister of Joseph Marryat, whose 'History of Pottery and Porcelain,' published by Murray, will remain a standard work on the subject. . . . Mrs. Palliser was also aunt to another popular novelist, Florence Marryat (Mrs. Ross Church), who for some time edited *London Society*, and is at the present hour a graceful and fluent, though perhaps too sensational, writer. Mrs. Palliser's published works are not many, but they are all thoroughly good, and all give evidence of deep thought and careful study. In 1865 she published her 'History of Lace,' which has been so successful as to pass through three editions in England, and also to be translated into the French, by the Comtesse de Clermont Tonnere. . . . In 1870 appeared 'Historic Devices, Badges, and War Cries,' enlarged and extended from her series of papers on that subject in the *Art Journal*. . . . Another of Mrs. Palliser's works was 'Brittany and its Bye-ways,' which is charmingly written, and full of interesting matter; she also wrote 'A Brief History of Germany,' and an elegant little volume, 'Mottoes for Monuments.' In 1874 Mrs. Palliser issued her admirable 'China Collector's Pocket Companion,' . . . which is one of the most useful and best-arranged of manuals, and she also, in the previous year, issued, in a splendid volume, a translation from the French of Jacquemart's 'History of Ceramic Art.' Another of her translations was that of Labarte's 'Handbook of the Arts of the Middle Ages,' and another, her last work—alas she did not live to see issued—was announced for publication at the time of her death, Jacquemart's 'History of Furniture.' . . .

"Mrs. Palliser was born on the 23rd of September, 1805, and in 1832 married the late Captain Richard Bury Palliser, who died in

1852, by whom she leaves issue four sons and two daughters. She died almost suddenly, after an illness of only a few days, at her residence, Russell Road, Kensington, and was buried on the 21st of January, in the Brompton Cemetery," etc. Llewellynn Jewitt then says:

"JOHN HEWITT, whose friendship it was my privilege to hold for many years, was a man of considerable attainments, and of deep research, and his writings are in the highest degree valuable. Born at Lichfield in 1807, and educated in that city, John Hewitt was, I believe, brought up as a student in music, and for some time held the post of organist in St. Mary's Church; and he was also much attached to literary pursuits, contributing to many periodicals. 'During his earlier residence in Lichfield,' says a notice in the *Lichfield Mercury*, 'he made several tours on the continent, his journals being remarkably clever, both as regards descriptive writing and illustration. Later on he was appointed to a post in the War Office; and it was during his long residence in London that his powers matured, and that he played a quiet but no inconsiderable part in the literary society of the day. He enjoyed the friendship of Bulwer-Lytton, Mary Howitt, Mrs. S. C. Hall, Professor Wilson, Allan Cunningham, Planché, Leigh Hunt, Llewellynn Jewitt, the Hon. Mrs. Erskine Norton, and many others with whom he laboured, and was well known under his pen-name of 'Sylvanus Swanquill.' His verse was racy and descriptive, suggesting the style of the elder Hood.' 'In his youth' writes his attached friend, Mr. Greenep, 'Mr. Hewitt had been a bold rider to the hounds, chiefly with the famous pack then hunted by Mr. Meynell, of Hoar Cross, and latterly by his son, the late Mr. Hugo Meynell Ingram, M.P. for West Staffordshire. . . . He was also a musician of rare skill, as well as a sound judge of music; and they were fortunate who could steal upon him in the twilight, when he was playing with infinite grace and feeling, some master-piece from Haydn or Mozart, or humming Spohr's delightful air—'As pants the hart.'

"John Hewitt's published works were not many, but his reputation may well rest upon one, which is a standard book of reference on its subject; I allude to his 'Ancient Armour and Weapons in Europe from the Earliest Times,' published in three vols. in 1860, by Parker of Oxford, . . . 'Old Woolwich,' published in 1868 by the Royal Artillery Institution, is another of Mr. Hewitt's works, and another is his guide-book, 'The Tower [of London], its History, Armories, and Antiquities,' which was first published (by the authority of the Master General and Board of Ordnance) in 1841, and has since gone through several editions in English, in French, and in Spanish. In 1870, Mr. Hewitt issued his 'Hand-book for the City of Lichfield,' and in 1875 his 'Hand-book for Lichfield Cathedral.' . . . In 1876 he issued his last work (published by Chatto and Windus), a new and enlarged edition of 'Stothard's Monumental Effigies.' But it was not by his published books alone that John Hewitt was favourably known in the literary world. His constant and valuable contributions to the transactions of learned societies, and other serial publications, were a great and important feature of their contents."

Llewellynn Jewitt continues the notice of his friend's life and doings, and records his death on the 10th January, 1878, and his burial on the 15th in the Cathedral Close, 'in the space in front of the Bishop's Palace at Lichfield, "and there he rests, one of the most worthy of Lichfield's worthies, beloved in life, honoured in death, and leaving behind him a good name and a fair fame that will hallow his memory." In his next obituary notice he says:

"JOHN DORAN, Ph. D., F.S.A., has left behind him a name intimately associated with literature for full half-a-century, and a more than usually large circle of attached friends to regret his sudden removal from their midst. Born in London in 1807, but belonging to an Irish family of Drogheda, John Doran early entered on a literary career, and in 1825 published his 'History of Reading,' and from that time forward, down to the day of his death, passed a busy life among books—himself as voluminous a 'book-maker' (not in the sporting sense of the term) as any, and successively editing various newspapers and literary journals—*The Athenæum* and *Notes and Queries* among them—contributing largely to others, and acting as 'critic' in many. He delighted in puns, and almost invariably indulged in them in the titles he chose for his books. Thus he issued his 'Table Traits, with something on them'; 'Knights and their Days'; 'Habits and Men'; 'Monarchs Retired from Business'; 'History of Court Fools'; 'New Pictures and Old Panels'; 'Saints and Sinners'; and so on. Besides these he wrote the *Lives of the 'Queens of England of the House of Hanover,'* which passed through four editions; the *'Princes of Wales Heirs to the Crown of England,'* and a *'Memoir of Queen Adelaide.'* Another of his famous works was *'Their Majesties' Servants,'* a history of the stage from Betterton to Kean; and another was *'A Lady of the Last Century,'* being an account of Mrs. Elizabeth Montagu and the 'blue stocking' ladies of her day. The letters of Sir Horace Mann to Horace Walpole formed the materials of another able work, published in 1876, under the title of *'Mann and Manners.'* Dr. Doran's last production, *'London in the Jacobite Times,'* was only issued a week or two prior to his death. Many works were published under his editorship, the best being Walpole's *'Journal of the Reign of George III., 1771-83.'* In 1858 Dr. Doran prepared for publication a *'Selection of Ballads contributed to Bentley's Miscellany,'* and in 1868 he did a like service for *The Collector.*

"In company John Doran was one of the pleasantest, most affable, and most agreeable of men, and his society was much sought after. As his own paper, *The Athenæum*, says: 'Doran was at home in most of our literary coteries, and whilst no one encountered him in society without being charmed by his pleasant address and animated conversation, it was impossible for anyone to make the first approaches towards intimacy with him, and not to entertain a cordial liking for one so overflowing with manly kindness and honest sympathy. The regard with which he inspired his habitual associates was a sentiment of the closest attachment.' . . .

"Dr. Doran, who died on the 25th of January, aged seventy-one, was buried at Kensall Green on the 29th of the same month, his funeral being attended by a number of his most attached literary friends."

"GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, whom it was my privilege to know for the last thirty years or more, is too well known, both by works, and name, and fame to need at my hands more than a passing tribute to his worth. Born on the 27th of September, 1792, and dying on the 1st of this month, February, 1878, the 'inimitable George' had attained his eighty-sixth year, but was still hale, hearty and active, and full of buoyant spirits. He was the son of Isaac Cruikshank, a clever draughtsman and etcher, and brother of Robert Cruikshank, the famous designer and caricaturist, whose style, and that of their gifted father he in great measure followed, becoming, however, a more powerful satirist than Robert, and one whose pictorial sarcasms—broad, coarse, and inelegant though they often needlessly were—were usually directed to some good end. A more prolific artist never existed, the bare enumeration of his works approaching six thousand! and many of these were etchings whose delicacy, precision, and treatment of light and shade are beyond those of any other we know. His first caricatures were drawn when a child of only six or seven years old, his last when he had become more than an octogenarian! In 1805 he drew Lord Nelson's Funeral Car (an impression of which I possess), and from that time forward no public event, and scarcely a phase of social or political life escaped his pencil. Notably of late years he took a prominent part in the Temperance Movement; and his oil-paintings of 'The Bottle' and 'Worship of Bacchus' (though it must be confessed they are more significant and telling in incident than refined in manner or artistic in treatment) have, there can be no doubt, done much towards extending that excellent movement. Those who desire to see some of his choicest drawings and etchings will find them at the Westminster Aquarium, where they form one of the most attractive features.

"Full of life and spirits, I remember George Cruikshank one evening, now over thirty years back, attending a meeting when I was present. In the ante-room, in which he and I were, after the meeting, some friend asked him to give him his autograph. 'Oh yes,' he said, 'give me some paper,' and down he sat, taking up sheet after sheet of paper, and writing his name the full size of the sheet. Others seeing what was being done, begged the same favour, and he good-naturedly wrote on and on until he had consumed a quire or two of note-paper; in each case writing his name of the bigness of the folded sheet! Doubtless some of my friends still preserve these mementoes—and they will now be more than ever precious. His letters to me of late years have the same firmness of hand in the signature as those of more olden times, and it is a great thing to say, that his buoyancy of spirits, his memory, and his quickness of apprehension and retort did not leave him in green old age. Only a week ago, a dear artist friend, one of the foremost and most gifted of living painters, writing to me, said, 'I saw him in London last May, at — the engraver's; he

then told me that for thirty years he had been teetotal, and his vixen wife [this was one of his humorous and characteristic sallies] stopp'd his smoking twenty-eight years ago! but that he could sing and dance as well as ever; and he capered round the room, full of health and jollity! Poor George is now gone, but not without leaving footprints on the sands of time.' He has indeed passed to his rest, but not as one unknown. He was a man whom all loved, all revered, all looked up to, and whom all delighted to honour. He was buried at Kensall Green on the 9th of February, the funeral leaving his residence at one o'clock. At the cemetery 'a large number of the literary and artistic world had assembled to be present at the obsequies, the usual burial service being read by the Rev. Charles Stuart, the chaplain. The coffin was then borne to the grave, the pall-bearers being Lord Houghton, Mr. Charles Landseer, R.A., Mr. G. A. Sala, General M'Murdo, Mr. Edwin S. Ellis, and Mr. S. C. Hall, the procession being headed by a detachment of the volunteer corps which Mr. Cruikshank had in his later days commanded," etc.

While copying out the above my mind has been haunted with the figures of the scene described by another "inimitable"—Charles Dickens—in a letter to his friend Felton. Charles Dickens and George Cruikshank went together to the funeral of Hone, of the "Every Day Book," and thus Dickens wrote: "We went into a little parlour where the funeral party was, and God knows it was miserable enough, for the widow and children were crying bitterly in one corner, and the other mourners (mere people of ceremony, who cared no more for the dead than the hearse did) were talking quite coolly and carelessly together in another; and the contrast was as painful and distressing as anything I ever saw. There was an independent clergyman present, with his bands on, and a bible under his arm, who, as soon as we were seated, addressed C. thus, in a loud emphatic voice, 'Mr. C., have you seen a paragraph respecting our departed friend, which has gone the round of the morning papers?' 'Yes, sir,' says C., 'I have,' looking very hard at me the while, for he had told me with some pride coming down that it was his composition. 'Oh!' said the clergyman. 'Then you will agree with me, Mr. C., that it is not only an insult to me, who am the servant of the Almighty, but an insult to the Almighty, whose servant I am.' 'How is that, sir?' says C. 'It is stated, Mr. C., in that paragraph,' says the minister, 'that when Mr. Hone failed in business as a bookseller, he was persuaded by *me* to try the pulpit; which is false, incorrect, unchristian, in a manner blasphemous, and in all respects contemptible. Let us pray.' With which, and in the same breath, I give you my word, he knelt down, as we all did, and began a very miserable jumble of an extemporary prayer. I was really penetrated with sorrow for the family, but when C., upon his knees, and sobbing for the loss of an old friend, whispered to me that 'if that wasn't a clergyman, and it wasn't a funeral, he'd have punched his head,' I felt as if nothing but convulsions could possibly relieve me." This was in 1842.

John Forster relates that both Charles Dickens and George



Cruikshank afterwards zealously exerted themselves in behalf of poor Hone's family.

I shall now further quote from Llewellynn Jewitt's letters, written to me at about this time (1878, not 1842), not with the intent to show how fortunate I was in being the object of such loving friendship, although I am naturally proud and grateful to have shared his love and favour so largely. But I quote purely to exhibit the warmth of that admirable friendship, as part of his character, so beautiful in itself, to whomsoever extended. And in doing this I am yet withholding much of his most loving correspondence, from the fear of intruding self too much in these pages.

Here is an instance of his hospitable anticipation of my visit to the Flower Show long before-hand, on June 19th, 1878. "I never hear from you now. I hope you are not ill, and that nothing in the shape of illness or other 'fleshly ills' is hindering you from writing. But we are in a 'quake' as to whether it is so or not. When you have time do drop me a line to 'put us out of our misery.' Or, are you at Paris? If so I wish you every joy and enjoyment. Don't forget that we are looking forward to seeing you and Miss Goss this day eight weeks—August 14th—for our usual jollification of the Flower Show. We fully look for you; and indeed you are entered in our mental Almanacks as certain as Saints' days are! . . . Pray write, if only a scrawl like this." Then again, on July 15th, "Four weeks from now we shall expect you, and we are all 'counting the hours' till then. . . . All as usual here. Fine weather for the hay-makers but not for the gardens—the gardens want *rain*, the haymakers do *not*—so we have to balance matters by taking what comes, and being thankful or grumbling. There's a lovely scrawl for you! Don't you feel honoured?" Then again, on August 6th, "You will think me a 'terrible bore' for bothering you so much and so often; but I write now to beg you and Miss Goss to come to us the *day before* the 'Show;' *i.e.*, will you come on *Tuesday*? Pray do. It will be so much pleasanter for you to come the afternoon before, and you won't be so fagged and tired as coming on the Show morning. So we shall quite look for you to come on *Tuesday*. . . . Well, we shall fully expect you on Tuesday; so all you have to do is to tell me what train you will come by. . . . You *must* try at all events to stay over Sunday. Pray arrange it so, as we have planned Saturday for you."

What glorious outings he had planned for every day of that week! And how intensely were they enjoyed.

In September, 1878, Llewellynn Jewitt and his son paid a visit to Jacob Thompson, R.A., at the Hermitage, Hackthorpe, Penrith, and here is the expression of his usual gratitude for small favours. Date, 4th September. " . . . How kind of you to send the newspapers yesterday and to-day! And for having written to me, as well as for the papers, let me thank you. It is indeed very kind of you to have thought of us 'poor wayfarers' in our wanderings, and help

to lighten our way. We have wished for you and Miss Goss many times these two days, and have often said to each other 'Wouldn't the Gosses enjoy this?' or, 'I wish Mr. Goss was here to see this view.' So we have kept thinking of you. Yesterday we went over the Scar to Hawes Water—a splendid lake, and rowed up it in one of Lord Lonsdale's boats; then landed, climbed the grand Measand Waterfall—one of the most charming in Westmoreland—then rowed down the lake again; and then drove by Ashham home. This morning, soon after seven, we started off on a long journey to Windermere. Took boat from Bowness for a glorious row on the lake (Windermere) and had lunch in the little boat; then, after landing, went to Ellery, where you know Professor Wilson once lived, and got back here after nine to-night, and I am now writing in my bedroom to tell you so! Nothing could have exceeded the beauty and the perfect stillness and calmness of Windermere to-day. It was simply 'heavenly,' and my only wish is that we may all glide as smoothly through life into the world beyond, as we seemed to glide on to-day. To-morrow, if fine, I have promised to dine with a friend on the banks of Ullswater. Ted is enjoying his visit immensely—and I do wish you could be with us also. Well, I am sure I shall tire you out if I write more; so I will only say 'Good night,' and ask you to pardon me for boring you with such a letter," etc.

An engraving of "The Hermitage" may be seen on p. 118 of Llewellynn Jewitt's "Life and Works of Jacob Thompson," a sumptuous volume published in 1882.

On the 9th September he wrote again from "The Hermitage"—"We are still rusticated, as you see, and I hardly know what day we are coming home. I am not sure whether, before we return, I shall not take the chance of showing Edwin Carlisle, and even Edinburgh. It will be something to take him into Scotland! I have only two minutes to write in, as we are due at Lowther Castle in half-an-hour. To-morrow we are spending the afternoon at Edenhall, with Sir Richard Musgrave, and shall see the Luck of Edenhall. On Friday we were at Lord Brougham's. The only drawback of our visit is that we want all our friends to be here to enjoy it with us. I almost think we shall leave here on Thursday morning early, but am not sure."

"The Luck of Edenhall" is a beautiful mediæval glass cup, about six inches high, four inches in diameter at the mouth, and two inches at the foot. It is preserved in a very artistic *cuir bouilli* mediæval case. An engraving of cup and case is given at the head of an article by Llewellynn Jewitt, in Vol. XIX. of *The Reliquary*, on "The Luck of Edenhall," written in consequence of the visit above referred to. It is a lengthy and very interesting article; but this is the brief legend of the cup, handed down for ages in the Musgrave family: "In ages long gone by, one of the family, or one of their retainers—the butler it is popularly said—went one night, as was usual, to fetch water from the holy well of St. Cuthbert, close by the present mansion, and there, near the well, saw a glorious company of fairies,

with their queen in their midst, dancing and holding revelry on the greensward. Disturbed and confused at his approach, the fairies began to disperse, when he, seeing their goblet left standing by the well, seized it and held it fast. Enraged at this, the 'little people' demanded its return, and endeavoured to take it away from him, but without effect; and then their queen, in her vexation, uttered the ominous and prophetic words—

Should the cup e'er break or fall,  
Farewell the luck of Edenhall.

And the whole company disappeared. The cup was carried by its finder to the mansion, and has ever since been cared for with religious care."

On the 21st September, Llewellynn Jewitt wrote from Winster Hall, "Yes! we are home again—all right—'safe and sound in wind and limb' as the sporters say, and heartily glad to be with our dear ones at 'our hoose at hame' again. Did I tell you we went on to Carlisle and Edinburgh? We stayed two nights in Edinburgh—saw everything time permitted us to see—thoroughly enjoyed it—went to the theatre one of the two nights and the opera the next (awful dissipation! was it not?) much to Ted's enjoyment, and when the time for leaving modern Athens arrived we set off by Scotch express (Pulman) and were home 'in a jiffy,' as Ted expresses it. Verily we had a quick run. We left Edinburgh at a quarter before eleven in the forenoon, and were safely landed at Winster Hall and having a very acceptable tea at nine o'clock in the evening—including our long drive up the hills. We had fine weather all the time—no rain—and our visit was a thoroughly happy one. Ted will never forget it—nor shall I. All as usual here, and all unite in love. I have been, and am still, up to the neck in papers. There was such an immense accumulation of letters, papers, proof, and one thing or other, that they take some working down now I am at home again. But I am making headway by 'sticking to it,' etc.

The following shows how he stuck to it, and is an instance of his habit, which I have already referred to, of stopping in the house for long unbroken periods, during which his family never wearied of his pleasant presence, nor ever needed temporary separation to renew the zest of happy fellowship. He wrote on October 17th of this same year. "When will you run down and see us again? It seems *so* long since you were here. To-day is gloriously fine, and just what you would enjoy—and I want dragging out again. I have only been the length of our village street twice since we came home, more than a month back! So you see I am going back into my shell like a snail in the winter!" Here is his funny way of giving my message of "love and regards to all"—"I mixed up the 'love and regards' as I should a powder, in 'simple syrup,' or, to use a more poetical simile, like 'brimstone and treacle,' and have given a spoonful to each—much to their bodily comfort!"

Here is a sample of Llewellynn Jewitt's letter-writing when almost angry. I had enlisted his interest in the periodical of a young London

editor, who had very curiously denied that the name "Greene" appeared in a certain number of his journal, when it was there indeed. And thus wrote Llewellynn Jewitt to me :

"Winster Hall, *via* Derby, October 30th, 1878. . . . I, of course, have not the pleasure of knowing Mr.—, and, indeed, know nothing whatever of him, or of his abilities, or capability of managing or editing. Indeed I am, as you know, utterly ignorant of all matters concerning him. But if I am ignorant about *him*, it does not follow that I am equally so about other things; especially about what I write! Does it? I dare say he is a very funny man, and likes to have his joke and his laugh; but I doubt whether he would be equally as funny if he found the laugh turned against himself. Just tell him, when you have occasion to write, to look at page 160 . . . and try by the aid of strong spectacles whether the letters he will find there—the letters GREENE—can by any possibility be made to spell any other name than 'Greene.' Ask him if he will try to find what he has undoubtedly proved himself to be in that very ominous name!

"Nonsense apart, I don't often say 'It's twelve o'clock,' without *knowing* that it is, and being prepared to *prove* that it is; so his poor little joke, and his attempt at smartness, fall flat, dead, and inappropriate!

"I must tell you how this has arisen. In last *Reliquary*, as you will have seen, I just noticed the — and sent, as is my invariable practice, loose 'slip.' I received enclosed letter from Mr.—, which will tell its own tale, asking me—a novel idea—to give him hints as to points of careless editing. Of course I wrote back to him and told him that both in matter and manner it did not come up to my standard . . . but as to telling him more than that—why, surely, he could not expect it. . . . With regard to his remark about 'Greene,' all I replied was: 'The name of Greene *does* occur.' Ah well! he says he is 'young at the work.' Let us hope he will know better, and do better, as he gets older," etc.

In his Introduction to the eighteenth volume of *The Reliquary*, completed this year, he wrote :

"When I endeavour to cast up in my mind the immense amount of valuable matter which, through the aid of my many gifted and valued contributors, I have been able to make permanent in its pages, I find the sum total to be greater than even my most sanguine hopes might have been expected to realize. . . . The papers form, I can fearlessly say, an assemblage such as it would be difficult to find in any other serial either of the past or the present day. This being so, it is indeed a pleasant task to me to thank my contributors again and again for all they have done for the past volumes, and to assure them of the gratification it will be to me to see them, one and all, continue their favours in those of the future.

"*The Reliquary* aims to be a periodical entirely to itself. It has never attempted to clash with any other, or to occupy ground to which any of them could, by any possibility, lay claim. In first projecting its issue, I laid out a plan for it to pursue, and a course for it to follow,

which I hoped would earn for it at all events the distinction of being original, and would, if properly supported, ensure its success. That course, here and there modified, as circumstances needed, it has steadily followed ; and now at the close of this its eighteenth year of existence, I can look back with satisfaction at all it has done, and with pride at the long list of gifted writers who have graced its pages with their contributions."



## CHAPTER XXXI.

WILLIAM SMITH THE HISTORIAN.—“YE QUAYNT.”—“YE PEAKREL :”  
HIS CHURCH, CHAPELS, AND ALEHOUSES; HIS “LITTEL CHYLDREN”  
AND GENERAL HABITS; THE “AUNCIENT SCRIBE” AND THE  
“AUNCIENT SAGE.”—“A CHRISTMAS JINGLE.”—“A CHRISTMAS  
DINNER IN ‘YE OLDEN TIME.’”—“AFTER FORTY YEARS.”—  
“FLABBERGASTERS.”—“DIGGINGS.”—“ORTS.”—“T’OT POACHERS.”



IN December, 1878, William Smith, F.S.A.S., the historian of Morley, and otherwise a voluminous writer, who was a much-loved friend of Llewellynn Jewitt, sent to the latter a copy of a most amusing private print, entitled “Ye Quaynt : an Omnium Gatherum, for Private Circulation. Publyshed and Imprynted by Samuel L. Nussey, Amateur, atte ye Hall of Potternewton, in ye Parish of Leeds. Publyshed atte intermittent periods, in accordance with ye Caprice of ye Editor.” This proved an inspiration to Llewellynn Jewitt, and in a few days a few of his friends received through the post copies of “Ye Peakrel,” of which only twenty-five were printed. The following letter from his good friend William Smith to me, shows the origin of it :

“Morley, near Leeds, February 27th, 1887.

“My dear Sir,—This morning I have received from my friend, Mr. Jewitt of Matlock, a copy of your graceful and well-deserved tribute to the life and work of my dear friend, Ll. Jewitt. I have read it through with very great interest, and shall await your Biography of Mr. J. with some anxiety. During the last ten years of his life, I had much correspondence with our friend, and received innumerable acts of kindness at his hands. A few days after the time of the letter given on pages 18–19 of the ‘Sketch,’ and where he speaks of ‘Mrs. Jewitt getting on famously,’ I spent an afternoon with the family at Duffield, and reckon the event as one of the happiest of my life. The kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Jewitt, as well as of their daughter, was of such a hearty nature, especially to one whom they saw for the first time, that I shall never forget it. I say for the first time, but I had once previously had the pleasure of spending some hours with Mr. Jewitt in Leeds, where I met him at his wish, and by his appointment. In 1879, I sent to Mr. Jewitt a small brochure, published at the private press of a friend of mine. It was a four-page quarto humorous paper. He wrote in reply as follows: ‘Winster Hall, Derbyshire, January 27th, 1879. My dear Sir,—*Ye Quaynt* of your

kind and good friend, Mr. Nussey, which you were so good as to send me, has, you see, 'put me up' to following in some wise, his example, by producing a little brochure of the same kind. I send you *Ye Peakrel* (twenty-five printed quite privately for our own amusement), which I hope will please you. Pray accept it with thanks for all kindness, and for having first put the notion in my head by letting me see *Ye Quaynt*.—Ever yours truly, LLEWELLYNN JEWITT.' I suppose he would send you a copy of *Ye Peakrel*, which contains a good poem addressed to his wife. . . . With kind regards, I remain, yours truly, WILLIAM SMITH." And this is the paper :

# “YE PEAKREL;”

A Winster Hodge-Podge.

Twenty-five copies printed

for Private distribution.

No. A1.]

Winster, Christmas Day, 1878.

[Price “Nowt!"]



he ancient market towne of Winster, high  
upp in ye hilles & fastnesses of ye High  
Peak of Derbyshire, hath a Churche and a  
Prieste and three Conventicles or gospel-  
shoppes belonging unto the non-conformers.  
Yt hath sixe hostelryes for drinke, and in  
these ye people do

Disport themselves to yr hearts contente,  
But to yr money's vanishment.

These Ale-houses are named for a signe of their  
callyng, ye one after ye heavenly “spirits;” another  
after ye blessed monarchy; two after ye good things of  
thys lyfe, ye beefe & moutton; another after ye mayne  
trade of ye inhabitants in the lead, and the other after  
their favourite pastime of the bowles and skittelles.

Ye Peakrels by whom yt is inhabited be a stiff-necked hardie and  
sturdie race, gyven to burrowyng under ye grounde like unto what ye  
mowdy-warpes do for pigge-nuttes, only they seek for ledde from  
which to make “pigges” for themselves. They are goode-hearted,  
kyndely, and well behaved, but withal somewhat prone to back-  
byteynge, yet they do love their neighbours; and do what goode  
they canne. They never whystle under the grownde and tend well to  
their beeves and pigges.

They have a schoole for ye littel chyl dren—for Winster is a vast  
prolific place and all ye howses are ful of them—and they can send

any wordes they like to distante partes by lettre of ye poste or by ye wyre of lightinge. They have an auncient Market Howse that is ye pride of ye place, and they have a plenty water all ye yere round that is goode for their tea and for washing themselves withal, and for drynking with the whyskie.

They have a verrie bigge drum the wyche they doe beat uppon while others do blowe through pipes to make musicke, and atte Xmas tyme some of them do go about in strange guise and carrie with them ye hedde of a dedde horse, and for swete sownde do scrape on ye blether-fyddell. And they have clubbes for monie and physicke when ille, and for huge eatinge of dinners every twelfth moone.

They have gardennes well tendyd and they do strive for prizes with their greene stuffe and flowers, as of old their forbears who planted the yew trees in the chirche yard for the bow-stocks did with bowes and arrowes ; but they doe even now some of them pull ye long bow ! In the midst of the village is the Halle where an auncient Scribe, much given to the digginge up of dead mens bones and the wryteinge of bookes, dwelleth with ye auncient "Sage" his wife and his two mayden dowteres and his sonne, the youthful printer of this paper—the which he has imprinted that the Scribe and his familie may wish all their friends who lend eye or ear unto it

A RYGHTE MERRIE CHRISTMASSE, AND A HAPPIE NEW YEARE.

## A Christmas Jingle.

O what a hubbub and riot is here !  
 Noise and confusion every where,  
 And all with preparing the Christmas cheer ;  
 For as friends who dine with us once a-year  
 Are coming to see us from far and near,  
 To eat up the pudding and drink the beer,  
 And feast off our turkey, its very clear  
 That all must be stirring here and there,  
 So that without hindrance or let or fear  
 All may be put in such harness or gear  
 That nothing undone, or slighted, appear,  
 To make one sigh and say oh dear  
 Our friends will laugh and mock and jeer,  
 And turn up their noses, and say with a sneer,  
 While they look at each other with impudent leer,  
 "For Christmas time this looks monstrous queer !  
 Was ever reception so cold and drear ?"  
 Someone must act as overseer  
 Into the pots and kettles to peer,  
 So that no matter how or where e'er  
 Any may turn, whether front or rear,  
 All may run smoothly as any sphere  
 When set a-rowling on frozen mere.  
 Each one must help with eye and ear,  
 None be afraid their hands to smear,  
 While the cooking vessels they carefully steer,  
 On their wild and joyous and mad career  
 Through such seas of fat that sure were ne'er



Seen before in this hemisphere.

All must go straight and no way veer

Either to right or left, d'ye hear?

All must be swift as the fleetest deer

And the motto of each be "persevere,"

Till all is done our friends to endear.

The house has been turned upside down

Till we scarcely know our heel from our crown.

The chairs were run off their very legs

And lay piled in the passage like useless pegs,

And tables were "turning" until, i'fegs,

It seemed as if the very dregs

Of all the spirits had broke from their eggs

(Or rather their "shells"), and were rapping away

In haste to get back to their homes of clay,

From the scene of confusion before it was day.

In parlour and kitchen, and bedroom and all,

On every door, floor, window and wall

Such scrubbing and rubbing,

And brushing and crushing,

And pouring and scouring

Has been going on, that e'er and anon

You would think that all Babel was loose ;

And that spite all the hurry

And bustle and worry,

All had left off the roasting

And basting and toasting,

And were literally cooking each other's goose !

Down in the kitchen,

The cooks so bewitchin'

Are kneading and pitching

And puddings enriching

With sugar and spice

And all things rich and nice,

Till, mid odours so sweet

'Tis quite a rare treat

To make it an epicurean retreat.

One is mincing the meat to put into the pie,

Another is peeling the apples hard by ;

While a third, like an artist of high degree,

Is "drawing" a goose for L.S.D.

And a fourth is basting, of joints the chief,

The famous Christmas baron of beef,

On which the appetite falls ;

And a fifth is barking the ham's rich rind,

While the cat and the dog stand waiting behind

To pick up each tit-bit that falls.

And the pepper and mustard, the herbs and the spice,

The salt and the nutmeg, the ketsup and rice ;

The sugar and cabbage, potatoes and cheese,

The currants and celery, raisins and peas ;

The suet, the oranges, bread crumbs and eggs ;

The lemons, the almonds, the port without dregs

The candid peel, anchovies, curry and flour ;

The lard and the mace, and the milk (not turned sour)

The rabbits and turkeys and pheasants and hares,

And sucking pigs—partridges lying in pairs,

And oysters in barrels, and tongues laid in brine

Lie spread all around, and together combine

To make up the medley off which our friends dine.

All is hurry and skurry, confusion and haste,

In chopping and mixing and making puff paste,

And cutting and carving, and tasting and trying,  
 And feeling and kneading, and moistening and drying  
 And baking, and boiling  
 And frying and broiling,  
 And steaming and roasting,  
 And straining, and toasting,  
 And devilling and grilling,  
 And hastening and chilling ;  
 And all the etceteras found in the pages  
 Of cookery-books of this and past ages,  
 Are tried in the kitchen, and not one shall be wanting  
 To render the coming feast all but enchanting  
 To the friends we expect,  
 Who will soon round it collect.  
 Let all things be ready  
 And carried in steady,  
 Without dropping or spilling  
 Or cooling or chilling ;  
 And let the entree  
 Be managed quite free  
 From confusion and haste,  
 And the courses all placed  
 With firmness and decision  
 In order and precision ;  
 And mind that each guest  
 Is served with the best,  
 Till the feast is done  
 And the cloth withdrawn.  
 Then, while warm feelings, our hearts possess  
 Let us drink to each other's happiness,  
 And let us determine, come what may,  
 We'll be CHRISTIANS henceforth from this CHRISTmas day.  
 That we'll feed the hungry and clothe the bare,  
 That we'll do our best to remove all care  
 From oppressed hearts ; that those in pain  
 Shall never appeal to our hearts in vain.  
 That we'll live for others instead of self  
 And all ill feeling lay on the shelf.  
 That a kindly word, and a loving look  
 Shall be given to those by others forsook ;  
 That those whom we love we will love still more,  
 And be more worthy than before  
 Of their constant love, and that high esteem  
 Which of all things upon earth, we deem  
 To be most priceless in our eyes  
 And to be the greatest worldly prize  
 We can possess. That we will be  
 All friendship, truth, and constancy,  
 And that while truth in others we seek,  
 Our own pledged word we will not break.  
 Fill then the glasses yet once more,  
 Here's happiness, joyousness, all the world o'er.

LEWELLYNN JEWITT.

## A Christmas Dinner in \*\*ye olden time.\*\*

Here followeth a "Bill of Fare" for a Christmas Dinner, written more than 200 years back by "the Accomplisht Cook" Robert May. It was, with the Sack

and Canary, Malmsey and Hippocras, Claret and "strong waters" a spread that the Derbyshire gourmands enjoyed to their hearts content if to their stomachs discomfiture.

A bill of fare for Christmas Day, and how to set the Meat in order.

Oysters.

- 1 A Collar of brawn.
- 2 Stewed Broth of Mutton marrow bones.
- 3 A grand Sallet.
- 4 A pottage of caponets.
- 5 A breast of veal in stoffado.
- 6 A boil'd partridge.
- 7 A chine of beef, or surloin roast.
- 8 Minced pies.
- 9 A Jegote of mutton with anchove sauce.
- 10 A made dish of sweetbread.
- 11 A Swan roast.
- 12 A pasty of venison.
- 13 A kid with a pudding in his belly.
- 14 A steak pie.
- 15 A haunch of venison roasted.
- 16 A turkey roast and stuck with cloves.
- 17 Made dish of chickens in puff paste.
- 18 Two bran geese roasted, one larded.
- 19 Two large capons, one larded.
- 20 A Custard.

The second course for the same Mess.

Oranges and Lemons.

- 1 A young lamb or kid.
- 2 Two couple of rabbits, two larded.
- 3 A Pig souc't with tongues.
- 4 Three ducks, one larded.
- 5 Three pheasants, one larded.
- 6 A Swan Pye.
- 7 Three brace of partridge, 3 larded
- 8 Made dish in puff paste.
- 9 Bolonia sausages, and anchoves, mushrooms, and Cavieate, and pickled oysters in a dish.
- 10 Six teels, three larded.
- 11 A Gammon of Westphalia Bacon.
- 12 Ten plovers, five larded.
- 13 A quince pye, or warden pie.
- 14 Six woodcocks, three larded.
- 15 A standing Tart in puff paste, preserved fruits, Pippins, &c.
- 16 A dish of Larks.
- 17 Six dried neats tongues.
- 18 Sturgeon.
- 19 Powdered Geese.

Jellies.

Y

## AN ALL-ROUND PEAK TOAST.

Heres t'us an' to ivvery body else; May nobody niver  
want nowt nor me noather.

==~==~==~  
**++ After Forty Years. ++**

[CHRISTMAS DAY 1838—CHRISTMAS DAY 1878].

For forty long years, sweet, this Christmas day  
 We've journey'd through life together;  
 Through vallies of grief, o'er mountains of joy,  
 Have shar'd sunlight and cloudy weather.  
 One thought and one mind has controll'd us both,  
 And hallowed our lives from above;  
 And the trials we've had have but tighten'd the knot  
 That bound us together in love.  
 And the Sun of Heaven, the light of that love,  
 Has shone through the cloud of sorrow,  
 And cheer'd us on with a "Hope beyond,"  
 And a Faith in a bright to-morrow!  
 True to each other and trusting in God,  
 We've pass'd through a vale of tears;  
 But the cord that surrounded our youthful lives,  
 Has never been chafed by years.  
 And so to the end we will journey on,  
 With our God and our Love as guide;  
 And that Love, undimmed by these forty years,  
 Shall with us in death abide.

LEWELLYNN JEWITT.

==~==~==~  
**Flabbergasters.**

What is the most miserable tribe mentioned in the  
 Bible?  
 The sad you sees! (Sadduces).  
 Why are bankrupts more to be pitied than idiots?  
 Because bankrupts are broken, while idiots are only  
 cracked.  
 Why is the treadmill like a true convert?  
 Because it's turning is the result of conviction.  
 Why is bread like a caterpillar?  
 Because it's the grub that makes the butter-fly.  
 Why may fleas be said to be subject to fits of insanity?  
 Because they mostly die cracked.

==~==~==~  
**Diggings.**

(A buried Place and a Meaning to be found in each.)

Eve found the Apples in the Garden of Eden so red  
 and beautiful that she plucked one for Adam and he  
 was—?

Brown the hatter sold to Alaric hats worth ten and six, for a shilling—and thus made a—bargain.

He wins terribly at cards, and though it makes the heart ache at the thought, I fear he is a—.

## Orts.

ANAGRAMS. She left cider (Chesterfield). Men yell! (Meynell). Tom Lathback (Matlock Bath). Snare men (E. Manners). No red hives, or Dive her son (Devonshire).

## Lot Poachers.

Th' Peykrel bein aw original, munna be copied—moind that, lads. Th' 'copyright' (which meyns as nob'dys no 'right' to 'copy') is strictly preserved, so anyone as touches th' preserves l' get into a pickle. Them preserves mus'na be poach'd on. No poachin's allowed except wi' eggs, and as egg is eggs at Kismas time you'd best let that alone an'al.

Imprinted at Winster Hall, in the County of Derby, at the private press of Llewellynn Jewitt, F.S.A.



## CHAPTER XXXII.

LLEWELLYNN JEWITT'S GENEROSITY.—HIS FORTIETH WEDDING-DAY.  
—KINDNESS, JOY, AND SORROW.—A NEW YEAR'S BLESSING.—A  
WHIT-MONDAY LETTER.—A PANCAKE-DAY LETTER.—A MAY-DAY  
LETTER.—A MONTH'S NOTICE.—A MOUSE-TRAP.—PATRIARCHAL  
POLITENESS.



HAVE spoken of the readiness with which Llewellynn Jewitt used to give his time, talents, and energies to his friends in need. And he did it always so gracefully. The following letter to his friend William Smith will show that :

"My dear Mr. Smith,—Your letter was very welcome this morning, and right gladly will I do what I can for your fifth volume. 1st. If you like I will give you my notes on some of the objects of art and antiquity preserved in three Yorkshire Museums—York, Hull, and Scarborough—with, perhaps, a score of engravings. I made notes on these some years ago for the *Art Journal*, and intended reprinting them with other matter, but who can refuse 'Old Yorkshire' and its estimable editor? So if you will have them you shall be heartily welcome to them. . . . 2nd. Next I will give you a page or two on Parish Coffins, with especial reference to one at Easingwold, in Yorkshire, with a couple of engravings. A curious subject, but interesting withal. 3rd. I will also offer you a paper on a barrow at Fimber, with three or four engravings. I was going to add something else, but I think this is a pretty good dose—more than you will like to take all at once—so I can only say any or all will be at your service, and if you will say what you desire I will get them ready as soon as I can. Let me hear from you," etc., etc. "With kindest regards and best wishes, ever, my dear Mr. Smith, most truly yours,  
LL. JEWITT."

And here is another letter of a later date, showing what true pleasure this gratuitous help to his friends gave him. His friend William Smith talked of discontinuing his editorship of "Old Yorkshire," and thus Llewellynn Jewitt writes on the subject :

"My dear Mr. Smith,—I sent your proof yesterday, but had not time to write. I suggested at the bottom of it whether it would not be well to express a hope of continuing O. Y. yourself at some

future time. I don't like the idea of you giving it up, and would rather look upon the whole matter as one of 'suspended animation, instead of actual decease. Don't let the thing die. It is *your* child, and although you may find it necessary to part from it for awhile, it ought still to remain yours, and to come back to you sometime. I think it will be a pity to let folks think you don't intend some day to resume it. . . . One part—the P.S.—of your last letter, I cannot say 'Amen' to! You say you think I cannot but be pleased that your 'importunities' as *you* call them, 'will soon be at an end.' I assure you it has been a delight—a true delight, to do what little I could for your venture; and that so far from being *glad*, I shall be heartily sorry when it is ended. I know full well that by my not sending 'copy' or proof quite so promptly as you have wished, I have caused you inconvenience; but it has *not* been *wilful*. The state of my health (or, rather, the *want* of that health,) sometimes, and the state of my engagements at others, have compelled me to seem a laggard when I *would* have been otherwise, if I could. With kindest and best regards, I am, my dear Mr. Smith, ever yours truly,  
LL. JEWITT."

This letter only fairly illustrates his habitual generosity, and his habitual politeness. There are many such characters, doubtless, to be discovered among one's friends, if one had occasion to put their generosity to the test; but I have never had occasion to test another who came up to Llewellynn Jewitt for taking immense personal trouble to serve a friend, so cheerfully, unostentatiously, and to an extent altogether unconfessed even, except—and I should be indeed ungrateful not to own the exception—my noble-minded friend Clement Lindley Wragge, F.R.G.S., etc., the founder of the Ben Nevis Observatory, of the Wragge Museum at Stafford, and of the Meteorological Society of Australasia; and now Government Meteorologist of Australia. He is never daunted in labouring to serve a friend, as I gratefully know.

The very last drawing that Llewellynn Jewitt made on the wood, ready for the engraver, he made at great pains as a loving act of friendship. One of my daughters was stopping at The Hollies at the time, and observed that he came down from his library time after time with signs of extra fatigue, and extra headache. When he had finished this drawing, done at such pains, he thus wrote to me about it: "And now let me mention a little matter I did not intend to name until it was finished, but have changed my mind, thinking perhaps it would be more satisfactory for you to see it before finished. You have now such a choice lot of books of rare value about you that I thought you ought to have a book-plate; and I am having one done which, when finished, you will have to do me the favour to accept. I have made the design, and myself drawn it on the wood, and I send the block for you to look at to see if you like it. Kindly take care not to touch the drawing itself, or it will rub. On receiving it back from you I shall send it up to London to the engraver, who is expecting it, and I have ordered him—(he is the best wood-engraver

in town for the purpose)—to execute it as well as possible. I simply want you to tell me if you like my design, and if the whole matter will do. Pack it carefully in returning it, please." It is an elaborate armorial book-plate, very skilfully designed.

My friend, Mr. Henry D. Cole, of Winchester, has kindly sent me a rubbing of a fine tablet in the North Transept of the Cathedral there, inscribed thus:

RANDOLPH? JEWETT  
GENEROSVS  
OB. IVL. 3. ANN. ÆT. 72. DOM.  
1675.

And no more appropriate title could be engraved on the tomb of Llewellynn Jewitt than the grand old word *GENEROSUS*.

During this same Christmas when "Ye Peakrel" appeared, I was further kindly remembered by him. It had long been his custom to send me presentation copies of his works as soon as published, and here is a brief letter referring to his last volume of "The Mountain, River, Lake, and Landscape Scenery of Great Britain," exhibiting in a few words his kindness, his joy, and his sorrow:

"Winster Hall, December 23rd, 1878. . . . Will you do me the favour to accept Vol. 3 of my 'Lakes'—*only out this day*, and not even opened or looked at by me to see if it is right! With all our very best wishes for this and a thousand future Xmas'es and happy and prosperous New Years to you and all who are near and dear to you. Not a moment to write in as I have only this very minute unpacked the parcel containing the volume—only two made up—to send to you. Ever yours truly, LLEWELLYNN JEWITT. All pretty well here; *Florence* is here yet, I am thankful to say, with her husband and two dear little boys—so we shall *all* (that is all we have living left to us) spend our *fortieth* wedding-day together on Xmas day—I am thankful we shall *all* spend it together once more—but oh! that those we have lost could be here too!" Then a few days later: "Just a morning's greeting for the New Year. May you and yours have blessings innumerable in the coming year. Peace, joy, happiness, prosperity, and good health, and all other of God's blessings attend you. New Year's Eve. I was laid up when I sent you the parcel, and have been very ill—the cold nearly finished me! But I am better again, and able to get out of my room—so I am all right." He always made light of his ailments, and however unwell always tried to be cheerful with those about him, and to add to their comforts rather than encroach upon them, uttering blessings always.

As years roll on, *The Reliquary* also continues its equal march, and this year it has completed its nineteenth volume, in the Introduction to which its editor says:

"Few scientific magazines have, I am proud to think, been favoured with such a succession of valuable and important contributions from the pens of so gifted—so brilliant—a staff of writers as it, from the



very first has been ; and fewer still, I verily believe, have had the good fortune to maintain for so long a period the good repute it gained on its first appearance—now exactly twenty years ago—among all classes of its friends, supporters, and readers. I felt at that time that a magazine of the kind was *needed* ; I started it in the full hope that I should be not only supplying a want, but be doing good and valuable service to the antiquarian, literary, and historical worlds—and I have not been disappointed. *The Reliquary* took the place I intended it to fill, and, thanks to my contributors, it has maintained that position throughout. . . . How far I have succeeded, with the help of so many kind and gifted friends, my nineteen volumes now completed will show, and to them I unhesitatingly point not only as so much good work accomplished, but as an earnest of what, with God's blessing, and so long as health and strength are left to me, I intend to do in the future."

Here is a characteristic letter, dated Whit-Monday, 1879 : "Winster is just where it was, and those 'nuisances of Jewitts' are 'as they were.' Let me impress these two vital facts on your memory, in the hope that when you have a few minutes to spare you will let us hear from you again. It is some time now since we had that pleasure. Whitsuntide has come before the fine weather, with us, and it doesn't at all seem like what the season ought to be. *Here* there is *no* Whitsuntide this year—all as dull as ditch-water. Usually we have the clubs walk and dine and talk and get drunk at Whitsuntide ; but this year neither of them meet for meat or anything else. *Personally* I am glad—but at the same time am very sorry, for club dinners and processions do good and help to keep the members together. Besides, it is well to make sure of a sermon and a dinner once a year, at any rate—the sermon just to act as a 'nip' of liqueur to give a zest to the feed afterwards ! Well, I wonder what you are thinking of *me in re* the wood cuts ! Shall I try and be a seer, and *read* what you are thinking ? Why, if I do, I shall find your thoughts are—'Ah ! that Jewitt doesn't mean to let me have the cuts ; he *might* if he *would*, but he *won't*.' Don't do me this injustice, my dear Mr. Goss. I have been doing all I could to get the cuts, but have failed at present. . . . I can't get them yet. It's no fault of mine—so don't think *too* hardly of a fellow. I think I introduced you to a grand old giant farmer out here—Frederick Potter, of Hart Hill Moor—a great favourite of mine, and of everybody else. I am grieved to say he is dead. Few men will be more missed. By the way, I see by the papers that Mr. Enoch Wedgwood is dead. He was a fine, well-disposed, kindly, *gentlemanly* man, whom I liked much. And his place, 'The Limes,' a delightful residence. I have spent many pleasant hours there—dining, chatting, croquetting, and the like. I don't know whether I told you Jacob Thompson and his active little wife have again been spending a little time with us. It was quite cheering to have them here again. . . . We have no news, of course, to send, for literally there is none worth communicating," etc.

He told me that as soon as one Winster Flower Show was ended it

was his habit to begin to scheme and prepare for the next, and here in a winter letter he shows that the subject was then on his mind. It is dated Winster Hall, February 24th, 1879: "These three days it has scarce ceased snowing here, and we have it lying very very deep now. It is snowing thickly while I write. It looks intensely wintery, and seems likely to last. I hope we may look for a thaw before our Flower Show in August—but it seems hopeless. You will have to come in furs and with big Canadian snow-shoes! Pancake Day. I was called off my letter yesterday, and so was too late to send it by last night's post. I suppose, like all other Xtians *you* indulge in—

‘The pancakes and fritters  
Chime the bells of St. Peters,

or any other church. I *have* heard people say that to mix pancakes, or pikelets, or even puddings, with *snow* makes them as light and good as if eggs were used. *This* year, as snow is plentiful and eggs are not, it would be a good year to try the experiment, only—not at *our* house if you please! We have enough of it out of doors without having it in our puddings! Now, my dear Mr. Goss, I am going to *scold you*! You say you think it will be a great relief to me when you have ceased giving me trouble. I have yet to learn what trouble you *have* given me. . . . I shall be intensely grieved when you have done asking," etc. This refers to his loan to me of a great number of valuable wood engravings for the illustration of a series of articles I was then writing. He was always so generous, yet unwilling to admit that he took any trouble or did any kindness in serving his friends. Here is a later reference to the snow: "This is May-day, and I am writing in midst of a heavy snow-storm! We had a big storm of snow in the night, and 'off and on' it has kept on snowing and hailing all day. What's the use of thinking of 'going a Maying' to gather May-dew for one's complexion (save the mark!!) and find nothing but snow-balls and hail-stones!"

His invitations to the Flower Show year after year—those glorious treats—were so joyous and hearty, that a sample will be worth quoting. And here let me say a word as to these quotations from Llewellynn Jewitt's letters to myself. When I received a copy of John Forster's "Life of Charles Dickens," from a friend who intimately knew them both, that friend wrote in the front of the first volume: "It has been aptly said that this book should be called—not a "Life of Charles Dickens," by John Forster, but a "Life of John Forster," by Charles Dickens; the self-laudation of the one being greater than the renown of the other!"

Spare me, O critic, I pray you, from a similar charge. The beauty, generosity, and chivalry of a man's character are chiefly exhibited in his intimate friendships. To say I am sorry to have to exhibit these qualities of my dear friend in his intimate friendship with myself would be false. That friendship is a proud and very precious recollection. But I certainly regret the necessary egoism of the case, and will beg the reader to recognize how unavoidably frequent the intrusion of self must be in the utilization of his letters to me in these memoirs,

the compilation of which memoirs is necessarily so largely made from personal knowledge, contact, and correspondence. Where his love found expression in personal praises, those praises have been, and will always be omitted, as—I dare not say flattery, for, however unmerited, he never awarded praise without sincerity. But it was with his loving nature as with the blindly loving father who sincerely declares his child to be bright and beautiful, while to all others it may appear obtuse and plain.

Here is one of his invitations for this same snowy year, 1879, the thaw having come at last. It has the following printed heading: "Winster Horticultural Society and Poultry Show. President—Mr. Llewellynn Jewitt, F.S.A., Winster Hall, Derbyshire," and he writes: "July 9th, 1879. . . . For the 'official fun of the thing,' I write this on an official heading which my 'amateur' has done for me—just to remind you that our Show takes place on the 13th of next month (Wednesday, August 13th), and that we fully expect as a positive and unalterable fixture, to see you, Miss G——, and Miss A——, on the day before—the famous 'Grouse Day,' the 'opening of the moors,'—the 12th of August. Lest you should forget I write betime to show you *we* sha'n't! We are looking forward with intense pleasure to having you all three here, and having, if the weather will let us, a jolly—gloriously jolly—week with you. So—take warning—'I give you a month's notice' that nothing must prevent any of you from coming. All as usual here—as well as 'heavy wet' and 'cold without' will let us be," etc., etc. Then again: "July 28th, 1879. These *ought* to have been sent to you before—but Edwin and I were at Welbeck (the Duke of Portland's), nearly all last week, and then my friend, Hubert Smith the traveller, was waiting for me when I got home, and he has staid with us till to-day, so I have literally not been able to send till this moment—pray pardon the delay. We had bad weather last week for our visit to the 'Dukery,' but we enjoyed it much, nevertheless. To-day is a grand summer day. We are looking forward with intense delight to your coming—you and your two daughters—in a fortnight. We specially beg you all three to come *the day before the 'Show,'* as last year. That is, we expect you on Tuesday, the 12th—and—*fail at your peril!*" etc., etc. A few days *after* the Show, I received another brief letter from him, both of fun and of sorrow. I had sent a small bottle of some special medicine per post, packed for safety in a penny mouse-trap, and he wrote: "Many thanks for the mouse-trap, which will be a good and substantial dose for one of the young folks to swallow. Doubtless it *will*, when once it gets into their 'internals,' be properly 'set,' to catch diseases dire. You will be as sorry to hear as I am to tell you, that this house is sold away from me! I went to between £—— and £—— for it, but my agent wisely stopped there. It is a sad blow and disappointment to us, and we shall have to wander off somewhere else, I guess—but where? 'Aye, that's the rub,' as the immortal says. I must tell you all about it another day—but I am grievously vexed and inexpressibly sorry," etc.

Here is a beautiful instance of hospitable politeness, dated from Winster Hall, August 20th, 1879: "I should not trouble you with even a line to-day—in midst of all the accumulation of business that must have awaited your return home—only that I have a letter to send on to Miss A——. It came by this morning's post. Glad you got safely back, though we would infinitely have preferred keeping you all here. We owe you all a thousand thanks for giving us the pleasure of your company—it is *so* good of you all to come to such old-fashioned wretches as we are. Thanks for your letter this a.m., and for *all* in one big lump. All send dear love to all. *So do I.* Can't write more to-day. Raining all day!"

Thus did he emulate the hospitality and humility of the patriarchs of Holy Writ, in his own estimate of the great favours and great honours which he conferred upon his friends.



## CHAPTER XXXIII.

LLEWELLYNN JEWITT AND HIS FRIEND THE REV. EDWARD COLLETT.  
 —ST. SWITHUN'S WET.—THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION AT HADDON.—  
 WILL YOU BE THERE?—LLEWELLYNN JEWITT'S ROMANTIC HISTORY  
 OF HADDON.—OUR WONDERFUL INHERITANCE FROM THE PAST.—  
 THE ANGLO-SAXON OUTLOOK FOR THE FUTURE.



DEAR and much-valued friend of Llewellynn Jewitt during many years was the Rev. Edward Collett, M.A., one of the contributors to *The Reliquary*. Remembering this, and being anxious to dilute as much as possible the unavoidable egotism of this book, I wrote to Mr. Collett, asking him to furnish me with extracts from any of our friend's letters to him that might aid the purposes of this biography, and was favoured with the following :

" . . . I enclose some paragraphs from our dear friend's letters. . . . The SAINT referred to is at the corner of this, and was the symbol of our parish at Retford. I had it done for note-paper, and for the cover of the Parish Magazine, in 1876. . . . There are running through the extracts glimpses, many, of the kind and loving heart—they are everywhere in his correspondence. . . . The first letter I had from our dear friend is dated January 19th, 1861. . . . The last is dated The Hollies, Duffield, Derby, August 21st, 1885. After saying that he and Mrs. Jewitt had been staying at Rhyl, which he describes as a glorious place, he continues: 'I am glad you are rustivating, and hope you will go back to the Big Bedlam renovated and refreshed. Thanks as to the Register of the dear old Dorsetshire parish—which I *shall* be glad to have for *Reliquary*, as I *am* to have anything from *you*. I am writing in haste, lest a post should be lost in sending this, which, had I been at home, you would have had long ago.'"

The following shows his thorough belief that he would be able to complete his projected History of Derbyshire, which hope he continued to cherish until he found himself upon his death-bed: "Winster, January 24th, 1871. My dear Mr. Collett. It was so long since I had the pleasure of hearing from you that it was really, this morning, quite a pleasant surprise to receive your letter, and I hasten to drop you a line just to thank you for adding your name to my list of

subscribers to the History of Derbyshire, and for your very pleasant and friendly letter. . . . You have not been up to see us at Winster yet. We shall always be delighted to see you, and hope you will run up at any time when you feel inclined for an 'out.' With kindest regards, yours most truly," etc.

Here he expresses his determination not to abandon his *Reliquary*: "Winster Hall, near Matlock, July 20th, 1872. My dear Mr. Collett, The Stanton-by-Dale bells seem to be *peculiarly interesting and good*. What an *atrocious shame* to have them broken up!! Your rubbings make me long to have more complete notices of them. . . . Your Attenborough Extracts I have sent off at once to the printers, and you shall have proofs as soon as I get them. B—— may say what he likes, but he *does not* push *The Reliquary* in the slightest degree. However, I do not intend to give it up, even if I ultimately publish it with someone else. After continuing it for thirteen years I certainly should be loth to give it up, and I *will not* do so without a great change. We are looking forward to the pleasure of a longer visit from you next time," etc. "Fortunately," writes Mr. Collett, "the brave man did not give it up, but persevered in this as in everything else he put his hand to, for a further period of thirteen years; ay, to the very end of his beneficent and useful life." Then writes Llewellynn Jewitt: "Winster, March 22nd, 1877. . . . I should be delighted to have a plate of the incised slab at Retford. And very very glad to have the Ilkeston Corbels—which I do not know. Pray send me drawings for the next Vol. [of the Anastatic Society.] Yes! I am more than up to I am 'over head and delight as well as my the most wretched object nothing to do. I could heart I pity those who nice. Are the dots that put there as big rain-wet? ! ! ! ! !—A good Jewitt and all unite in brances to you. When are



the neck in work!!—ears!!'—but work is my living, and I should be in creation if I had *not* be idle, and from my *are*. Your Saint is very diaper the background drops to show the Swithun emblem truly! Mrs. kindest and best remem— you coming to see us?"

"Winster Hall, *via* Derby, New Year's Day, 1878.—First of all, my dear Mr. Collett, a truly, happy, joyous, prosperous and blessed New Year to you, and all who are near and dear to you, from all at Winster Hall. Next, the 'Earl of Mar' has arrived to-day. . . . We are at last carrying out my old pet project of an Archæological Society for Derbyshire (see enclosed) and I want to get all the names I can before the day fixed for meeting. Kindest regards, in which Mrs. Jewitt and all unite," etc.

"Winster Hall, near Derby, March 1st, 1879. . . . Did I tell you I've got a tiny little printing press?—so we've a 'private press' now!! . . . At Xmas we printed, just for our own amusement and that of here and there a very special literary friend or two, a little literary curiosity 'Ye Peakrel.' We printed five-and-twenty for special

friends. So I send *you* one, thinking it may (as a curiosity) please or amuse you. Pray accept it, and if you don't care for it, burn it. Possibly some of its contents may amuse you, though they are in Peak dialect. Possibly also 'after forty years' may please you. We had our FORTIETH WEDDING DAY on Xmas day, when I wrote it—how old one gets!! Pardon such a scrawl. Ever yours truly, with kind regards, in which all unite," etc.

"Winster Hall, May 20th, 1879. . . . You were so very kind as to promise me photographs of the Retford Corporation Maces and other plate. May I just venture to say how thankful I shall be for these, as I am now quite ready for them. I shall be very grateful to you for them, and, of course, shall fully acknowledge your kind help in getting them, in the article itself. As the Retford Plate is among the earliest and best in the kingdom, I am very anxious to give it in the *first* chapter of my series. . . . " See with what gratitude he anticipates a favour, which, in reality, it is a great honour to be permitted to confer.

"Winster Hall, Derbyshire, August 26th, 1879. My dear Mr. Collett,—Thursday I am fast with the British Association at Haddon—where I am down to read a paper to the big-wigs *on* Haddon *at* Haddon. Friday I hope to be at home, and *shall* be unless I am again 'nailed' by the Executive, which I hope I sha'n't be. You had better come (what say you?) to Haddon Hall on Thursday (day after to-morrow) and join the British Association party. The party is due at Bakewell at 12 30, Haddon Hall at 1 30, dinner at Haddon Hall at 1 45, tea ditto at 5. It will be a jolly day for the Associationists. Will you be there? Drop me a line by *return* certain, and I'll look out for you," etc. Mr. Collett went. I did not, as I had only a few days previously come down from my autumn holidays up at Winster Hall. Mr. Collett writes: "I need hardly say I went to Haddon on the occasion of the British Association visiting the Hall. The group of visitors was taken on the Terrace steps—Sir Antonio Brady occupying a prominent position seated on the fifth step from the bottom, and Mr. Jewitt, his family and myself, are also in the picture. I sat next to Sir A. Brady at the lunch, and we had much interesting chat. Are you printing that paper read at Haddon in your volume?" Yes; this is it; only, however, in consequence of this reminding question:

#### "HADDON HALL.

"(*A Paper read before the British Association at Haddon Hall, on Thursday, August 28th, 1879*),

"BY LLEWELLYNN JEWITT, F.S.A., ETC.

"The early history of Haddon Hall, like that of many of our most famous baronial and other mansions, is somewhat shrouded in obscurity, and even the name of its first founder is not clearly ascertainable. At a very early period it was held by the Peverels, and afterwards by tenure of Knight's service, by William Avenell, who made it his residence, and held with it much land in the neighbourhood.

Some of this land, the Grange of One-Ash and its appurtenances, William de Avenell, Lord of Haddon, gave in 1147 to the then newly-founded monastery, Roche Abbey, and the grant was, later on, confirmed by the Vernons, Lords of Haddon. He also gave other lands in the same district to the Abbey at Leicester—these were Conkesbury and Meadow Pleck, and land in Over Haddon; and Meadow Pleck became an important Grange of that religious house; the chapel remained until about 1826, when it was taken down.

“On the death of William de Avenell, his manors passed, by the marriages of his co-heiresses, into the hands of the Vernons and Bassetts—Avice having, about 1195, married Richard de Vernon, carried to him the manor of Nether Haddon, with the house now known as Haddon Hall; and Elizabeth, becoming the wife of Simon Bassett, conveyed to him the other moiety of the estate. The Bassetts held their moiety till the latter part of the reign of Edward III., when it was by purchase acquired by the Vernons. That the house at that time was one of some little importance there can be no doubt; but its new owner, Richard de Vernon, determined upon having it strengthened and enlarged, and to this end John, Earl of Mortaigne (afterwards King John), granted him a licence to fortify. By this instrument, which is preserved among the muniments at Belvoir Castle, and is addressed to the justices, sheriffs, bailiffs, ministers, and all his lieges, permission is given to surround the-house of ‘Heddon’ with a wall twelve feet in height without kernel or battlements, and all persons are prohibited from disturbing him in so doing. The document itself runs as follows: ‘Johannes com. Moret. Justic. vicecom. baillivis, ministris, et omnibus fidelibus suis salutem. Sciatis me concessisse et licenciam dedisse Ric. de Vern firmandi domum suam de Heddon, muro exaltato xij pedibus sine kernello, et idem prohibeo nequis vestrum eum inde disturbet. Test Rob. de Mara Apud Clipeston.’ It is endorsed, ‘Breve patens com. Johannis.’ By the same John a charter granting an annuity of £6 to the same Richard de Vernon out of lands at Tideswell, was dated at Dorchester, 11th July, 1193.

“The family of Vernon, as I have elsewhere traced, is of very high antiquity, and derives its name, as do many others in the baronage of England, from its primitive domicile in Normandy—the *Châtellenie* of Vernon forming one of the territorial sub-divisions of that country, and the castle with its hereditary lords, being recorded in the Anglo-Norman chronicles. According to the present territorial division of France, Vernon is a commune in the département de l’Eure and arrondissement d’Evreux; and, as being the *chef-lieu*, gives name to the canton in which it is situate. From this place, one of the most picturesque and luxuriant of the vine districts, the family of Vernon takes its origin; and from them also is derived the fine old family of De Redvers—the two families, indeed, being originally identical—a name assumed by a Vernon in the eleventh century from the place of his residence, Révière, in Normandy, and whose family were ‘Comtes de Révières, and Vernon, and Barons de Néhou,’ and both



tracing from the d'Ivry stock. Mauriscus d'Ivry (father of Robert d'Ivry), who was father of Alselin Goël—the names of whose sons, Roger Pincerna, surnamed the 'stammerer,' Lord of the castle of Grosseuvre; William Lupellus (Lovel), who acquired the castle of Ivry on the death of his elder brother; and Robert Goël, are so well known in history—had a son, Baldwin, who took the surname of De Revers from the place of his residence; and two generations later, William, the son of Richard, assumed the name of Vernon, from the *Châtellenie* of that name which he held. His son, Hugh de Revers, or Vernon, usually called Hugh de Monachus, had a son, William de Vernon, Lord of Vernon, who founded the Abbey of Montebourg. By his wife, Emma, he had issue, two sons, Walter and Richard; the latter of whom, Richard de Redvers, or Vernon, came over at the Conquest, and was created Baron of Shipbroke in Cheshire. He married Adeliza, daughter of William Peverel, of Nottingham, and received with her in frank-marriage the manor of Wolleigh, county Bucks. One of their sons, Baldwin de Redvers, was created Earl of Devon, and from him descended the line of Earls of that name; while William de Redvers, who inherited the Norman baronies of Vernon, Révières, and Néhou, reassumed the surname of Vernon from those possessions. He had an only son and heir, Hugh de Vernon, Baron of Shipbroke, who married a daughter of Raynold Badgioll, Lord of Erdeswicke and Holgrave. By this lady he had a numerous issue; the eldest, Warin, continuing the barony of Shipbroke; Matthew, inheriting the Lordships of Erdeswicke and Holgrave, and ancestor of the Vernons in those places; and Richard, of whom I have just now spoken.

"This Richard Vernon, as I have already stated, married Avice, one of the daughters and co-heiresses of William de Avenell, Lord of Haddon, and thus brought that important manor to her husband, who there settled. He had issue, it seems, by this marriage, an only daughter and heiress, who married Gilbert le Francis; and their son Richard le Francis, on acquiring the estates, took the name of Vernon and settled at Haddon, marrying Mary, daughter of Robert, Baron of Stockport. His descendant, Sir Richard Vernon, Lord of Haddon and of Appleby, married Maude, daughter and co-heiress of William de Camville, by whom he had an only son and heir, William Vernon, who was only ten years of age at his father's death in 1422, when he was found heir to his grandfather. In 1430 he obtained a grant of free warren from the king. He married Joan, daughter of Rhees ap Griffith, and heiress of Richard Stackpole, and had issue by her, Sir Richard Vernon, Knt., of Pembrugge (sometimes called Sir Richard de Pembrugge), Lord of Haddon and Tonge, which latter lordship he acquired by his marriage with the sister and heiress of Sir Fulke de Pembrugge, or Pembridge, Lord of Tonge, in Shropshire. Their son, Richard Vernon, was father of Richard Vernon, Treasurer of Calais, Captain of Rouen, and Speaker in the Parliament at Leicester, in 1426. By his wife, Benedict, daughter of Sir John Ludlow, of Hodnet, he had issue, with others, Sir William Vernon, Knt., who, marrying Margaret, daughter of Sir Robert Pype, of Spemore, acquired that

manor and lordship. He was buried at Tonge, where a monument, as well as one erected at Montebourg, was placed to his memory. His son, or grandson, Sir Henry Vernon, was made governor to Prince Arthur, by King Henry VII., with which monarch he was a great favourite. He married Anne, daughter of John, second Earl of Shrewsbury, by Elizabeth Butler, daughter of James, Earl of Ormond. By this marriage he had issue, Sir Henry Vernon, who was made High Steward of the King's Forest in the Peak, by Henry VIII., and held many other posts. He had issue two sons, Sir George Vernon and Sir John Vernon. Sir Henry died in 1515, and was succeeded by the eldest of his sons, Sir George, 'The King of the Peak,' who succeeded to the Haddon and other estates. Sir John Vernon, Knt., married Helen, daughter and co-heiress of John Montgomery, of Sudbury, in Derbyshire, with whom he received the Sudbury and other estates, and thus founded the family of Lords Vernon.

"Sir George Vernon, who lived at Haddon in such princely magnificence as to earn for himself the title of 'King of the Peak,' and of whom many traditional stories still float about the country, was a man much given to hospitality; he exercised a free open-hearted liberality to all comers, and was, in his ready use of lynch law, a real terror 'to evil-doers.' Sir George, who succeeded to the estates in 1515, and who, at the time of his death in 1561, was possessed of no less than thirty manors in Derbyshire alone, married twice—first, Margaret, daughter of Sir Gilbert Taylebois, Knight, by whom he had issue two daughters, and second, Maude, daughter of Sir Ralph Langford, by whom he had no issue. His two daughters, co-heiresses, were Margaret Vernon, who married Sir Thomas Stanley, Knight, of Winwick, second son of the second Earl of Derby, to whom she conveyed a moiety of the vast estates; and Dorothy Vernon, whose name, and the story of whose elopement are known 'all the world o'er,' who married John Manners, afterwards knighted, second son of Thomas Manners, first Earl of Rutland, to whom she carried the other moiety, including Haddon Hall; and she thus became by this marriage the direct ancestress of the present Duke of Rutland.

"This Sir John Manners, who, being great grandson of Anne, sister of King Edward IV., had 'royal blood coursing in his veins,' had issue three sons by his marriage with Dorothy Vernon, daughter of the so-called 'King of the Peak,' and died in 1611. Dorothy Vernon herself is said traditionally to have been one of the most beautiful of all beautiful women, and possessed of so sweet a temper that she was idolised by all who knew her. If it were so, however, the monument at Bakewell does not fairly represent her, for it exhibits her with an expression of countenance far from either amiable or attractive. The story of her life, according to popular belief, is, that while her elder sister, fortunate in an open attachment to Sir Thomas Stanley, the son of the Earl of Derby, and becoming his affianced bride, was petted and 'made much of,' she, the younger, was kept in the background, having formed a secret attachment to John Manners, son of the Earl of Rutland—an attachment which was opposed by her father, sister,

and step-mother; she was, therefore, closely watched, and kept almost a prisoner. Her lover is said to have disguised himself as a woodman, or forester, and to have remained in hiding in the woods around Haddon for several weeks, in order to obtain stolen glances of, and occasionally brief meetings with, Dorothy. At length, on a festive night at Haddon—tradition states it to have been on one of the ‘merry meetings,’ consequent on the marriage of her sister Margaret—Dorothy is said to have stolen away unobserved in the midst of the merriment, and to have quietly passed out of the door of the ante-room on to the terrace, which she crossed, and having ascended the steps on the other side, or, as is also asserted, ran down the steps from the terrace, across the lawn, and so down to the foot-bridge, her lover’s arms received her; horses were in waiting, and they rode off in the moonlight all through the night, and were married in Leicestershire the next morning. The door through which the heiress eloped is always pointed out to visitors as ‘Dorothy Vernon’s Door,’ and through it, doubtless, each one of my hearers will pass this day. At the back of the Winter Garden, too, her name is found in the old-wood avenue, still known as ‘Dorothy Vernon’s Walk.’

“This lady, around whom such a halo of romantic interest has been cast, died in 1584, and was buried in Bakewell Church, where her monument, and that of her husband, who survived her till 1611, remain in the Vernon Chapel, along with those of other members of the same family. The monument, which is of more than ordinary interest, is large and of imposing appearance. At the top, in the centre, is a shield, bearing the arms of Manners, with its sixteen quarterings, and on either side is an obelisk, the base of one of which bears the arms of Manners and the other those of Vernon. Beneath these are a bold cornice and ornamental frieze, on which again occur three shields with the arms, respectively—in the centre Manners impaling Vernon, and on one side Avenell, and on the other Roos. This cornice and frieze, surmount a semi-circular arch, beneath which are the kneeling figures, facing each other, of Sir John Manners, in plate armour, and his wife, Dorothy Vernon, in close-fitting dress, with cap, and frill or ruff around the neck. Between them there is a pedestal, bearing the inscription, ‘Here lyeth S<sup>r</sup> John Manners, of Haddon, Knight, second sonne of Thoas, Erle of Rutland, who died the 4 of June, 1611, and Dorothie his wife, one of the daughters and heires to S<sup>r</sup> George Vernon, of Haddon, Knight, who deceased the 24 day of June, in the 26 yere of the raigne of Queen Elizabeth, 1584.’ Above the pedestal is a large shield, with quarterings of the armorial bearings of the families of Manners and Vernon and their alliances; the shield bearing the sixteen quarterings of Manners, differenced with a crescent, impaled with the twelve quarterings of Vernon. On the spandrels are also shields of arms, the one bearing the arms of Manners quartering Roos, and two others; and the other Vernon quartering Avenell, and two others. On the lower part of the monument are figures of the four children of Dorothy and her husband, and two shields, the one of Vernon and the other of Manners.

"Of the Hall itself, as it now exists, I will not weary you by saying much, as you will learn more by a glance at its various rooms in passing through, and by the plan which I have the gratification of offering you, than you could by merely listening to any descriptions I can give. Of the Norman period many remains still exist—notably in the Chapel, which there can be no doubt was originally a small church for the then inhabitants of Nether Haddon, with right of baptism—the Norman font still remaining attached to the pillar. Probably both the Chapel and the Hall, at that time and later distinct from each other, were of Saxon origin, but at all events it is certain, from existing remains of the original walls, that they were both there in the time of the Peverels and the Avenells. From that time the house was the growth of successive centuries, and bears the impress of each in its architectural details. It will be sufficient for the present occasion to say that a part of the Chapel, portions of the walls of the south front and north-east tower, and of the room behind the screen in the lower courtyard, are among the oldest portions of the building; that to the next period, from 1300 to, say, 1380, belong the hall porch, the magnificent kitchen and adjoining offices, the great or banqueting hall, the lower west window and arcade of the Chapel, part of the north-east tower, and part of the cellarge under the long gallery; that to the third portion from, say, 1380 to 1470, the east and part of the west end of the Chapel and the buildings on the east side of the upper courtyard, may be ascribed; that the additions in the fourth period, 1470 to 1530, are the interior fittings, etc., of the dining-room, the western range of buildings in the lower courtyard, and the west end of the north range; and those of the fifth period, from 1530 to 1624, include alterations in the upper courtyard, the long gallery, the terrace and gardens, the woodwork of the Chapel, the barn and the bowling-green.

It would have been interesting, did time permit, to have told you of some of the many charming stories and traditions of the past, that still linger around Haddon; of the many curious relics that have from time to time been found in its neighbourhood, and which range in date and character from the prehistoric pottery and flint instruments of the Celtic period, down through Romano-British times, to which belongs the fine and very remarkable altar you will have noticed in the entrance porch; and the times of the Saxons and Normans; and so through the days of mediæval chivalry to later ages, and to have described to you the various features of the building itself, and of the tapestry and other remains contained within its walls; but this, alas! tempting though the subject is, I am obliged to forego, and to content myself with expressing an earnest hope that the little I have said and the much you have seen will ensure your carrying away with you, when you return to your various homes, a pleasant and lasting remembrance of grand old Haddon, and of its surroundings and associations.

"Oh! pleasant to see is this English hall  
Of the olden time, on a summer's day;  
Turret and tower, and buttress and wall

Shining and shadowed in green and grey.  
 Strange to think of those times of old,  
 And of those who lived there—only a tale,  
 Doubtingly, dimly, guessed and told,  
 Of Châtelaines fair and of knights in mail;  
 Though the place remains where they lived and died,  
 Seen, as they saw it, by you and me,  
 The scenes of their lives, of their griefs and their pride,  
 Telling their tale unmistakably.  
 The light still shines through the latticed pane,  
 As it shone to them; and the shadowed door  
 Is the shadow they saw, and the stains remain  
 Of the wine they spill'd on the dias floor.  
 The river that runs by the old Hall's walls  
 Murmured to them as it murmurs now!  
 The golden glow of the sunset falls  
 As it fell for them, on glade, river, and bough:  
 The hall where they feasted, the church where they prayed,  
 Their cradles and chambers, and gravestones stay;  
 While lord and vassal, youth and maid,  
 Knight and lady, have passed away."

I shall anticipate dates and give the remainder of the extracts from Llewellynn Jewitt's letters to Mr. Collett, in this chapter:

"The Hollies, Duffield, May 6th, 1881. . . . A bushel—nay, a *cart-load* of thanks for your delightful letter this a.m. Spring has surely come at Retford, or you could never have written so jauntily and joyously, and your letter comes as a gleam of sunshine in midst of a cold, windy, dull, cloudy and showery day. . . . Glad you are coming to see us. Mrs. Jewitt bids me say how much we hope you will come and spend a day or two—we'll *make* you enjoy it!! We are (D.V.) going away on the 16th for a week or ten days—after that *come*," etc.

"The Hollies, Duffield, December 12th, 1882. . . . We have a grand hoar frost here this morning—the trees look lovely—quite a thorough Xmas morning, to put one in mind of days to come very soon. . . . Really the years do come round quicker than they used to do!! As I am now sixty-seven, I may say that sixty years ago (which I can well remember), the years seemed ten times the length they do now! Ever truly yours, with kindest and best wishes," etc.

Mr. Collett, whose chapter this is, has made a very suggestive comment upon a remark in a letter to me from Mrs. Anderson, one of the sisters of the Hero Gordon, as to the character of Llewellynn Jewitt. Miss Gordon also has expressed her admiration of his beautiful life as shown in my "Sketch" of it, especially as to the wide scope of his loving Christianity, and "*his* letter to *you*, in your trial, where he points out the rule and guidance of God in all events." Mrs. Anderson's remark regarding him was, "How many bright lights have been given us in this age!" And Mr. Collett observes: "I am sure that Miss Gordon would fully appreciate our dear friend's character, and the remark of her sister is undoubtedly most true; but I think that it

will remain for future ages fully to appreciate the excellence of character which has manifested itself in so many cases in our own day amongst those whom we have known and loved. Still for all that, I am a believer in the *past*. I fail to see any aggregate of men of this century who will compare favourably with such lights as Andrewes, and Jewel, and Stillingfleet, and Butler, and Hooker, and Sparrow, and Lowth, and Cosin, and Beveridge, and Sanderson, and Waterland, and *the rest*. These were 'giants,' all of them, and we can only dimly imagine what they would have been had they possessed a tithe of the helps we possess, and the literature we have access to."

Yes ; our inheritance from the grand past is too vast to be even faintly grasped in idea by the minds of the majority of mankind. And as to our inherited literature, that alone is too vast a legacy to be comprehended by any mind, even of the most powerful grasp ; although of course that is a structure which it took a whole army of the giants of the past to build up by their combined strength. And when we think upon the matter we shall see that it is to the labours of the giants of the past that we owe all our present possessions, and every step of our ordinary civilization. Our ancestors brought us where we are in the paths of progress, and it is only by their means that it is possible for us to advance still further. We inherit from them our arts and sciences—our tools and rules—and it would be strange if, with all the advantages they have bequeathed to us we were not able to discover something more by the lights they have kindled for us. We should not now have had our electric telegraph, our telephone and our electric light, if we had not inherited from the past the discovery of electricity, and its rudimentary examination, leading us to these results. He was a clever ancient who first invented the Wheel and Axle, that most ingenious aid to vehicular locomotion. Let the reader who has never thought of this, watch the ingenious contrivance intently, and remember that its invention belongs to some ancient who flourished earlier than the days of that Pharaoh and his host who pursued Moses in wheeled chariots. And it was probably earlier than the date of the invention of the wheel and axle, that the ancient Egyptians began to hand down to their successors the bridle of the well-trained, obedient horse. What should we have been doing now if some great ancestor had not discovered for us the means of production and control of Fire, and artificial light, as we call it ; and the metals and the modes of utilizing them ; and the arts of spinning and weaving fabrics for our clothing, and for all other purposes ? In glancing at Llewellynn Jewitt's collection of mummy cats and kittens from ancient Thebes, one wonders at the perfection of the woven fabric in which the sacred animals are wrapped, as well as at the artistic wrapping of some of them. From the long past we inherit language and letters ; pen and ink and paper ; poetry, painting, sculpture, music, and what not ? Also ready-made homes and temples of worship, and other great architectural master efforts. The giants of the past prepared for us the mechanical sciences which alone render possible our machinery and railways. From the industry of the past we inherit the other old roads and water-ways over so great a portion

of the globe ; besides all those ready-made roads of thought on wondrously many themes. From it we inherit the cultivation of the earth and its consequent varied and improved fruits. In all our arts and productive labours we merely take up the tools whose use they of the past have taught us, and continue their work when the grasp of their hand relaxes for ever. The idea of our inheritance from the grand past is something awful ; and it is no wonder that ordinary minds don't trouble their poor heads about it, but take all as a matter of course, like the lamb coming forth in pleasant May to consciousness and light, and to the sweet and beautiful, and to a sense of happiness which makes it skip and dance for joy. It takes all as it finds it—as a matter of course—and looks around upon the bright scene, and browses upon the sweet herbage, without a thought, perhaps, or the possibility of a thought, as to how the beautiful and the sweet came to be provided for it. As with the lamb and its Creator, so it is with man and his grand inheritance from the past. And I have said nothing of the giants who evolved mathematics from their giant intellects, measured the sun and the moon, the earth and the other planets—mapped the heavens—and gave us glimpses of the infinitely great, as well as the microscopic means of examining the infinitely small. And I have said nothing of the forms of consoling Religion bequeathed to us through the giants of the past ; those Faiths of the World, varied indeed, and opposed in themselves, therefore mingled with error ; but innocent error, which shall yet bring peace at the last if its holder but “keep innocency and take heed to the thing that is right,” according to his honest inherited creed. As to Christianity in its relationship to the past, it is he who examines most curiously into that past—the antiquary—to whom its grandeur and its might are most apparent. Before him are spread out the deeply-rooted, long-lasting, religions of the past ; the beliefs, ceremonies, and customs which had prevailed for thousands of years ; yet all conquered and buried beneath Christianity. To those who peer into the past are most clearly apparent the divinity and miraculous operation of the Conquering Faith. Of this I shall have more to say in a later chapter.

But although we have inherited so wonderfully and awfully much from the successive giants of the past, it is also true that there were, and are, many giants of the present century—children worthy of their paternal Anak—who have made splendid use of the lights kindled for them by their forefathers. And when this nineteenth century shall be completed and numbered with the past, it will certainly be said of its latter half, by our successors of the twentieth : “How many bright lights have been given us in this age !” For, “it will remain for future ages fully to appreciate the excellence of character which has manifested itself in so many cases in our own day amongst those whom we have known and loved.”

And while thus considering the mighty gifts which we have received from the past, it is gratifying to an Anglo-Saxon to be able to note that beyond all doubt and dispute mankind generally have received

greater and more numerous legacies from his Anglo-Saxon forefathers during the late past than from any other race. The Anglo-Saxon has been, and continues to be, the foremost producer and bequeather, all over the globe, of that wealth which results from labour, whether physical, or merely intellectual. And a general glance at the present youth and childhood of England gladdens the heart of the patriot. Whenever Llewellynn Jewitt and I were together in crowded places, we always and equally expressed our admiration at the improved beauty and stamina of our young men and women, and the continued progress noticeable in their boys and girls, and rejoiced in the assurance that the race will continue its noble lead in the tremendous coming struggle and emulation of peoples, and carry on the work of its forefathers, by the ordinance and aid of that Providence which has so evidently and so wonderfully guided and protected it hitherto ; and that the British will still be the chief rulers and benefactors of the world, as well by their arms as by their arts of peace.





## CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE LAST CHRISTMAS AT WINSTER HALL.—DEATH OF HEPWORTH DIXON.—DEATH OF JACOB THOMPSON.—HIS FEATHERED PENSIONERS.—A LETTER ABOUT NOTHING.—THE HOLLIES, DUFFIELD.—DEATH OF KENEALY.—MORE LOVE-LETTERS.—THE OLD YEW TREE AT DUFFIELD.—LET BYGONES BE BYGONES.—CHRISTMAS AT DUFFIELD IN 1880.—THE FLITCH OF DUNMOW.—THE SWALLOWS.—A SEVERE WINTER.—“MRS. HALL IS DYING!”



HERE is another of Llewellynn Jewitt's pressing and loving invitations. I pause with regret that I have not before me such a letter addressed by him to some other friend, that self might retire in favour of that other friend. But I don't think that it would be justifiable to suppress such a beautiful and characteristic expression of warm friendship and loving hospitality, merely because it was extended to his grateful biographer. It refers to our last visit to Winster Hall, and is dated: "November 28th, 1879. . . . You said the other day when I asked you to do something, that you wished I would ask you to do something you *could* do. So I am taking you at your word, and am now writing to ask you to do something you *can* do; and that nothing will excuse you for not doing! You *can* do it; so, of course, I know you *will*. This Christmas, now so near upon us, will, as you know, and as I am sorry to say, *be our last* at Winster, and we—the whole multitude of us, both individually and collectively—want very especially for *you* and Miss G—— and Miss A—— to come and spend it with us. We want you all three to come on Xmas Eve and spend a few days with us. As it is the last we shall spend at Winster Hall, we *must* have you all with us. And I write thus early—a month beforehand—that you may know how much we wish for you, and so that you may not have any chance of engaging yourselves in any other way. We *shall fully expect* you. So fail not! We will have as jolly a time of it as we can, and will ensure you a hearty welcome, and a pleasant time of it. Just drop a line and say 'YES,' and set our hearts at rest." Then again on December 1st: "Many thanks for your welcome letter this morning, and for the joyful news that you will, all three of you, give us your company for Christmas. It will be indeed a rare enjoyment to us all to have you and your dear girls here, and we shall look forward with very intense delight to your coming. Mind, we shall want you all three to come to us on the morning of Xmas Eve. So,

at your peril, let anything prevent you if you dare!" There were more letters of joyous hospitable anticipation before the arrival of that happy Christmas Eve, the final one being the appointment to meet us "under the clock" at Derby Station, and "We will be there and all come home jollily together."

When Llewellynn Jewitt's guests came down to breakfast on the morning of Christmas Day, he was always there to receive them, and each, according to old custom, found on his and her breakfast plate some gift and a beautiful card. And all were so happy in giving and receiving congratulations; and all was so hearty and joyous, for it was the happy morn of a double festival of great joy. It was not only the morning of Christmas Day, but it was the morning of the happy Wedding Day of the host and hostess. And while yet the presents were being admired, and the "Thank you so much!" repeated, the fine band would strike up outside, and the window would be thrown open to admit the notes of—

"Christians, awake, salute the happy morn,  
Whereon the Saviour of mankind was born;  
Rise to adore the mystery of love,  
Which hosts of angels chanted from above."

The happiness and jollity of that Christmas, the last we spent at Winster Hall, were, as usual, blended with thoughts and conversation solemnly dedicated to the dear and lovingly and sorrowfully remembered sons who were absent, the one in his grave under the ocean of the Southern Cross, and the other in the Churchyard close by. I remember afterwards learning that at the very time we were speaking of these mournful losses, the great Tay Bridge disaster took place, bringing like loss and mourning to hundreds of homes. It happened while we were walking to and fro in front of the Hall, with a bright moon shining and silvering the clouds, which floated rapidly overhead before the fierce high wind. On the day of leaving Winster for home, while waiting at Derby Station, I enclosed to Llewellynn Jewitt two newspaper cuttings, one announcing "the disaster," and another the death of Hepworth Dixon, and he wrote: "I was shocked to find from the cuttings you so thoughtfully enclosed, that Hepworth Dixon also is dead. I knew him well, and the very last time I was in London we dined together. Poor fellow—he has lived 'fast' and died early and suddenly. I had not heard of the terrible accident to the train at Tay Bridge till your cutting came. What a fearful thing for hundreds of families it is, and what misery it will cause."

I had forgotten another sadly interesting circumstance of this Christmas visit of 1879, until in pondering on the "*also is dead*" in the above letter it has just come to remembrance. There was another death freshly and largely filling our minds at that time. I well remember now that on the morning of this Christmas Day, our host received a letter from his valued friend, Jacob Thompson, the painter, from Cumberland, which he read aloud at the breakfast table, and which has since become historical:

"The Hermitage, Hackthorpe, Penrith, 24th December, 1879.  
"My dear Mr. Jewitt,—Many thanks for your kind letter and

enclosure, which shall be attended to. Thanks from all of us for the beautiful Christmas souvenir. It was my intention to send you something to-day, which, unfortunately, has not yet arrived. . . . We join in kindest wishes to all the good folks at Winster Hall; and as the clock strikes 5 p.m. to-morrow, Christmas Day, bang shall go the champagne cork, and out shall be poured the sparkling wine that we may pledge in *bumpers* the health and prosperity of you and your family.—Ever thine faithfully, JACOB THOMPSON.

“Llewellynn Jewitt, F.S.A., Winster Hall, Winster, *via* Derby.”

On the morning of the 28th or 29th, another letter from The Hermitage was read at the breakfast table by our host. It was from Jacob Thompson, junior—although, alas, no longer junior. It was written at ten o'clock in the night of the 27th, thus: “Dear Mr. Jewitt,—One hour ago my father passed from life. His illness was very brief, and he did not suffer long. A few minutes before he died — was with him, and he seemed to be contemplating great art works. His hand moved to and fro, as he tried to describe angels floating about. M—— thought he spoke of the altar-pieces, but who shall say that they were not real angels? I can write no more now.”

Jacob Thompson was seventy-three years old when he died. His friend Llewellynn Jewitt raised to his memory a noble and lasting monument in his “Life and Works,” copiously illustrated with engravings on steel and on wood. And this is its dedication, dated February, 1882: “To this book I give a threefold dedication. First: To the memory of him whose ‘Life’ I have here attempted to write, and whose ‘Works’ are surely his best, and noblest, and imperishable monument. Next: To the much-loved Wife and Son by whom he is survived, and to all who were dear to him or shared his friendship. And third: To my own, and his, dear and venerable friend, Mr. S. C. Hall, whose whole life (now extending to more than four-score years) has been devoted to the furtherance of art; to whose labours every painter belonging to the British School owes a debt of gratitude; and to whom Jacob Thompson, like myself, ever looked with that ‘respect akin to love’ that is due to a master mind.”

Jacob Thompson was a man worthy the love of Llewellynn Jewitt. On the morning of that Christmas Day he fed, as was his custom, the sparrows and robins which clustered about him in front of The Hermitage, and his biographer says: “My informant tells me he never, till then, could understand how it was that such numbers of the ‘feathered throng’ were always to be seen there. Loving Nature, he loved ‘Nature’s songsters,’ and carrying out the Christian injunction to ‘love thy neighbour as thyself,’ he looked upon the whole animal world as his neighbours, and his heart was large enough to hold affection for them all.”

But that was his last dole to his feathered pensioners. Before the hour appointed for the bang of the champagne cork, and the sparkling bumpers, although we innocently noted the hour at Winster Hall, there was sorrow and alarm at The Hermitage, over the master stricken with his fatal illness.

I find among the Hall papers the following letter from Llewellynn Jewitt to Samuel Carter Hall, referring to the "Life and Works" then in hand: "April 12th, 1881. My dear Mr. Hall,—The east winds have left us now—they bade adieu to us yesterday—and a warm gentle rain has succeeded, much to the delight of vegetation which is bursting out this morning quite joyously. So, as the east winds are gone, I suppose you, too, will soon feel it safe to move to your new residence. God grant the change may be a pleasant and blessed one to you. It is very kind of you to promise to send me the four Wordsworth sketches by Jacob Thompson—I shall be *so thankful* to see them here—and I long to have them before me. I shall be *so much* obliged to you. It would indeed have been delightful to have had your notes on the days spent at Jacob Thompson's 'Hermitage'—it would have been such an addition to the attraction of the 'Life and Works.' The very mention of such a thought in your letter makes me almost yearn for a realization of it. I am having Thompson's glorious picture of 'Ullswater' engraved at the present moment—seven-and-a-half inches by six—on wood, and some others are also being done. We shall begin to print quite directly. We all join heartily in every good wish, and in kindest regards, and I am, my dear Mr. Hall, as ever, yours very truly, LLEWELLYNN JEWITT."

While 1880 was yet a New Year, I received a letter, from which I quote the following, as another example of the general good spirits in which Llewellynn Jewitt was wont to write to his friends, and as foreshadowing the removal to Duffield:

"It seems 'an age' since we heard from you, and, as I suppose it's my own fault, through not having written to *you*, I now at once confess my sin, 'make a clean breast of it,' and am ready to sin again if you don't respond by letting me have a letter. But really, now I have begun to 'put pen to paper' and 'squared my fist' to begin I don't know what I have to write about! We have no news to tell and nothing to find fault with, even in the weather. So what *can* a fellow write about? Some folks would content themselves by saying 'I've *nothing* to write about.' But *I* won't say that, for to choose 'nothing' as the subject for an essay, or even for a letter, would be to choose one of the most difficult the heart of man could conceive. 'Nothing' historically, archæologically, theoretically, philosophically, physiologically, and funnologically considered and descanted upon would be a grand subject, but one you could never treat 'exhaustively,' for surely where there is 'nothing' there is 'nothing' to exhaust! How different 'nothing' must be to your patience! for *that* I am sure I must thoroughly have exhausted by all this terrible rigmarole of rubbish. Well, first and foremost, how are you? and, next, what are all of you doing? and, next, when shall we again see you all? I dare say you have been fancying we are in the midst of moving—but not so. Except that we have (Ted and I) packed up a box or two of books we have done nothing as yet—and I dread the beginning! We *must*, however, soon set to work in earnest, but I fear me it will be a labour I shall scarcely be equal to, for I really seem hardly equal

to exertion of the kind—I get knocked up directly, and can't stand stirring about as I used to. I shall be heartily glad when it is all over, and we have dropped into our places in the new house, and have got you all there to look at us, and cheer us up again. Naturally we feel very unsettled now, and this unsettled and fermented state is not nice—for it just makes it impossible to keep my thoughts in their proper channel, and I *can't* write what I ought. It is, and will be, a terrible hindrance and loss of time to me. All are pretty well—in fact very well—I am thankful to say, and I think we are all 'just as usual' in all our queer ways. . . . All *would* unite in dear love to you all did they know I am writing, but as I am sitting 'all alone in my glory' they don't."

The date, February 27th, on a note headed "Duffield," shows progress in the moving: "You will see we are here for a day or two from above heading. Ted, Beatrice, and I came on Tuesday and are going back to-day, but I thought before going back I *would* snatch time enough just to send you a line to let you know we are yet alive. We sent about a third of the traps on Tuesday and have been 'fixing' ever since—and a nice pickle we are in, both here and at Winster. Some time next week we may send some more things, but to-day we go home again to pack. Hope you and the young ladies are well. We are all right, but awfully tired and weary. Give me a line when you can to Winster," etc.

Further progress of this historical removal is reported March 12th, from The Hollies, Duffield. "I must give you just a line to say 'Here we are!!'—We all came last evening, but not half the traps yet, so we shall be back again (some of us) at Winster pretty nearly every day for a fortnight yet. Seven enormous van and truck loads have already been brought, and the men tell me there will be as many yet to come. Don't you pity us? We are in a pickle I can assure you—in such a 'pickle' as I hope to be 'preserved' from in the future."

And again March 31st. "I cannot let B——'s letter go without just a line to you to ask how you all are, and to wonder if you are killing yourself over electioneering! I eschew politics and election matters altogether, and, indeed, have neither time nor inclination to take part in the squabbles of the two parties! Here we are, getting on—slowly but surely—in arranging and getting settled in The Hollies, but it is a labour of time, and not a pleasant one! I shall be thankful when it is all over—and it won't be long now, I hope. All are as usual here, and all send dear love to you all, and are looking forward very anxiously to seeing you again. We want to see you *here* in the new 'sty.'"

On April 18th he wrote—"I *must* have five minutes chat with you to-day—that is I will speak (a symphony in black and white!) to you for five minutes to-day, and you will know what I am saying (*i.e.* if you have as many minutes to spare) to-morrow. So 'here goes' . . . Poor Kenealy, I see by yesterday's papers, is dead. I am heartily sorry, for with all his faults and short-comings and far-goings he was a *clever* man. . . . You see our old friend Hall has received a

graceful recognition on the Civil List. I am heartily glad, and my heart rejoices that this pension of £150 is given him, for it is eminently his due for what he has done for literature and art. . . . I am very earnestly glad that the premier has given him this pension (as he gave Mrs. Hall hers) before going out of office. He has also, I see, given £100 pension to Hepworth Dixon's widow this week. So there are two wise grants made together. And, now, how are you all? and what are you all doing? and when shall we hear from you? and when shall we see you? and how are the dear girls? and, and, and everything else. Let us hear from you, and, if not very outrageously presumptuous, please tell the young ladies there is an old, old, very old fellow here who would be delighted to have a few lines from them some day when they have five minutes to throw away upon him in writing," etc.

I quote the following with no feeling of vanity, but of loving gratitude for the expression of Llewellynn Jewitt's warm-hearted friendship; and I declare that the happiness, joy, and sunshine of our visits to Winster, to which he refers, were always all found ready prepared for us there, and that if we seemed to bring them with us, we really only appreciated and reflected them:

"May 14th, 1880. Thanks, my dear Mr. Goss, for letting me have the glad sight of your handwriting once again, this morning, and for all the kind words you have given pen-expression to. Ted and I have been over to Derby to-day, and have only just returned, so I have not many moments to write in, but I *must* give you just a line or two. While in Derby we, of course, went into the Market Hall, but, unluckily did *not* meet the Gosses there—as we once did! I wish we *had*, for we much want to see you all again. Heartily I do hope it won't be long before you all come and rout us up. It will be delightful to have you all at this new place, with a new neighbourhood, new features, new surroundings, and new associations—and to welcome you here with old love, and old affection, and old remembrances of former happy visits from you; for you have all of you always brought happiness and joy and sunshine with you, when you have come to our 'dark and dismal hole.'

"And now let me reply to kind enquiries as to my darling wife. I am truly happy to tell you the 'squaw' is now pretty much herself again—still weaker than I like her to be, but quite herself in other respects, and the weakness, I hope, will gradually pass away. It is a great comfort to us to have her about again. She sends her 'love to everybody'—rather a wide commission, is it not? We have still very glorious weather, and are feeling pretty much to enjoy it. We are expecting F—and her children to-morrow, if all be well, so I suppose we shall be in a turmoil, with the scraps running about everywhere, and upsetting everything and everybody—ah well—that is what comes of being an antiquated, whiteheaded, beshrivalled old grandfather. *You* don't yet know what it is to be called 'Grandpa'—BEWARE."

Here is the magnet of loving friendship again applied: "June 3rd, 1880. I must ask you to forgive me if I only send a very brief line

to-day, for, to tell you the truth, I am not much in writing order. I have been laid on the shelf for more than a week and done nothing—but am now all right again. Mrs. Jewitt too, I am happy to say, is herself again. And, now, how are all of *you*? I hope well. And next I want much to ask you what time will suit you and your darlings best to spend a few days with us. You see we have no Flower Show to attract—‘no nothing’ in fact, but a glorious neighbourhood, and new scenes with old and loving hearts—so can only offer you a loving welcome *at any time* and *at all times*. When will suit you best? . . . . We are longing to see the trio. Tell me, please, what time will best suit you—I long to see you all.”

The magnet again. “July 7th, 1880. Just a word or two with you and the young ladies as to your promised visit to us. We want you all to spend a week with us and to come some time next week. So just give me a line to say which day next week you will come, and we will give you as hearty a welcome as old-fashioned folks like us can do. Any day that will best suit the Stoke trio will well suit the Duffield quintet, only, please tell me *what* day. We long to have you and your darlings here. All send dearest love to you all three—and hoping to have a line by return to say what day we may expect you,” etc.

I trust I am not wearying the reader in quoting these eloquent and graceful illustrations of “old-fashioned” love and friendship, and the manner of applying the magnet of invitation and welcome.

“The Hollies, Duffield, *via* Derby. July 26th, 1880. . . . Now, my dear Mr. Goss, we have been counting the days, and I fancy, according to the way of reckoning we had when I was a lad, that to take twenty-six from thirty-one leaves five—does it not? So in five days we are to have the delight of seeing the young ladies and yourself once more ‘at our fireside’ if cold, and by the empty fire-place if hot weather. This being so, it is now essential that I should remind you—lest you forget to come—that we are longing to see you all on that day—and more essential still, that I should get to know from you by *what train* you will come, *i.e.*, what time will you get to DERBY? For the probability is we shall some of us meet you ‘under the clock,’ or elsewhere, and bring you home. Please by *return* tell me what train you will come by to Derby. There are plenty forward here—no less than thirteen trains daily each way at Duffield, and I send you their times of leaving Derby for here. Come as *early* as you can, and tell all your people to take a month’s holiday, and not expect you back till you come!”

Until invited to write this book, in the words of its opening paragraph, it never entered my mind that I should be the biographer of Llewellynn Jewitt; although I have sometimes thought, when reading in his journal his obituary notices of its late contributors, that perhaps some day he would make loving record there of my own departure. Therefore I never made notes of anything he ever said or did. A diary of this our first visit to The Hollies, and of all visits in fact, would have been of extreme interest now. I think I have

mentioned that our first walk out together at Duffield was to the pretty churchyard, where he shewed me the old yew tree beneath which his mother was interred—the yew of which his father wrote in touching verse. But it is too late now to make any record of the glorious drives which we made day after day to places of intense antiquarian interest, or of the pleasant and famous people we met, or of the wonderful knowledge which Llewellynn Jewitt displayed, or the brilliant wit that flashed from his mind incessant as the lightning flashes of a midsummer eve.

His quarterly journal had now reached the twentieth volume, and he thus records the circumstance in its Introduction :

“Since *The Reliquary* started, various competing antiquarian journals (I could name, I think, at least half-a-dozen), have from time to time been commenced and continued to be published for a more or less short time, and then, unfortunately, ceased ; while, thanks to the continued support of my contributors, *The Reliquary* has held its own, and has continued uninterruptedly to be issued to its present age of twenty years.

“I said, in reference to other ventures, that they had ‘unfortunately ceased,’ and I say so honestly and unreservedly, for, with my intense love for archæology in every one of its branches, I hail as an omen of the spread of my favourite study, the starting of any new journal devoted to its pursuit. Each journal so started must and does spread, extend, and develop that study ; and the more it *is extended* the more need is there for organs devoted to its development to be established. I know that some magazines *have* been started in direct opposition to my own, but I am proud to say I have never felt any rivalry towards them. I have always felt that ‘there’s room enough for all,’ and have given willing and I hope useful help both in contributing to their contents and furthering their interests. The love of a particular study is with me, as it *ought*, surely, to be with all, paramount to all other considerations, and in the same way that I hail as a friend a fellow-worker in my own lines of study, so I welcome the appearance, and regret the departure, of journals devoted to its furtherance and elucidation. This is, I know, what would scarcely be called a wise ‘commercial’ spirit, but it is a spirit of loving brotherhood that I hold to be far higher, nobler, and better than that of carking opposition and monetary speculation. In that spirit I have welcomed and assisted the last new antiquarian feature—a magazine that, with proper and careful management, has a useful future before it—and in that spirit I shall hope to act ‘to the end of the chapter.’”

This avowed spirit of benevolent tolerance of direct antagonism will be discredited by some readers, and will be difficult to understand by others ; but I can bear witness, and so will the pages of the opposing journals, that Llewellynn Jewitt extended his encouragement and help to them, although they were as shops opened in immediate opposition to his own. This is another illustration of the true Christian beauty of his character. And I must here repeat emphatically, with comment, what I said just now about the “happiness, joy,



and sunshine' which he attributed to our visits, but which were positively the happiness, joy and sunshine of his own home, his own heart, and his own circle, only appreciated and reflected back by us. He lighted up things around him, and attributed the light to the things. So, likewise, he even shed the warmth of his friendship upon those who had been his bitter and active enemies. I have met at his house, enjoying his Christmas hospitality—and at other times—guests who had years before done him great wrong, and wilfully brought upon him sorrows which left indelible scars upon his heart. Such conduct against such a man it was impossible to account for. And he said of them, as he so often said of others, "Let bygones be bygones." Yet he was a strong hater of all that was mean and dishonourable, and I have known some people whom he never forgave for doing wrong, as he thought, to others. He could forget and forgive his own wrongs, but not his neighbour's wrongs. No wonder that such a nature attributed to the reflecting media the happiness, joy, and sunshine which beamed from himself upon all around him. Now am I forgiven for quoting from that letter? If so I will quote more, solely with the view to exhibit the beauty of Llewellynn Jewitt's character.

On September 7th, 1880, he wrote in conclusion of a letter "What grand, bountiful, beautiful, and thank-producing weather we have now! Really it is glorious to see such a fine time for the harvest and fruit and everything else. Oh that people would only have faith to wait and believe that all comes right in due and proper time. Those who were impatient and hastened, amid grumbling, to get in their crops *suffered*—those who waited are reaping the benefit." Here is another of his loving and jolly anticipations of the Xmas meeting dated November 28th, 1880: "What a time since I saw your handwriting, except on the wrapper of *Punch*! I begin to think possibly you may have forgotten to write. I, too, have been an unconscionable while before I write to you. But there is no chance of my forgetting how to write—I have so much of it to do. Well—how are you? And how are the young ladies? I hope you are all of you keeping a reckoning of how the time goes on for Xmas—for we are looking forward to having you all three here as a matter of course. Dear, dear, how near it comes! only less than a month! Thank Miss G—very warmly from me, please, for remembering my birthday and sending me so pretty a card. Yes! I finished my sixty-fourth and began my sixty-fifth year—so I *may* sign myself with truth, your OLD (very old) friend," etc.

Then on December 14th: "I really must to-day send you a line, or I shall 'for ever and ever, amen,' get out of your good graces—and *that* I don't want to do. Many thanks for your kind note and for all the trouble you have taken *in re* the matchings. Some day I will set Mortlocks to get them. What a queer coincidence that your kind endeavours have come to a *dead-lock* through *Mort-lock*! We are looking forward to an immensity of pleasure next week in having you all to spend Xmas and New Year with us. I suppose it will be a case of 'under the clock' (not a 'clock-case') or in the Market Hall

again. Let us know, as soon as you can, what time you will get to Derby, and we will arrange accordingly for a jolly meet—it is meet we should so arrange it, is it not? We all went to Winster on Saturday, and found the cooing doves all right. It was the first day I was able to go.” The latter is reference to a newly married couple, at whose matching we had both been present. The other “matchings” were dinner-set matchings which I had undertaken to try to get, but found the manufacturer had vested the right to the pattern exclusively in Mortlock of London. In a later letter he makes the final arrangements for our meeting in the centre of the Market Hall at Derby, and says: “Leave your luggage at the Station, and we will then all go back there when ready and come home a jolly party. We have quite a snow here—thorough Xmas weather; it looks and feels seasonable, but, oh so cold! The very sight of it gives one the equine complaint of ‘the shivers.’ Mind you all of you bring your best spirits with you—‘over-proof,’ not ‘under’—and mind you all wrap up well. Clara and Ben will be there—so will the Gosses, so you will find a few people to meet, and I hope we shall have a jolly and very happy week together, in spite of our being a thorough S. F. & C. party. All unite—no, they *don't*, but they would if they knew I was writing—in love to the lot of you, and, looking anxiously forward to seeing you and your darlings next Friday, we have the honour to remain your obedient servants, JEWITT & Co.

“Will that arrangement do? R.S.V.P.”

That arrangement did very well indeed, as did all his festive and holiday arrangements, and, of course, we spent a very happy and jolly time at The Hollies, and out of The Hollies in most enjoyable winter walks. Had it not been the anniversary of the most felicitous marriage of our host and hostess, Christmas would still have been a season of great joy and festivity with them for its own sake. As an antiquary Llewellynn Jewitt was naturally a keen observer of old festivities and customs, and it was his great delight at Christmas to gather around him as many young people as he could find room for, and to make them as happy and jolly as possible. On such occasions his brilliant wit never flagged, and there was no fresher, younger, merrier heart than his among them all. His very invitation always brought with it a foretaste of joy.

It was on the eve of this Christmas of 1880 that one of the guests brought with him a mysterious parcel, which, although weighty, and having a very decidedly meaty feel about it, was not consigned to the larder, but upstairs with the portmanteau. After dinner on Christmas day it was fetched down into the dining room, and stripped of its outer wrapping, when it proved to be a fitch of bacon enclosed in a beautiful lamina cover of bright turquoise, richly embroidered with gold. The device included a central inscription—“The Fitch, Christmas, 1880,”—at each end of which there was a small photograph, one of the host and one of the hostess, set in gold braid and pearl beads. The joint initials were also worked in imitation pearls—“LL. E. J.”—and the guest who presented it read the following lines :

"Dearest of friends! Heaven grant you, we pray,  
 Many happy returns of your Wedding Day.  
 As husband and wife, through a chequered life,  
 You've been loving and true two score years and two;  
 And without one quarrel, which few can say!—  
 Which none, perhaps, living but *you* can say,—  
 And the Flitch is your due,  
 Though a flitch of small measure,  
 Permit me the pleasure  
 To award and bestow  
 This 'Flitch of Dunmow.' (?)

Dearest of friends! Heaven grant you, we pray,  
 Many happy returns of this Christmas Day.  
 We pray that more joys to your share may fall  
 At 'The Hollies' than ev'n at the dear old Hall—  
 The dear old Hall in the Derbyshire Peak,  
 Within all so kindly, without all so bleak,  
 When we gathered up there for the Christmas week!  
 Many years may the loving father and mother,  
 The graceful sisters and noble brother,  
 And the friends they hold dear all gather here  
 Year after year!"

Of course "The Flitch of Dunmow" had reference to the fact that the husband and wife had never once quarrelled. The line—

"Which none, perhaps, living, but *you* can say,"

appears to have been written in forgetfulness of the fact that there was another pair then living, more venerable in age than these, and well known to the writer of the lines and to his host for about an equal number of years—between thirty and forty at that time—whose long wedded life had also been spent without a quarrel. These were Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, who had celebrated their Golden Wedding, as we have seen, in 1874. They also were entitled to "The Flitch of Dunmow." And be it here remembered, that it takes two to win the "Flitch." One only cannot possibly earn it, if he or she alone try ever so earnestly. And neither Llewellynn Jewitt nor Samuel Carter Hall would ever have been entitled to it had it not been for the rare amiability and excellence of their wives. If the wife will struggle ever to have "her own way," and that always in mere opposition to the husband's way, the "Flitch" cannot possibly be won. How would the swallows ever get their little families reared, and strong of wing in time for the great autumn journey southward, if *he* insisted on building the nest with a southern aspect, and *she* insisted on having her own opposite way, and building it with a northern aspect? It will add interest to our upward gaze as we watch the returning clouds of swallows in the hopeful spring, to remember this fact, that instead of being clouds of discord, with its consequent miseries, they are actually clouds of living happiness in their domestic and communal concord. This unanimity of the swallows is a reproach to the inferior wisdom and practice of mankind.

Of course the men are numberless who have hearts and natures as true and constant as those of my dear friends. But in matrimonial life it takes not less than two, as I have said, to preserve the peace unbroken, and the love unabated. The ladies also are numberless who would do their part, but it is, unhappily, not always that the two

come together. Llewellynn Jewitt's chivalrous reverence for ladies was doubly derived and doubly strengthened, as I have already said, from his knowledge of the womanly excellencies of his mother, as well as of his wife; and he found it hard to believe that a lady could be in the wrong in any connubial unhappiness.

Now the wives of Samuel Carter Hall and Llewellynn Jewitt were both staunch believers in the maintenance of woman's rights, but never had occasion to make any loud demonstration on the subject. They received and exercised those rights as a mere matter of ordinary course. Had the rights of either wife to be loved, cherished, honoured and protected by man—and that man her husband—been disputed, she would have been astonished. And if that stately man Llewellynn Jewitt had not gone to his wife to take counsel with her when there cropped up any subject for domestic deliberation, she would have been astonished; for she was a wise and gentle counsellor, and as he has assured me, they always thought alike, and always acted in unison.

This winter of 1880-81 was severe, of which here is Llewellynn Jewitt's record later on, dated January 21st, 1881: "It is so many days since I wrote to you, that I *will* snatch five minutes before post to do so, just to express a hope that you are neither friz nor snowed up. Here we are both! Fancy last Saturday on our greenhouse—sheltered as you know it is, and with fire in the flue—the thermometer registered 30½ degrees of frost—only 1½ above zero. Terrific, is it not? We have had no end of damage done—four beautiful ewers on the washstands all smashed with the frost in one night, . . . and other things and carafes smashed by wholesale—all frozen up and burst. Curiously enough the *eggs* were frozen as hard as stones, and rendered impossible to cook with. The boiler in our kitchen had ice on the top two days. The driving of the snow was terrible. The postmaster's house opposite, and the little cottage, were snowed up literally. At the postmaster's the drift reached from the middle of the road right up to the front of the house, covering the front door and the windows, and ways had to be cut to get to the post office. It drove in under our front door till we found on coming down in the morning a big drift in the entrance hall, right over the chairs, and on to the top of the second stair. There's a catalogue for you. Milk and cream frozen solid as milk and cream ever can be; beer barrel frozen up; ginger ale bottles ditto, and *we*—well in a sort of consternation and wonderment, in Cobden's words, 'What next? and next?'"

Ten days later came the following sad news: "I *must* put just a line in B——'s envelope to tell you that within the last hour—by this evening's post—I have a letter to tell me my dear old friend Mrs. Hall is dying. I fear me she may not be alive even now—but at all events we must look for news of her speedy death. Though she *has* lived to so good an old age, it seems far too soon to part with her—but I fear the end is very close."

As I started this book with the intention of including in it some memoirs of Samuel Carter Hall and his wife, it will be no digression to return to him now in his great sorrow.

## CHAPTER XXXV.

SAMUEL CARTER HALL'S LETTER TO HIS WIFE ON THE EIGHTY-FIRST ANNIVERSARY OF HER BIRTHDAY.—HER DEATH A FEW DAYS LATER.—HER FUNERAL AT ADDLESTONE.—THE QUEEN SENDS A WREATH AND A GRACIOUS MESSAGE BY SIR THEODORE MARTIN.—MR. HALL RECOVERS FROM HIS PROSTRATION AND CONTINUES HIS USEFULNESS.—HIS UNTIRING HELP TO THE LADIES OF KENMARE IN THEIR LIFE-DEVOTION TO THE CARE AND EDUCATION OF POOR CHILDREN.—MRS. S. C. HALL'S BEQUEST TO THE CONSUMPTION HOSPITAL.



AS was anticipated in Llewellynn Jewitt's letter from which I have just quoted, Mrs. S. C. Hall died on the 30th January, 1881. Twenty-four days earlier—on the 6th—had been celebrated the eighty-first anniversary of her birthday, when she had welcomed and entertained a great number of friends at Devon Lodge, East Moulsey, singing for them, and passing the day in her usual health and spirits. It had been the custom of her husband for many years to write a letter to her on her birthday, and he did so on this occasion, sending it into her room before she had risen. And this is it, although it was not then intended ever to be printed :

"This is the 6th January, 1881. Surely, surely, I may thank God for the blessing He gave to me, and to hundreds of thousands, eighty-one years ago ; and bless the memory of your dear mother, on whose portrait I look while I write.

"It was indeed a vast incalculable blessing God gave me fifty-six years ago. Gratitude from me to Him has been increasing year by year, and day by day, since the ever-memorable day I saw you first. You have been to me a guide, a counsellor, a comforter, a companion, a friend, a wife, from that day to this ; ever true, faithful, fond, devoted ; my helper in many ways, my encourager and stimulator in all that was right ; the same consoler in sunshine and in storm ; lessening every trouble ; augmenting every pleasure. Wisely upright yourself, you have been mainly instrumental in making me wisely upright. I should have shrunk from wrongdoing if from no better motive than that of dread to sink in your good opinion ; you have given me a far better motive—that which arises from faith in the Redeemer, and faith and trust in God.

"Well I know we shall be together—inseparable—for ever and ever ! that you will be to me in Heaven what you have been to me on earth.

"God bless you, my soul's darling: the love of my youth, the love of my age: more beautiful in my sight to-day than you were fifty-six years ago. Such adoration as I may rightly render to a fellow-mortal who will be immortal, I render to you: praying God to bless us both: blessing me in blessing you, and blessing you in blessing me."

On the 30th of that same month this much-loved, talented, and ever-famous Anna Maria Hall, lay upon her death-bed. At first her sickness was so slight that there was no expectation of her departure; but the symptoms of peaceful passing away increased, and then the news of her danger was sent to Llewellynn Jewitt. Towards the last her husband was leaning over her, and said "Darling, do you know me?" She nodded, and he said, "Then say 'Darling.'" She then raised her hand, placed it on his shoulder, said the word "Darling," breathed twice into his kissing lips, and passed away. Her husband says: "It was on the Sabbath day, *'the day of rest.'*"

She was interred in the churchyard at Addlestone, in Surrey, on the 5th February—at Addlestone, where they had spent the happiest years of their lives, and where may be heard the night-long sweet chorus of the nightingales. Her coffin was of oak, grown in her native Bannow, the scene of her Irish "Sketches." It was made from an old chest brought by her mother and herself to England in 1815, and was so made in accordance with her expressed wish. In 1855 she had built a school at Addlestone, and now, at her grave, the little children sang a hymn. The wreaths and crosses were very numerous, including a chaplet from her Majesty, who was represented at the grave by Sir Theodore Martin, her special messenger of gracious condolence to the venerable mourner. All these lovely flowers, when the coffin had been lowered into the grave—"a grave which was not theirs," as the stricken mourner said—he had carried into the children's schoolroom, "to give a little more healthful joy before their natural death."

Nearly every newspaper in Christendom made some mention of the death of Anna Maria Hall, and the illustrated journals gave portraits of her. The large engraving of her in *The Queen*, February 12th, 1881, is very correct.

Ever since the departure of his wife there have been two birthdays of hers celebrated in the household of Samuel Carter Hall—one on the 6th and one on the 30th January.

After the funeral he became quite prostrate, and it was thought he would rapidly follow her. He was confined to his bed for many days; but even there he had a contrivance for writing while pillowed up, and I received from him the following, written largely and in lead-pencil: it was in reply to my enquiry about his wife's age, respecting which there were different reports in the obituary notices.

"Devon Lodge, East Moulsey, Surrey, February 22nd, 1881. Dear Mr. Goss,—I thank you warmly for your touching and ——— letter.

"My beloved is in Heaven: but she is none the less by my side.

"If another good woman is gone from earth, there is another saint added to the hierarchy of Heaven.

"She has heard the words of her Lord and Master, in whom she trusted—'Good and faithful servant.'

"I pray that I, too, may hear them—and soon.

"She was born in Dublin in 1800—the year of my birth : but almost immediately was taken to Bannow—the scene of all her early Irish 'Sketches.'

"I send you a paragraph from a Waterford paper.

"I should like to send a card and a photo. to 'Penelope.'

"I cannot now write you a long letter : for I am sadly prostrated : yet there is much I should like to say to you. Ever truly and gratefully yours, S. C. HALL."

He gradually rallied from that prostration, and has since done a great amount of good work, both literary and philanthropic.

"Yes ; his activity for good continues to this day. I know it from constant intercourse with him. He not only continues to write with as much vigour and genius as ever—though not so profusely as of old—but he is constantly seeking by every other means in his power to benefit his fellow-creatures. Like Llewellynn Jewitt in so many respects, he is also like him in that being a strict Protestant he extends his love and his help to people of all faiths who may be in need, with equal earnestness. There is a Catholic institution in Kenmare, County Kerry, called the "Convent of Poor Clares," which numbers him among its very best friends, and has done so for many years. He is not only constantly sending help to the "Ladies of Kenmare" in their holy work, from his own means, but constantly seeks to enlist the sympathy of his friends on their behalf. In one of his letters to me he says, "It is really, as I have told you more than once, a joy to me to do this good work." And in another, "I have been doing it for the last ten or twelve years : it is, as I have said, my hobby : the knowledge that I have helped so many who need help makes me sleep well : and it keeps my guardian angels about me. I have more than once told the Ladies if they have pleasure in receiving I have greater pleasure in giving. Truly it is so. Bear in mind that they can turn anything to account—remnants of any sort, to make frocks for the little girls. No matter how near to a 'scrap' it may be, it will be welcome. Any help your daughters may give me I shall be grateful for. For, although I spend thus a great deal of my own, many of my friends give me generous help. Yet I am very far from being a Roman Catholic."

And the following is one of the printed appeals which he issues to his friends, enclosing a printed copy in most of his letters year after year :

"THE CONVENT OF POOR CLARES AT KENMARE, County Kerry, is a graceful structure (designed and built by the famous ecclesiastical architect, Pugin), situate amid scenery that ranks among the most perfect in Ireland, midway between Killarney and Glengariffe, in the

midst of mountains, and at the head of a bay second to none in these kingdoms.—The district is fertile of natural wealth—but the populous town, lacking capital, is miserably poor.

“The convent consists of twenty-five ladies—ladies in the higher, as well as in the ordinary, sense of the term. They are not isolated and immured Nuns. They are “POOR CLARES,” who dedicate their lives to the duty of rearing and educating children, acting on the Divine precept—‘Suffer the little children to come unto Me : for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.’ But the children are not only taught—they are partly fed and partly clad ; were it otherwise, their education would be almost impossible, for many of the little ones would be compelled to go hungry, and almost naked to their lessons.

“It is a beautiful sight—one that cannot fail to give delight to any ‘loving soul’—to see, as I saw, four hundred little ones arming in the Convent to fight the fight of life ; four hundred, from infancy to girlhood, and boyhood, clean, comfortably clothed, well mannered, cheerful in their looks and happy in their voices ; and to know how much of their future, and the future of many who will more or less depend upon them, is the result of teachings, in several ways, they receive in the CONVENT OF POOR CLARES.

“It was a scene I cannot sufficiently well describe : a scene of hopeful joy : of intense delight, indeed. I must leave it to the fancy of the friends I address—while asking them to help me that I may help these ‘little ones.’

“But I hope this note may fall into the hands of tourists, who, passing through Kenmare, will rest for an hour there and visit the Convent, perhaps to see and judge if my view is a right one, but certainly to buy some of the beautiful Lace there made by the ladies and children.

“Ah ! when the Shepherd gathers to the fold  
The lambs that might have perished—Seraph bands—  
And the recording Angel shall be told  
‘WE RESCUED THESE BY AID OF HELPING HANDS !’  
What bliss to know the saints in glory there  
Were once the ‘Little CHILDREN’ of KENMARE !”

“[I will only add—the evil and unhappy taint of hatred to England, the mournful teaching that Ireland can benefit by injuring England—though rife not far off—has not infected KENMARE.]

“I have twice visited the convent during the last ten years, and have annually sent to the ladies such contributions, of all sorts and kinds, as are useful to them ; to quote a trite saying, ‘the smallest contribution is acceptable,’ and will surely be valued and well used—assisting them in carrying out the work they undertake to do for God and the little ones He has committed to their charge.

“Moreover, I have thus shown them how thoroughly an English Protestant can be in harmony with them in their holy work.

“Dear English friends, I pray you ‘do likewise.’”

To the “annually sent” might now be added “and frequently send.” This very day on which I am writing this page—April 16th,



1887—I have received a letter from him, part of which is an expression of joy at the receipt of a contribution of things from some friend for Kenmare: “Just received, Friday, 15th, mid-day, the big barrel full. . . . But the delightful stuff of very many kinds, to make dresses, etc., etc., for the little children of Kenmare. Yes! they are indeed lucky, and may well pray that I may live. I shall send the package so that it may be opened on my birthday—the 9th of May—88th birthday. In going through the things I have had almost as great a treat as they will have. Thank God, thank God, who makes me useful in my old age.”

I do not at all know the extent of the aid he renders to the excellent self-sacrificing Ladies of Kenmare, but I often see the letters from the Lady Abbess to him, and I judge from her expressions of gratitude that his services must be great and frequent. These are some of them: “You certainly have given us a wonderful variety of very valuable things. . . . There are the making of real good frocks for the little ones, and indeed they wanted them much. You will get many a prayer and good wish from many, both children and parents. The sisters and I, dearest friend, feel so very very grateful for your affectionate care of us; as almost every post testifies. The ‘parcel’ was most valuable, and will come in so usefully for making up things for tourists. . . . The toys are delightful, and, indeed, so is everything. Sister M. Raphael took the Macramé twine, with which she is so pleased. It is just what she wanted for her lace class. And I took the box, which I just wanted too, for a young girl going into the world.” Then another: “And now I must tell you of the happy evening we had over the contents of the three barrels. . . . Such a quantity of really useful articles, every one of them of value.” Reference is then made to some articles, “which I am delighted to have as presents for some of my little friends—our doctor’s little children, our agent’s, and many other of our Protestant and Catholic neighbours, who will prize them much; and it is only from you that I ever receive things I can make presents of to those who are such charming neighbours and kind friends. . . . I should never have done if I went through the details of all; or if I wrote the numerous messages and loving words of the sisters and children for you, dearest Mr. Hall, our truest and best of friends. I will say with reverence, may God bless and reward you, as He assuredly will, for all your charity and goodness.” Here is another: “Thank God there is little sign of decay about you, and if prayer and gratitude and loving feeling can keep you vigorous and strong, they are not wanting to you. I bless and thank God boycotting and all else of the kind is unknown amongst our poor people here. Pray Him that it may be ever so. We are all very well, and *very busy*, and very happy, working away with our little ones.”

Then here is a beautiful expression of Irish Catholic loyalty to United Kingdom rule, from the Lady Abbess: “And, now, how can I thank you for, or tell you how proud you have made us, and how deeply we prize and treasure, the Bust of our beloved Queen? I

shall have her dear Majesty placed on a very pretty bracket you sent us some time ago, and she will look lovely in the room through which the tourists pass in summer. I look upon it as one of our greatest treasures. Thank God you are so well."

Is there nothing to touch the heart of the English Protestant in such love and thankfulness, and such loyalty as this, in an exalted lady and her twenty-four sisters, who call themselves her children, all with hearts of angels of mercy?—who undertake the guiding of the young lives, and the influencing of the characters of many thousands of Irish Catholic boys and girls, by the beauty of their own uprightness and their loving kindness, as well as by their teaching, without any attempt to proselyte Protestants;—boys and girls, be it remembered, who will become the fathers and mothers of future Ireland. Is it not touchingly suggestive of the work that is being done, where the good Abbess says: "And I took the box, which I just wanted too, for a young girl going into the world"?—Going into the world from that Convent of Poor Clares, with the never-to-be-lost recollection in after life, that a Protestant Englishman was one of the best friends and comforters of the poor little Irish children, of which she was one; and with a heart loyal to England and to the Queen, through the teaching of these Ladies of Kenmare. I have known the reply to the appeal to be, "I belong to the Church of England, and have no sympathy with the work of the Ladies of Kenmare." Those who have no sympathy with the work of these holy women, do not belong to the Church at all, whatever Church they claim! Then let us go from sympathy or no sympathy—poor dry chip!—to the question of policy. It would pay Englishmen to support institutions like this in all the worst parts of Ireland; pay them better to do it themselves than to leave it to the Irish and Catholics themselves to do it. And the more the children of the worst of the Irish "don't deserve it"—if that be an objection—the more wisdom there would be in letting them have it—this kindness and teaching. It would be of more real value than unconquerable British regiments in the long run, and far less costly.

The mention of that box, "for a young girl going into the world," reminds me to quote from an interesting letter which is before me, from the distinguished widow of the late Morgan John O'Connell, M.P., nephew of the "Liberator," and M.P. for Kerry from 1835 to 1852. It is to Mr. S. C. Hall: "Longfield, Cashel, Feb. 4th, 1886. Dear Mr. Hall,— . . . The Rev. Mother of Kenmare sent the bust to our place in Clare, whence it came here after many delays. She mentioned to me your great and persistent kindness to her admirable institution. She feels deeply grateful to you. You cannot think what nice, tidy servants these nuns send out. . . . About eight years before I was born, you and your charming wife spent a happy day with my parents at Clonmel, long before my father bought this place," etc.

And this reminds me of another great and pleasant fact to be kept in view in connection with the noble self-sacrifice of these ladies. The evil attendant on some charities is that they tend to further pauperise, and render more sluggish, the already sluggish recipients. In this

case it is just the contrary. The little children are rescued from indolence, rags, dirt, and ignorance, and are taught cleanliness and neatness, and are trained to habits of industry, and are sent "into the world" with bread-winning power; and we have this distinguished lady's testimony that, as to the domestic service contingent, "You cannot think what nice, tidy servants these nuns send out." And they are sent out with hearts *so* loyal and thankful; for when an Irish heart is so, it is so indeed.

Better material this for our money, surely, and so much more conveniently at home—where charity should begin—than the blacks of Central Africa! Let us send out there when we have made Catholic Ireland happy, *not by yielding to its savage element*, but by humanising it with kindness and *firmness of rule*, the latter so inevitably necessary in dealing with the savage element everywhere, and as much so among the English as the Irish.

Let the poor deluded Irish remember that this great empire is not the empire of Great Britain alone; but it is the empire of Great Britain *and* IRELAND—governed equally by both in proportion to their voting constituencies; and the honours of which rule are very largely and deservedly enjoyed by Ireland's brilliant sons. And let us prove to the poor and deluded that the people of England really love their fellow rulers—the people of Ireland—who are, unhappily, trained to hate them in return. This may be done.

I love to write all this in Llewellynn Jewitt's book, because he thought and felt in these matters exactly as I and Samuel Carter Hall think and feel, and exactly as is so beautifully expressed by the latter in the following verses:

"Yes! honoured sisters of another faith!  
 Though different paths we tread to reach the goal,  
 Both hear—to answer—what the Master saith,  
 The passport—words addressed to every soul.  
 If we gain Heaven, His Angels will not say,  
 'Go back; and find to Heaven a better way.'

I shall not ask in vain, of any creed,  
 To give you help—to aid the work you do:  
 You plant in sterile soil the fertile seed,  
 To grow for Earth, and for Hereafter too;  
 'Tis not for prayer and praise alone you live—  
 Your sacrifice is self! *your* ALL you give!

Sisters! God trusts to you His holiest trust:  
 To train up children for Him is your work,  
 Guarding from evil—soul-corroding rust,  
 Where foes assail, or hidden dangers lurk;  
 Sending them forth to fight THE FIGHT OF LIFE,  
 Well-taught: well-armed: to conquer in the strife.

Ah! when the Shepherd gathers to the fold  
 The lambs that might have perished—Seraph bands—  
 And the recording Angel shall be told  
 'WE RESCUED THESE BY AID OF HELPING HANDS!'  
 What bliss to know the saints in glory there  
 Were once the LITTLE CHILDREN of Kenmare."

And here is a piece of equally powerful prose by the same writer, which I have found, since copying out the above, among a heap of valuable manuscripts lately presented to me by him :

"Our Lord does not say Love your neighbour provided he be of your faith. He was a Samaritan who healed the wounds of the Jew who had fallen among thieves.

'He prayeth best  
Who loveth best  
All things both great and small.'

"How readily I might quote passages from the New Testament to show that St. Peter was right when he said of Cornelius—a gentile—'A just man and one that feared God, . . . God being no respecter of persons : but in every nation he that feareth Him and worketh righteousness, is accepted with Him.'

"What the rage for 'converting' on either side means, I cannot comprehend. Protestant and Catholic, when they pass through the Golden Gate, will wonder, as I do now, at the weakness of the barrier that divided them while on earth, and perceive how greatly their earth-usefulness might have been increased by their loving and imitating the example of their Divine Master. The 'all who are weary and are heavy laden' are not only those who walk in one particular road to reach the footstool of the Lord God of Mercy and of Love.

"Of those who so read Christ I will say, Their Christianity is Christianity without the Bible!

"What these labourers at 'Conversion' mean can only be this—that Heaven is so thinly populated as must result from only Roman Catholics meeting Roman Catholics there; or, Protestants only worship there with those to whom have been given the boons of the Reformation. The Peace and Goodwill on Earth cannot have accompanied either into Heaven!

"If it be not so there must be perpetual wrangling over modes of faith by the graceless bigots on either side, who try to monopolise the blessings bestowed there and here by the Trinity in Unity!"

In this chapter, which records the death of Mrs. S. C. Hall, the following letter will be fittingly included. It will completely speak for itself:—

"Hospital for Consumption, London, S.W., February 8th, 1884.  
Dear Mr. Hall,—I am directed by the Committee of Management cordially to thank you for your recent obliging letter, which was read at their meeting yesterday, and I am desired to inform you that they most gratefully accept the Portrait of her Majesty, and of the late Prince Consort, which were presented by the Queen to Mrs. S. C. Hall, and are now, in pursuance of her wish, so kindly forwarded by you.

"The Committee receive with especial gratification these portraits, as being those of the gracious Sovereign who is the Patron of this Charity; and of the lamented Prince who took a personal interest in it, and laid the first stone of the parent Hospital.

"And the Committee value these gifts no less highly as being interesting souvenirs of Mrs. S. C. Hall, and of yourself, to both of whom the Institution was so largely indebted in its earlier days for active sympathy and for much valuable help.

"The Committee propose to place the large photograph of her Majesty (with the autograph letter of the Queen to Mrs. Hall), in the ward named in perpetuity after Mrs. S. C. Hall; and to hang the lithograph portraits of the Queen and Prince Albert in the "Jenny Lind" gallery—one on each side of the entrance to the "Hall Ward"—as being, in their opinion, the most appropriate positions. I am, dear Mr. Hall, your very faithful and obliged servant, HENRY DOBBIN, Secty."





## CHAPTER XXXVI.

ALICE KING AND ANNA MARIA HALL.—LONDON SOCIETY SEVENTY YEARS AGO.—MRS. HALL'S GIRLHOOD.—HER DRAWING ROOMS.—LÆTITIA ELIZABETH LONDON.—CHARLES LAMB AND SAMUEL COLERIDGE.—EDWARD IRVING.—WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.—MRS. HENRY WOOD.—A VALE OF TEARS.—LADIES' CAPS.—A LOVE-LETTER.—THE MARRIAGE AND DEATH OF "L. E. L."—CHARLES DICKENS AND SAMUEL CARTER HALL.



WHILE this book is still open for interpolations here and there, because not yet in the hands of the printers—although its omega is already reached—a beautiful notice of the life of Mrs. S. C. Hall has appeared in *The Argosy*, from the pen of that sweet and powerful writer, blind Alice King. She says :

"A beautiful life is never fairer and nobler than when we see it lived bravely and fully to two ends at once, doing a double set of duties, making radiant two separate paths through God's world, scattering perfume in different directions at the same moment.

"Such a twofold life, look at it which side we may, is the life of Anna Maria Hall. Her household story is one long strain that tells of woman's simplest and minutest home duties faithfully and thoroughly done ; her public story tells of a gifted writer of the nineteenth century. It is this mingling of the domestic woman and the woman of talent into a lofty and graceful whole, that makes us love to sketch her portrait and linger lovingly and reverently over every feature in it."

After describing the childhood and girlhood of Anna Maria Fielding spent in her Irish home, this talented authoress continues :

"At sixteen Miss Fielding left Ireland and came to London, which, from this time forward, became her chief place of residence. We can fancy what an entirely new chapter of her life was now begun ; what a great and strange change of experiences it was, as the girl, with her airy step and laughing eyes, went from her Irish country home into the midst of the London of that day.

"There were the fine ladies rouging and curtsying and striving to make their skirts narrower and narrower and their waists shorter and shorter ; there were soldiers with laurels from Waterloo fresh on their brows ; there were the great talkers of society beginning to glide from the stately conversation of the eighteenth century, with all its full flow

and majesty, into the lighter and freer strain of a later day ; there were the men of letters discussing the Waverley Novels, and the secret of their authorship ; there was the mimic world of the theatres—a world, in truth, in itself, at that period, when such a radiancy of genius shone on the English stage. And into the midst of all this went smiling and chattering, and keenly observing, the young maiden, who hitherto had known no other phase of life than that of her western country home.

“For eight years Anna Maria Fielding went on ripening and mellowing, until, at the age of twenty-four, she had bloomed into the sweet plant of womanhood : a plant bearing, like the orange tree, flower and fruit at once—flowers of grace and charm, fruit of intellectual power. It was high time now for the future author of so many heroines to find a hero to her mind ; and accordingly he came, just at this period, on the scene in the person of a young barrister, Mr. Samuel Carter Hall. Minds of like cultivation, hearts that echoed each other in their throbs of earnest sympathy for all things that are sad and sorrowful upon earth, as well as with all that is high and pure, soon made a close intimacy spring up between Mr. S. C. Hall and Miss Fielding ; an intimacy which ripened into love ; and in 1824 the young Irish lady became the English barrister’s wife, and was henceforth known as Mrs. S. C. Hall. . . .

“In 1825 they brought out an elegant volume called *The Amulet* ; and other products of their joint talent and industry went on in bright and swift procession till death dissolved the true, brave partnership. The periodical which, perhaps, is most closely belonging to their name, is the *Art Journal* ; but there are legions besides, of which our limited space does not allow us to speak. . . .

“Mrs. S. C. Hall’s drawing-room was one of those favoured rooms where a spell of ease and freedom seems always to be at work ; drawing everyone that enters under its beneficent influence, and yet harmonising all into one blended whole, whatever widely differing elements may be there.

“In that drawing-room where this gracious, kindly magic worked ; a magic which was, in truth, simply the pervading influence of her who reigned there ; men and women always looked their best, and talked their best, and were, in short their very best selves. In that drawing-room many a wide scheme of charity was originated or furthered and strengthened. In that drawing-room met all the wit and genius which, through more than fifty years, made the world laugh and weep, and sent streams of amusement and instruction flowing hither and thither in the land.

“What a long list of names rises to the lips, springs up under the pen, as we think of that drawing-room ! What a crowd of figures come down from their niches in England’s pantheon, and gather round the well-loved form and genial face of her who was mistress there ! We cannot help stopping to gaze for a moment at the throng.

“Whose is that bright, handsome woman’s face, so full of fire and

of fresh young power, which, just at this instant, is close to the mistress of the house, and the red lips whisper some saucy criticism on an unfortunate cap or dress hard by? What petulant grace there is in every movement of the delicate neck, what joyous freedom in the clear, bell-like laugh! Who that watches her can guess that hers is to be a dark, tragical story; that a sad mystery will envelope the fate of her who the world knows already so well as 'L. E. L.'

"Here are two men with faces that attract our notice. How thoughts and fancies are coming and going in their eyes and on their lips. But what strikes us yet more than their looks, is the flow of words that is passing, and repassing, swirling, surging, and eddying between them. 'How they do talk,' we can't help murmuring beneath our breath; and yet we feel that the expression is just a trifle disrespectful when we hear the crowd of subjects, some deep, some feather-light, which are discussed in rapid succession. We listen until our poor brains are in a very whirl of confusion. But the wondrous pair are talking still as vigorously and exhaustively as if they had only just begun. Then we turn away in hopeless despair, but do not so much marvel at our own slowness of wit when we hear that we have been listening to Charles Lamb and Samuel Coleridge.

"Standing in yonder window is one in a clerical dress. 'How handsome he is!' is our first exclamation, but an instant after we cry out, 'He actually squints.'

"Yet, squint or no squint, how the ladies are crowding round him, hanging on his words, struggling to win each one at least a recognising smile. He is a saint; a hero now; the god of the idolatry of thousands; but before many years have gone by, the name of Edward Irving will be uttered with sometimes mocking, sometimes pitying significance in tone and glance.

"Now we have leapt lightly with fancy's help over several years, and we are looking again into that drawing-room, which is as full as ever. With what a mixture of homage and queenliness the mistress of the house is receiving that grand old man, with the eyes in which gentleness and majesty sit enthroned in so wondrous and so fair a union: a union such as only genius can make: what calm strength there is on that brow, what tenderness in this mouth! Who would not long to draw near and hear the voice of William Wordsworth?

"Again years have sped by; many years; and that drawing-room is still full, and still resounding with the hum of many voices. And now we need no more the spell of fancy, for memory has taken her place. At the side of Mrs. S. C. Hall, where poor L. E. L. stood so long ago, is another face, which bears a threefold stamp, for it has been sealed by beauty, and intellect, and soul. Her gentle voice is music itself. She of whose fair inner self that strangely beautiful face is the true outward and visible sign is with us still. Long may she shine for us. Long may her name be a household word spoken in English homes—the authoress of 'East Lynne.'

"But we have no further space to dwell on those who are grouped



in so vast and brilliant a company around the portrait of Mrs. S. C. Hall. We have only room to give one or two more touches to her own picture before we close.

"Mrs. S. C. Hall's active, warm, Christian sympathy; a sympathy which was awake to every call from suffering, from dreary want, from the darkest corners of God's earth; forms one of the most marked and most beautiful traits in her character. If any grand work of love and mercy was suggested, and the indolent and self-absorbed shook their heads, saying, 'It never can, it never will be done,' Mrs. S. C. Hall's clear head and broad genial heart were sure to come to the front, and turn the vague project into reality. If any established charity began to languish, the resolute energy of Mrs. S. C. Hall, if her interest in the matter could be aroused, was certain to put fresh life into it. 'It is really too much trouble,' that phrase which is so frequently in the mouths of Young England reclining in arm-chairs and talking about 'the æsthetical,' was never heard from her lips.

"The generous liberality of Mrs. S. C. Hall's nature was often displayed in yet another way, when with ready kindness she spoke words of kindness to young travellers beginning to tread the path of literature. Many such are there who, like the author of this paper herself, can remember the friendly grasp of the dear warm hand, the tones of the quiet voice, speaking some sentence of cheering praise that gave the spirit to go on just at the moment when it was needed.

"Mrs. S. C. Hall enjoyed tokens of royal favour, both in a pension of £100 a year which was settled upon her, and in a present from the Queen of portraits of herself and the Prince Consort. . . .

"Honoured to the last, loved to the last, working to the last, Mrs. S. C. Hall lived on to the age of eighty-one. Then, after but a short illness, she passed into her home above.—ALICE KING."

Between the writing of the above and its publication, "the authoress of 'East Lynne'"—Mrs. Henry Wood—the woman of "beauty, and intellect, and soul," a beauty which the memoirist never saw by means of physical light, yet knew so well by some mysterious intuition—has also passed away. It is well to note and ponder on this inexorably ever-moving life-procession—friends and acquaintance ever streaming onward across the visible stage of life, and passing one after another behind the curtain of the invisible goal, filling our hearts with such mourning that the scene of life is, after all, more truly than we are sometimes disposed to admit—a vale of tears.

I can well realize these pictures drawn by the sweet blind authoress, Miss Alice King; especially that of Lætitia Elizabeth Landon, whose portrait, beautifully executed in water-colours, hangs in my room. There is the bright, handsome face, expressing fresh young power—"crescent" strength I think Ruskin has called it—with the long, delicate, graceful neck. She might, in this her picture, be in the very act of conceiving that "saucy criticism on an unfortunate cap or dress hard by," for, curiously enough, her face is turned towards the portrait which hangs next, being that of Mary Russell Mitford, who is

represented wearing a cap. And next to that is the picture of another great contemporary, Felicia Hemans, whose beautiful head is crowned only with her own glorious hair. These three portraits in water-colours, of rare excellence, of the three greatest women of their age, were the gift to me of Samuel Carter Hall, and near them are piled the books which these wonderful ladies each wrote, and the biographies which were written of them. Mary Russell Mitford figured also in that drawing-room described by Alice King. And Mrs. Hemans was also the friend of Mr. and Mrs. Hall. It is curious what an important thing, and to what varied criticism liable, is the ladies' cap; and how heroes, as well as heroines such as those in view, get mixed up in the business of ladies' caps. Many a Hercules has tenderly carried a cap from one lady to another, to be witness, in reward, of awakened raptures on its account. In the following letter will be found reference to a by no means "unfortunate" cap. I found it among a host of valuable letters written by various distinguished people to Mrs. S. C. Hall, and preserved by her. I have permission from her husband to preserve or destroy, according to my judgment, and I think this may be preserved, although it is a love-letter written by him while away on a journey, to the heroine of this beautiful article by Alice King:

"The Peacock, Rowsley, nine o'clock, Tuesday morning.

"DEAREST,—After a long sleep I feel very strong: the day at Leicester tired me somewhat—but I arrived here at eight, went to bed at nine, and slept well, in spite of the spitting and swearing of the railway. . . .

"I am now ready for Jewitt—expecting him about ten, when we shall drive to Chatsworth.

"I strolled in the garden last evening, and thought of you and our new home—praying God to bless you and it. . . .

"They much want me to give a lecture at Leicester; it is possible I may do so in November.

"I found the several parties there very pleasant and kindly. . . .

"I shall post this, although probably I shall write you from the Inn at Chatsworth.

"I shall, as you know, be this evening at Jewitt's.

"Ever with prayers that God may bless, aid, and protect you; ever your devoted husband and friend, S. C. HALL.

## 2

"Mrs. Jewitt was in raptures with the cap.

"To-day I shall wait for your letter, and then drive to places in the neighbourhood of Chatsworth.

"I shall leave this on Friday morning, going direct through to Manchester; I am only two hours from it here. . . .

"Need I tell you, dearest, how much I want you by my side! But, please God, my rambles will soon be over, and I shall join you. . . .

"Dear love to you, dearest, and with prayer always that God will bless you and protect you. Ever your devoted husband and friend, S. C. HALL."

"Write to me here at Winster, Matlock Bath, Derbyshire, to-morrow and on Thursday."

This was always the style of his love-letters to his aged wife—his Khadijah—when he happened to be away from her on a journey.

The "dark tragical story" of the close of the life of "L. E. L." is known to many, but not to all. I will give it briefly from Mr. Hall's "Book of Memories":

"The last time I saw L. E. L. was in Upper Berkeley Street, Connaught Square, on the 27th June, 1838, soon after her marriage, when she was on the eve of her fatal voyage. A farewell party was given to some of her friends by Mrs. Sheddon, with whom she then boarded.

When the proper time arrived there was a whisper round the table, and, as I was the oldest of her friends present, it fell to my lot to propose her health. I did so with the warmth I felt. The 'chances' were that we should never meet again; and I considered myself free to speak of her in terms such as could not but have gratified any husband except the husband she had chosen. I referred to her as one of my wife's most valued friends, during many years of closest personal intimacy, and sought to convey to McLean's mind, and the minds of her other friends, the high respect, as well as affection, with which we regarded her. There were some at the table who shed tears while I spoke. The reader may imagine the chill which came over that party when McLean had risen to 'return thanks.' He merely said, 'If Mrs. McLean has as many friends as Mr. Hall says she has, I only wonder they allow her to leave them.' That was all; it was more than a chill—it was a blight. A gloomy foreboding as to the future of that doomed woman came to all the guests, as, one by one, they rose and departed, with a brief and mournful farewell. Probably no one of them ever saw her again.

"They sailed for Africa on the 5th of July, 1838. On the 15th of August she landed, and on the 15th of October she was dead!—dying, according to a coroner's jury, 'of having incautiously taken a dose of prussic acid.' Alas! it is a sad sad story—one that makes my heart ache as I write. It was a terrible close to a most unhappy life.

"The very morning of her death, in a letter to a friend, she wrote: 'The solitude, except an occasional dinner, is absolute. From seven in the morning till seven in the evening, when we dine, I never see Mr. McLean, and rarely any one else.' Writing previously she said: 'There are eleven or twelve chambers here, empty, I am told, yet Mr. McLean refuses to let me have one of them for my use. He expects me to cook, wash, and iron; in short, to do the work of a servant. He says he will never cease correcting me until he has broken my spirit, and complains of my temper, which you know was never, even under heavy trials, bad.'

"She was buried, on the evening of her death, in the courtyard of the Castle. The grave was dug by torchlight; and there stood beside it a few 'mourners' wrapped in cloaks, shelters from 'a pitiless torrent

of rain.<sup>2</sup> Guided by 'a flickering light,' the busy workmen hurried through their work; the mourners hastened away; one 'silent watcher'—it was not her husband—waited till the grave was covered in, and all that was mortal of her whose life was indeed a grief from the cradle to the grave was 'put out of sight.'

"Let the name she bore so brief a time be forgotten; let her be known in the literary history of her country only as Lætitia Elizabeth Landon; and let the 'small white tablet inserted in the Castle wall' at Cape Coast be the only record of the name 'McLean.'"

Another of the noble figures of England's Pantheon—that legion of honour which used to pour in and out of that drawing-room—is recalled to my mind by the following two letters which I have just come across in one of the bundles sent to me by Samuel Carter Hall. The year is not given; it is to Mr. Hall:

"The Hill, Sketty, Swansea, September 13th. My dear Sir,—You have probably forgotten me and my name—but about 1840, 41, 42, I visited not very infrequently at your house, thro' the introduction of an Irish fellow-student of mine—Walsh. I hardly think he is now alive, and I never ascertained whether he rose to eminence in his profession. It was in your drawing-rooms only that I ever conversed with Dickens. I am struck by the fact previously unknown to me, that you once lived in our village of Sketty. Possibly you remember 'Hill House,' where I now reside. I hope you are pretty well, though I know you reckon many years. I am the Stipendiary Magistrate for Swansea. I am, my dear Sir, yours very truly, J. C. F.

"P.S.—Your Cambrian letter has produced this one." The second letter introduces more of those drawing-room figures:

"The Hill, near Swansea, September 19th. My dear Sir,—You are very kind to take the trouble to send me such a long and interesting answer to my little note. I feel pretty sure now that the Walsh who was a pupil of Charles Hennell, with me, was the man you mention as having subsequently risen to be Irish Master of the Rolls. It was he who persuaded me to go with him to the 'George and Blue Boar,' and see the veritable Squeers—that is, Shaw of Greta Bridge, the Yorkshire schoolmaster.

"At your house I remember dancing with Mrs. Dickens, Helen Faucit, and other ladies.

"I wonder whether the Oystermouth Ghost is still living and acting. I often drive to the village and will enquire, and if he is at work I must really see him, for I never yet did see one.

"The adder incident is very curious—the creature lying round the doll's neck.

"I have seen one Sketty adder in my own hilly garden.

"I am really writing at the Pump House, Llandrindod Wells, but I date from my normal address.

"I should be surprised if you did remember me. I was called to the Bar in 1840, and went the Midland Circuit, and am now the Stipendiary Magistrate for Swansea, and Deputy Chairman of the Glamorganshire Quarter Sessions.

"I hope you are better for the visit to Bath. *These* waters and the air are wonderful agents—I mean Llandrindod.

"I am, yours faithfully, J. C. F."

This ought to be of some service to Llandrindod Wells, as well as to those who take the hint and go there.

John Forster mentions in his "Life of Charles Dickens" that it was at Dickens' table he met Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall.

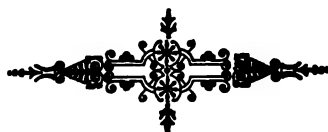
There is another letter I must introduce here in consequence of Alice King's mention of Samuel Coleridge's presence in that drawing-room. It is from his grandson. Here again the year is omitted, but it was 1886 :

"Fieldside, Weybridge, July 22nd. My dear Mr. Hall,—Very many thanks for your delightful and useful book. I have already read much of it. I shall look forward with pleasure to the honour of a visit from you. The twins are to be christened at Weybridge Church, at five p.m. on Saturday next. Is it impossible for you to be present? I am going to write and ask Dr. Hawkesly if it can be managed. I will write to you at Chertsey about your visit next week. I am sure that you need no introduction to anyone who retains the use of his senses. I will however take care that the Vicar of Chertsey knows about your being at Bromond's. I am, my dear Mr. Hall, your obliged and faithful ERNEST H. COLERIDGE.

"S. C. Hall, Esq. I shall value the photographs highly indeed."

On the back of this letter Mr. Hall has written within these few days, in a hand steadier and clearer than he generally wrote forty years ago :

"From Ernest Coleridge—the son of Derwent (the Rev.), and grandson of the Poet, Samuel Taylor Coleridge. I visited Ernest in July, 1886, to kiss and bless the Twins, early in that month born to him ; I did so—I who had known their great-grandfather."





## CHAPTER XXXVII.

MARY HOWITT.—HER LETTERS TO MR. HALL FROM MERAN AND FROM ROME.—ROME FILLED WITH PILGRIMAGES FROM ALL LANDS.—TOUCHING SCENES.—“ALAS FOR POOR IRELAND!”—RAJAH RAM-MOHUN ROY.—MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS.—CHARLES DICKENS AND THE “CAROL” ACCOUNTS.—DEATH AND BURIAL OF MARY HOWITT IN ROME.—“LITTLE STREAMS.”—“SEVEN DIALS.”—WOMAN’S RIGHTS.—“MARY—MARY DEAREST, BELIEVE ME.”



WHILE my dear and venerable friend, Samuel Carter Hall, is yet sorrowing at the temporary loss of the lady of “beauty, and intellect, and soul”—Mrs. Henry Wood—he is plunged into fresh mourning. Another great woman, another of the figures once so familiar in that drawing-room, has suddenly disappeared behind the curtain of the goal. Great names indeed, in English literary history, are those of William and Mary Howitt; and greatly were they beloved, not only by Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, but by Llewellynn Jewitt. The mortal remains of William Howitt have long rested in the Protestant Cemetery at Rome. And here is a recent letter from his aged widow, close upon her ninetieth year, anticipating a winter’s sojourn in the Eternal City:

“Meran, September 27th, 1887. My dear Mr. Hall,—My friend, Miss M——, gives me to understand that you think it long since you heard from me. Perhaps it is so, for I know it is very long since I heard from you. To show you, therefore, that I have no desire that our old family acquaintance should expire, I at once inform you that I am well—wonderfully well for my age, and that I am looking forward now, in the course of about a week, to make the journey to Rome, with my dear good companion, my daughter Margaret, and a young lady who resides with us, to reside there for the winter—as we did for so many years during my dear husband’s time. From all this you must not imagine that I am as active as in former years. No; I am a real old woman, who no longer walks about briskly. I go now nowhere far from my own house, excepting in a bath-chair; but I am, thanks to our dear and ever-merciful Lord, quite capable of quietly enjoying life, and receive so much kindness from my many friends that I know not how to be thankful enough to them, and to the Giver of all Good. So much for myself; and I hope, if you are kind

enough to write to me, you may be able to tell me the same of yourself—as regards your friends, of course you can—but I mean rather with reference to your health, which I trust remains as good as it used to be formerly. I find, however, that my memory fails sadly, principally as regards names and dates. My sight also fails considerably; and I do not hear nearly as quickly and clearly as formerly. So that I evidently am receiving my three warnings. However, all is right, and I wait the Divine call in patience, and without anxiety—very happy here, and very willing to remain—nay, glad to remain—so long as the good and kind Master permits it. Usually—indeed since we left England, we were in the habit of spending all our summers in a Tyrol village, about forty miles from here, where we became in fact almost as much at home as if we had lived there all our lives. The people became greatly attached to us, and we to them. We had the best part of a large old house there, and were very comfortable. My dear husband was very fond of the place. But three years ago our dear daughter Annie Watts died there; and there last summer I too was ill. We therefore determined this year not to return there, and have spent the whole of the summer here without any inconvenience—it being generally considered too hot—but we have not found it so. And now, as I have said, we are just about returning for the winter to Rome, where, since the death of my dear husband, we have not been. But we have many friends there, and feel towards it like returning home. Excuse this long letter, and, with kind regards from my daughter, I remain, dear Mr. Hall, with all the kindliness of old true friendship from yours very sincerely,  
MARY HOWITT.

“I think you really must be the oldest of my still living literary friends. Would it not be in '36 or '37 that we were first acquainted?”

And here is a later letter, the address on which is printed :

“38, Via Gregoriana, Roma, January 5th, 1888. Dear old friend—In going through and arranging the letters I have received since I have been in Rome, I naturally came upon the kind long letter which I had the pleasure of receiving from you here. This induces me at once to take up my pen and send you a cordial greeting, and the best and kindest good wishes of the seasons—both from my daughter and myself. Looking over your pleasant and kind letter I see you ask me to send you a line when we are settled in Rome, that you may write to me. In the deep interest and excitement of settling down here, in this most agreeable and home-like Rome, I forgot many little duties of friendship, I am afraid. Now I will atone if I can, and to you in the first place. If you are not too busy, write to me pretty soon, and let me know how you are, and what particularly claims your attention at this time. Many new ideas are starting, and many old ones are re-awakened—amongst others, Brahminism in various forms, and it has, I suppose, an intellectual following. A very learned, most intelligent and interesting Brahmin is here—a grandson of the Rammohun Roy, who some fifty years ago made such a sensation in England. And, perhaps, if he were in London,

he would be quite the fashion. Here, however, the thinking and religious part of the world are interested and absorbed by the Jubilee of the Holy Father, which is a wonderful event; even, in its wide-spreading influences, reaching to the very ends of the earth. For the last many weeks Rome has been filled with pilgrimages from all lands, composed of hundreds—even thousands—of all languages and all peoples. It is one of the most wonderful events of this age. Poor and rich, learned and unlearned, nobles and peasants, men and women, in the various costumes of their nationalities, the countenances of all earnest, grave, intense; one sentiment, that of heart-felt religion, stamped upon all. How touching and impressive this is, no one who does not witness it can imagine. A large Spanish pilgrimage is here now, I believe, or may be just gone. To-morrow one of twenty thousand—all Italians, from all parts of Italy—will be received by the Pope; and on the ninth of this month one arrives from England, in which we shall welcome many of our friends. Don't let my telling you all this be unpleasant to you. I tell you it simply as one of the remarkable features of the present time, and as we are in Rome we naturally see something of it. I am, I am thankful to tell you, in good health, though I naturally have to be careful to avoid cold and over-exertion. I am able to go out but very little, and cannot walk any distance at all. But I take interest in all that goes forward, and we are happy in having many most kind and intelligent friends. So that my life here is very agreeable. If you are kind enough to write to me, let us know, please, how you are and what particularly interests you at this time. I have sent you nothing for your little Irish Sisters of the Poor, simply because we—my daughter and I—who are not rich, as you, dear old friend, know, find here, even more than we did at Meran, many demands upon our little private charity fund. But I bless you for your unwearying care for that Irish Charity. Alas for poor old Ireland! when will a brighter day come for her? Margaret unites with me in kindest regards and good wishes. May the blessing of the dear Lord, in its fullest, largest sense be yours, kind old friend! I desire nothing beyond this—either for my friends or for myself.—Yours very sincerely, MARY HOWITT."

I have often expressed the opinion that the day is not far distant when there will be a strong revival of religious feeling and reverence for the Romish Church, in Italy and other countries where indifference and infidelity have gained ground during this century; and that this will come, not only in the usual course of oscillation from one extreme to another, so general in human affairs, tastes, and fashions; but as a result of the dissociation of the Papacy from a corrupt and clumsy temporal rule, supported by mercenary bayonets—a system so incompatible with the true spirit of Christianity. And it is indeed touching to hear of these thousands of pilgrims flocking to Rome—rich and poor, nobles and peasants, learned and unlearned, "the countenances of all earnest, grave, intense; one sentiment, that of heartfelt religion, stamped upon all."

The Rammohun Roy referred to by Mary Howitt was a famous



Brahmin Hindoo of very extended learning and ability, who, having acquired the English language, and a large share of its eloquence, was sent to England in 1830 as the ambassador of the King of Delhi, to seek from the East India Company an increase of stipend on behalf of that prince, in which he succeeded. The Great Mogul conferred upon him the title of Rajah. He was a great favourite at the English Court. He was more or less master of Arabic, Sanscrit, and Hebrew, the latter being acquired that he might read the Old Testament in the original. He became a Christian and attended the Established Church, but held Unitarian views. He died in England in 1833, aged fifty-nine.

I will quote one more of Mary Howitt's letters from among a treasury of them in my possession, as a caution to men of genius—who are too often very far from being men of business—that as authors or editors they keep a constant eye upon the financial condition of undertakings in which they have financial responsibilities, and not leave all to printers, publishers, and untried partners. This is without date, but was written many years ago. Of course "William" is William Howitt, her husband :

"My dear Mrs. Hall,—I have been intending to write to you for many days, but have been so extremely busy that I could find time for nothing. We have been full of terrible anxiety latterly, and not without cause. Thank Heaven we begin to see some termination to our anxieties. Yesterday the accountants in whose hands William, by the consent of the arbitrators, placed the accounts of the *People's Journal*, sent in their report, and this is it : That with all the circulation of from twenty to thirty thousand weekly, and from eight to ten thousand monthly parts, their present management leaves them with a loss of £3,000. In all this reckless expenditure William has had no voice, nor was allowed the slightest control ; and had he not stopped, all must have been bankrupt together—as in all Mr. S——'s former concerns. Mr. Howitt stands perfectly justified in all that he has done, and by a threat of chancery they have consented that he shall receive half of the money he has put in and retire from the concern, William's lawyer having the power to see that they pay all the debts they have contracted while William has been in the concern. We are thankful for this arrangement ; and I assure you I now feel as if a mountain were lifted from my shoulders. Who is to find the money for them to go on with I cannot conceive ; for surely nobody would be mad enough to put money in a concern which with a paying circulation, from within about four months of its commencement, has yet a debt of £3,000 against it, independently of what they have to pay William. As for ourselves we are more thankful than words can say, to be free from them, with our own Journal in our hands, which promises so well. We have already a circulation of about twenty thousand weekly, and of the first number they have reprinted ten thousand. Pardon all this detail, but Mr. Hall understands such things, and you both, I am sure, will sympathise with us in good or evil. What a beautiful letter is this of Father Mathew. I will mention

the Bazaar to the young ladies of my acquaintance, but as Bazaars are springing up in this side of London for the same purpose, I fear I shall not succeed much. God bless you, for you have a warm and a noble heart. I am, dear Mrs. Hall, yours faithfully, MARY HOWITT."

This great loss out of a great success, reminds me of Charles Dickens' disappointment over his *Christmas Carol* in 1843-4. The work was a great success and had an immediate sale of fifteen thousand, leaving a "remainder" of only seventy copies, yet the publishers' bills were so high that he thus wrote to his friend John Forster, after receiving the accounts: "Such a night as I have passed! I really believed I should never get up again, until I had passed through all the horrors of a fever. I found the *Carol* accounts awaiting me, and they were the cause of it. The first six thousand copies show a profit of £230! And the last four yield as much more. I had set my heart and soul upon a thousand, clear. What a wonderful thing it is, that such a great success should occasion me such intolerable anxiety and disappointment! My year's bills, unpaid, are so terrific, that all the energy and determination I can possibly exert will be required to clear me before I go abroad; which, if next June come and find me alive, I shall do. Good Heaven, if I had only taken heart a year ago! . . . I was so utterly knocked down last night, that I came up to the contemplation of all these things quite bold this morning. If I can let the house for this season, I will be off to some seaside place as soon as a tenant offers. I am not afraid, if I reduce my expenses; but if I do not, I shall be ruined past all mortal hope of redemption."

In 1881 or '82 Samuel Carter Hall wrote the following memory of William Howitt, which is printed in his "Retrospect," and will be interesting in this place:

"WILLIAM HOWITT.—A devoted champion of honour, virtue, temperance, rectitude, humanity, truth, was lost to earth when on the 3rd of March, 1879, William Howitt 'died,' if that must be called 'death' which only infers the removal from one sphere of usefulness to another. Although fourscore and five years old, in physical and mental vigour he surpassed many who were half his age; labouring to the last in the service of God, for the good of all humankind, and the humbler creatures He has made. I do not here seek to write a memoir of this most estimable man; that duty must be discharged by one who has at command better means than I have. He has, however, left behind him an autobiography that will in due course be published. More than sixty years ago, his name, linked with that of his honoured and beloved wife, became famous. The writings of 'William and Mary Howitt' were familiar in youth to many who are now grandfathers and grandmothers; and it may safely be declared that if there is one of them who did not profit by the teachings of this husband and wife, the fault did not lie with the authors. Theirs—for I will not divide them, although one lives and the other is 'gone before'—was a singularly full life; active, energetic, upright, useful from its commencement to its close. Within a few weeks of his death, William

Howitt wrote for *Social Notes*, which I then edited, three grand articles, one concerning the accursed practice of vivisection, one exposing the danger of the habit of smoking—in the young more especially, and one denouncing cruelty to animals. These articles had all the fire of his manhood and the enthusiasm of his youth. It was difficult in reading them to believe they had emanated from the mind and pen of a writer long past fourscore. They were the last warnings uttered by the great and good old man, who is gone to his rest. Yes, there was another addition to the hierarchy of heaven when William Howitt was called from earth! Thus another link drops from the chain that unites the present with the past. He was almost the last of the glorious galaxy of authors who, early in the century, glorified the intellectual world—almost the very last. He was the acquaintance of all, the friend of many of them, and of a right assumed a high place amongst the best, if not the loftiest. His was, at least, a more useful life than were the lives of most of his contemporaries.

“Nearly sixty wedded years fell to the lot of William and Mary Howitt. They celebrated their golden wedding ten years ago. They were then dwellers in the Eternal City, and in Rome, William, some years later, died. By his bedside were his two daughters and his son-in-law, Mr. A. A. Watts. One may be sure the retrospect of his long life made him happy—that the prospect of a longer life, ‘even a life for ever and ever,’ made him yet happier; for the faith of William Howitt was the faith of a Christian, and his trust was in the Rock of Ages.

“Some years have passed since I saw them last; much more than half a century since I knew them first. Honoured, esteemed, respected were they then, and so have they remained from that time to this. William Howitt’s grave in the Protestant cemetery at Rome, contains all that was mortal of the useful labourer in a wide and broad field where the seed he planted will bear fruit for all time. In 1881 I visited the house at Esher where the Howitts some time resided. It still contains many memorials of their long and useful work—books, portraits, domestic adornments, gifts, many things associated with a life-history that suggests only matter for thankfulness and joy.

“The ‘mingled life’ of William and Mary Howitt teaches one especial lesson that cannot in the nature of things be often taught. It is, that two persons, man and wife, can follow the same pursuit, and that pursuit the one that is above all others supposed most to excite jealousy—not only without diminishing confidence, mutual dependence, affection, and love, but so as to augment each of them, and all. The names of Mr. and Mrs. Howitt will in time to come be named whenever question arises as to ‘compatibility of temper’ in husband and wife, to be not only life-helpers, but labourers in the same field—the vineyard of the Lord.

‘A wretched faith is their faith who believe  
The vineyard workers small rewards receive;  
That God neglects the servants he engages,  
To do His work—and grudges them their wages.’

"I should but ill discharge my task if I made no reference to William Howitt's ever-brave defence of Spiritualism against mocking, incredulous, scientific, and 'religious' assailants. Few books have been produced so exhaustive of a subject as his 'History of the Supernatural in all Ages.' But in all possible ways he stood foremost in the van, and was the champion of the new-old faith against all sceptics, no matter on what ground they took their stand. We know he was so to the last; although, like many others, he retired from a contest, the leading fighters in which had ceased, as he thought (and as I think), to struggle for the truth, while many of them excused, if they did not sanction deception and fraud. It was in the house of William and Mary Howitt, at Highgate, that I became assured there was more than I had hitherto 'dreamt' of in the mysteries of spiritualism, and was convinced of their truth. It was there Mrs. Hall and I first heard and saw things that could be accounted for in no other way than by admitting the presence of those we had known 'in the flesh,' and that we had, aforetime, believed were existing after death in some other state; in a word, whose souls had not ceased to exist when their bodies died. It was there I first heard what I could by no possibility have heard unless the spirit of one I had dearly loved, respected, and honoured, was in actual communication with me.

"To suppose that William and Mary Howitt would have lent themselves to a blasphemous fraud was out of the question. We were convinced, and the conviction, arrived at five-and-twenty years ago, never left us or lessened from that day to this.

"All I desire here to do is to accord honour and homage to a good and great man; and as regards his venerated wife, to give her a full moiety of my tribute to high worth and my testimony of strong affection and respect. I am nearing his age, and shall, I trust, meet him ere long."

Here is another letter from Mary Howitt, with reference to the death and grave of her daughter Annie Watts:

"My dear old friend,—Thank you for your most kind letter, and thanks for the little book which you sent the other day. We have all felt your warm sympathy, which I am sure is heartfelt. It was a terrible and wholly unexpected sorrow to us all. But it was the Divine Will, and therefore it was right. She, my darling Annie, loved this simple Tyrolese village, which has now been our summer home for fourteen years. The people amongst whom our summer months are spent are all our friends, and love and honour us much. The precious mortal remains of our beloved one lie in their churchyard—their Friedhof, or Court of Peace. They lay flowers upon her grave, and say their simple, heartfelt prayers over it, as they pass, always the Lord's Prayer, and "Eternal Rest" for her, to which I am sure she would say Amen, if she knew it, as, of course, she must. It was always a pleasure to us to hear of you from my beloved daughter. With Margaret's kindest regards, and mine also, and my best wishes for you in time and in eternity, I remain, dear old friend, yours faithfully, MARY HOWITT."

Here is another of still older date, but without date :

"My dear Mr. Hall,—When your most interesting and valuable letter came I thought I should acknowledge it by the next post, and now a week has elapsed! However, receive our united thanks and most kind brotherly and sisterly greeting. Yes, indeed it is wonderful. It is unquestionably the outpouring of the Divine Spirit, which was promised from the beginning to the disciples of the Lord. When we have the pleasure of seeing you here, which I hope may be soon, we shall tell you many beautiful, and, to us, wonderful things, which, occurring to ourselves, admit of no doubt, and which, I believe, are only an earnest of what will be given to others, and that even in much larger measure. I wonder whether I have done wrong in letting two persons read your letter. I hope not. If I have, say so, and I will keep it to ourselves. It is now in Lady Byron's hands, for she is much interested in these things, and would believe, had she not such a mountain of intellect rising up between her soul and the truth. We think your letter so clear and calm and strong that she will be puzzled by it, if no more. I hesitated a little about letting your letter go out of my hands; I hope you are not vexed with me; but no one else shall see it without your permission. With our kind love to Mrs. Hall, and kindest regards, in which all unite, I am, dear Mr. Hall, yours ever, M. Howitt."

This volume will exhibit many instances, but not a tenth of the instances which I could produce, of the life-long love and friendship with which Samuel Carter Hall was, and is, regarded by those, of all degrees, who knew him and know him best. And the great beauty and value of his own friendship, and that which has won him the lasting love from the very best of natures, has been its unchanging firmness—its vigour and activity, not only in times of sunshine, but in times of storm and trouble and need—which is, of course, the only friendship worth the name. I am witness that he was ever as constant in his friendships as in his domestic affections. If ever a friend lost his means of livelihood, and got "under a cloud," the cloud never got between the unfortunate one and this benefactor; but he immediately stepped forward with his powerful influence to raise up the fallen. I have known him to do this at great pains, and with complete success, actually arresting the social retrogression of those who were on the very verge of ruin.

William Howitt at one time suffered great losses, through the fault of others, and was plunged into great trouble, and moved in the shadow of so dark a cloud that none of his mere sunshine friends recognised him at all, and thus he owns the genuine friendship of Samuel Carter Hall in a letter to him: "Clapton, June 3rd, '48. My dear Sir,—Your kind, warm-hearted note is felt by both Mrs. Howitt and myself as it deserves. If I feel that you can by your experience be of assistance to us, I will not hesitate at once to apply to you. It would only express that confidence, which not simply your present note, but your uniform friendly disposition to us has inspired: and in this we include Mrs. Hall as fully as yourself. I sent you a copy

of the Journal, by which you will see that *all* literary people have not acted towards us in the same manner. In fact, the loss of property is what, except for our children, would never for a moment trouble us; it has been the eager disposition shown, both by literary people and others, to seize on the very first opportunity to unite in maligning us, on the evidence of one of the worst of creatures, which has wounded us deeply. The artful and practised rogue has so perfectly spread his limed twigs. . . . I shall probably give you a call at the beginning of the week, if you happen to be in the office. In the meantime believe me yours truly and gratefully, WILLIAM HOWITT."

We now return to Mary Howitt. Only twenty-five days after the date of that letter from 38, Via Gregoriana, which was written with the firmness and clearness of the writing of a girl, Mr. Hall received the following from Mr. Alaric A. Watts, who married Anna Mary, the daughter of William and Mary Howitt. He is the son of the famous Alaric Watts, poet, who was editor seventy-five years ago, of the *Literary Souvenir*, the best of all the annuals. This is the letter announcing the death of Mary Howitt, in Rome:

"19, Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, S.W. 30th January [1888]. My dear Mr. Hall,—I do not like that you should learn first from the newspapers that dear Mrs. Howitt passed away this morning at three o'clock; the immediate cause—I imagine, for my telegram gives no details—debility, ensuing on bronchitis, from which she has recently been suffering. I trust you are bearing the winter fairly well. Believe me, most sincerely yours, A. A. WATTS."

Mary Howitt, although she was originally a member of the Society of Friends, died a Roman Catholic. She passed away, like Mrs. S. C. Hall, without the slightest sign of pain; and in the presence of her only surviving daughter, her friend Miss Pantton, and her medical attendant, Dr. Vardon of Rome. Her remains were placed, as she had expressed the wish, beside those of her husband in the Protestant Cemetery, after a Requiem Mass at S. Isidore. This tomb she herself described as "near the grave of Gibson, in one of the sunniest spots of the Cyprus-shaded Campo Santo; the Strangers' burial ground, guarded within the circle of mighty Rome by the ancient tower-crowned wall of Aurelian and the blackened white marble pyramid of Cestius." At mid-day there was a break in the funeral service, and the mourners retired. When they returned in the afternoon to complete the burial, the great doors were wide open, and the sunshine streamed in upon the coffin, which was piled up with beautiful flowers. The Church being thus open, crowds of poor children, men, and women joined in the service. All the young men of the German and Irish Seminaries, in their brown gowns, with sandalled feet, each bearing a tall lighted taper, moved in a long procession around the bier; then forming an oval around it, headed by their superior, they chanted the service in a manner that was very heart-touching. The coffin was then conveyed to the Cemetery, where Dr. Vardon, joined by all the mourners, said the Lord's Prayer, and the funeral proceedings terminated.

In *The Two Worlds* appears the following, from the pen of Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten :

"TRANSITION OF MRS. MARY HOWITT.

"Just as we are going to press, by a private letter from our honoured and venerated friend, Mr. S. C. Hall, we learn that Mrs. Mary Howitt, the eminent authoress, sainted woman, and friend of humanity in every direction, has just been summoned away to join her beloved husband and children in the 'land of the hereafter.' Re-united in what must be to each and all of that revered group, their heavenly home, who that knew and loved them will not change the tear of sorrow or sigh of regret into a psalm of rejoicing over her glorious enfranchisement? The news is too sudden, and our immediate opportunity too limited to enable us to give any other details than the mere fact that the pure and exalted spirit of Mary Howitt passed from earth at Rome within the last few days.

"We hope next week to be able to present a more extended notice of Mrs. Howitt's life and labours. Her name has long been a household word amongst all who could estimate the writings of one who was truly an index finger pointing the way to heaven, and beating down with her own footprints the path for others to tread.—Ed. *T. W.*"

Mary Howitt, like Anna Maria Hall, was a brilliant, learned, and famous authoress, who never lost her true and beautiful womanliness, and wifely domesticity. One of her intimate friends, Mr. Andrew James Symington, says that William used to boast of Mary, saying: "My wife is the best poetess and the best house-wife in England." Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, writing to Mr. Symington, refers to her as one "whose name has been music in our ears so long."

Mary Howitt's maiden name was Botham, her father being a prosperous quaker of Uttoxeter, where she spent her childhood and youth, and where she was married in 1821, at the age of twenty-two, her husband being twenty-eight. In the same way that Mrs. Fielding lived so happily with her daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, so did old Mrs. Botham, Mary Howitt's mother, become a delightful and happy member of the Howitt household, when their residence was the Elms, Lower Clapton, in 1844 and later. William and Mary Howitt celebrated their Golden Wedding at Rome, on April 16th, 1871, and there he died on March 3rd, 1879. Perhaps William Howitt was not very far wrong when he boasted that his wife was the best poetess in England. Her love and observation of nature are not badly expressed in the following stanzas :

"Go, little brook, and to the young and kind  
 Speak thou of pleasant hours and lovely things;  
 Of fields and woods; of sunshine, dew, and wind;  
 Of mountains, valleys, and of river-springs.  
 Speak thou of every little bird that sings,  
 Of every bright, sweet-scented flower that blows;  
 But chiefest speak of Him whose mercy flings  
 Beauty and love abroad, and who bestows  
 Light to the sun alike, with odour to the rose."



And this beautiful poem :

" LITTLE STREAMS.

" Little streams, in light and shadow,  
Flowing through the pasture meadow ;  
Flowing by the green wayside ;  
Through the forest dim and wide ;  
Through the hamlet still and small ;  
By the cottage ; by the hall ;  
By the ruined abbey still ;  
Turning here and there a mill ;  
Bearing tribute to the river ;—  
Little streams, I love you ever !

Summer music is their flowing ;  
Flowering plants in them are growing,  
Happy life is in them all,  
Creatures innocent and small ;  
Little birds come down to drink  
Fearless on their leafy brink ;  
Noble trees beside them grow,  
Glooming them with branches low ;  
And between, the sunshine, glancing,  
In their little waves is dancing.

Little streams have flowers a many,  
Beautiful and fair as any ;  
Typha strong, and green bur-reed ;  
Willow-herb, with cotton-seed ;  
Arrow-head, with eye of jet ;  
And the water-violet ;  
There the flowering rush you meet ;  
And the plumsy meadow-sweet ;  
And in places deep and stilly,  
Marble-like, the water-lily.

Little streams—their voices cheery,  
Sound forth welcomes to the weary ;  
Flowing on from day to day  
Without stint and without stay.  
Here, upon their flowery bank,  
In the old times, pilgrims drank ;  
Here have seen, as now, pass by,  
Kingfisher and dragon-fly ;  
Those bright things that have their dwelling  
Where the little streams are welling.

Down in valleys green and lowly ;  
Murmuring not, and gliding slowly ;  
Up in mountain hollows wild,  
Fretting like a peevish child ;  
Through the hamlet, where all day  
In their waves the children play,—  
Running west, or running east,  
Doing good to man and beast ;  
Always giving, weary never,—  
Little streams, I love you ever !"

And this next needs no introduction :

" IN SEVEN DIALS.

" Up an alley of Seven Dials,  
Mid the dirt, and the noise, and the crowd,  
Went a poor crippled child upon crutches,  
Alone, yet crying aloud.



'And why are you crying,' I asked her,  
 'Alone 'mid the crowd of the place?'  
 In a moment was silenced her weeping;  
 She paused and looked into my face.  
 'All the scholars are gone up to Hampstead,  
 They set off this morning at seven;  
 The vans were so lovely with ribbons,  
 And I know that Hampstead is heaven!'  
 'Nay, Hampstead is nothing but London  
 Just pushed out into the green:  
 How can it be heaven, where God is,  
 And never came sorrow nor sin?'  
 Her pale face grew radiant in beauty,  
 As steadfastly thus she replied,  
 'I know it is heaven, for my mother  
 Went to Hampstead the day that she died.  
 'She went with a neighbour; they wrapped her  
 In blankets, because she was ill,  
 And so weak and so dazed with the noises,  
 And pining for where it was still.  
 'She came back at evening, towards sunset;  
 And Hampstead was heaven, she said,  
 Where the blackbirds were singing like angels,  
 And the blue sky all overhead.  
 'She died before midnight, and whispered  
 Just when she was passing away,  
 'I bless Thee, my Lord, for the foretaste  
 Thou hast given me of heaven to-day!'  
 'So I know that Hampstead is heaven,  
 And I'm pining like her to be there,  
 Where the women are kind to the children,  
 And the men do not get drunk and swear.  
 'But my breath is so short, and I tremble—  
 My legs are so weak—when I run,  
 Now I'm going to the end of the alley,  
 Where it's quiet, to stand in the sun!'"

I have no means of giving anything like an approximate list of the literary productions of William and Mary Howitt. Those before me by him, are *Colonization and Christianity*; *The Rural Life of England*; *The Mad War-Planet*; *The History of Priestcraft*; *The People's Journal*, with which is incorporated *Howitt's Journal*, vols. I. to IV., well written and well illustrated. Of hers I have *Birds and Flowers*; and *Wood Leighton: or, a Year in the Country*. He also wrote *Student Life of Germany*; *The Book of the Seasons*; *Visits to Remarkable Places*, in two series; *The Rural and Social Life of Germany*; *The Boys' Country Book*; *The Life and Adventures of Jack of the Mill*; *Wanderings of a Journeyman Tailor*; *German Experiences*; *The Aristocracy of England*; *Haunts and Homes of British Poets*; *The Hall and the Hamlet*; *Madame Dorrington of the Dene*; *Talangaetta: or, The Squatter's Home*; *The Man of the People*; *Land, Labour, and Gold: or, Two Years in Victoria: with Visits to Sydney and Van Dieman's Land*; *Illustrated History of England*; *The Ruined Castles and Abbeys of Great Britain and Ireland*; *History of the Supernatural in all Ages and Nations*; *Letters on Transportation*; *Discovery in*

*Australia, Tasmania, and New Zealand.* Mary Howitt translated from the Swedish the novels of Miss Bremer, and she and her husband together wrote the *History of Scandinavian Literature*, and they were frequent contributors to the *Amulet* and *Literary Souvenir*. She also wrote *The Seven Temptations*; *The Heir of West Wayland*; *The Children's Year*; *Our Cousins in Ohio*; *The Dial of Love*; *Lilies-lee*; *A Treasury of Tales for the Young*; *Stories of Stapleford*; *The Cost of Caerwyn*; *Biographical Sketches of the Queens of Great Britain, from the Norman Conquest to the Reign of Victoria*. But this list of the literary labours of their long life is no more complete than is the list of the literary labours of Llewellynn Jewitt.

While it is my happy and delightful privilege to exhibit in this book the lovely characters of good and noble women who, without seeking to rule, yet powerfully and beneficently ruled the great men who were their husbands, by their own strict obedience and loving services to them, and who also received the homage and veneration of a very wide circle of chivalrous men besides, because of the beauty of their gentle womanliness, it is also my unhappy and distasteful duty to say a word about their most unlovely, unamiable, opposite and contrast, the unwomanly female who clamours for falsely-called Woman's Rights, whom to know, and of whom to speak, is anything but a privilege or pleasure. Such a creature, being always in an attitude of resistance, remonstrance, and discontent, to and with all natural authority under which she may exist, whether of husband or father, is necessarily a destroyer of domestic happiness. Claiming the right to be elevated to manly authority, manly privileges, and manly occupations, she is ever mentally hustling with man—which is ever unseemly in a woman—and endeavouring to pull him down and dishonour him. If such an unwomanly person chance to get married to some poor young wretch, who in early life knew not what he did—for in a man's ripe life and wisdom she will surely stand no chance—she will be ever striving to pull him down from household chieftainship, and to reign in his stead. In her exasperation against him, if he be manly, she will ever strive to dishonour him in the minds of her children: and he will *be* dishonoured; just as a public statue, even of a hero, will be dishonoured if mud be constantly thrown at it. There will never be happiness in that union. The effort of her whole life will be to "have her own way," which shall always be in determined opposition to her husband's way, whatever that may be, and to his disputed authority in the family. In the minds of her children she will plant with a mother's power—her power with the cradle and the nursery—an irradicable superstition that under her displeasure they can never prosper, making light of their father's relationship to them, and of his displeasure. She will say to them: "I am your *mother*, and without your mother's blessing you *never can prosper*." It was different with the Patriarchs and Matriarchs of old. Had Rebekah been one of these unwomanly women, she would never have planned for her favourite son the fraud which obtained for him his father's blessing. And then there never would have been placed on immortal record the touching and piteous cry of cheated Esau, when "he cried with a

great and exceeding bitter cry, and said unto his father, 'Bless me, even me also, O my father.' " Had Rebekah been one of these she would have assured her two sons, both the smooth and the hairy—nay, they would have full well known it from their infancy through her influence—that the old man's blessing was of little concern to them so long as they took care to secure their mother's blessing. Thus do these termagants, of a type ancient enough in the person of Xantippe, attempt to seize to themselves in their unnatural rebelliousness, all the homage, reverence, and veneration justly due only to true mothers, true wives, true women ; and to discredit the efficacy of a father's solemn blessing, usurping it all to their own unlovely selves.

Anna Maria Hall was one of the most exalted and influential of women. She was a truly great woman, whose name and abilities and character were honoured in all lands. The good Earl of Shaftesbury did not pay her too much honour when he publicly spoke of her as "august"; for, in Society she sat upon a Throne. Her gracious Majesty, the fountain of honour, did not think she was making too much of this distinguished lady when she gave her gifts, accompanied with her autograph letter ; nor when she sent a wreath by Sir Theodore Martin to the grave of the honoured dead at Addlestone. And now listen to the words of this great and good and honoured woman, and let the unwomanly creatures blush if they can, even while they "Pooh, pooh!" These are her words written to a young wife, giving a woman's view of a woman's duty :

"Never—never put faith in a woman who, having knelt at God's altar, would go free of her bond, or abate her duty to the head and heart of her existence. I tell you Mary—Mary dearest, believe me—this new seeking of womanly independence among married women is an outrage against God and nature ; . . . it is what no Christian woman can dare to countenance. She can never remove the seal from the bond. Let her beware of signing it. If she find she cannot bend, let her never enter into the covenant ; but having entered, no human law can unbind—no word of man can unloose—what God has joined. Man was created to protect and cherish—woman lovingly to serve ; there is no reasoning, no arguing, 'If *you* cherish, *I* will serve.' "

The great question "Is Marriage a Failure?" may be answered in fewer words than have been devoted to it lately in the columns of *The Daily Telegraph*. The life-sketches of this book show repeatedly that marriage has proved a great success ; and it has always been so when the man was manly and the woman womanly. It is even so sometimes when the man is womanly, and the strong clear-headed wife comes to the rescue and seizes the relinquished helm. But she must not be a termagant, or that arrangement will prove a failure. And marriage is always a failure when the man is manly and the woman unwomanly. This question of contention against nature's laws brings to mind the quaint passage in John Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," where the Interpreter instructs Christiana and her party thus : "After this, he led them into his garden, where was great variety of flowers ; and he said, Do you see all these ? So Christiana

said, Yes. Then said he again, Behold, the flowers are diverse in stature, in quality, and colour, and smell, and virtue; and some are better than others: also where the gardener hath set them, there they stand, and quarrel not with one another." Surely women are as the dearly beloved sweet violet, and the lovely lily-of-the-valley, and some, the queenly amongst them, and most womanly, shoot up, even as the sweet and stately sacred lily. What cause have they to complain of the height of the more lofty thistle? But those unlovely ones of whom I have been speaking, are neither violets, nor lilies-of-the-valley, nor the sweet and stately sacred lilies of the parterre. Are they tiger-lilies? No; it is their ambition to appear so; but they are no sweet thing at all; they are merely and truly the bitter and unwholesome weeds in God's human garden.



## CHAPTER XXXVIII

MISS ALICE KING'S BIBLE CLASS.—HER SORROWS.—SAMUEL CARTER HALL'S RECOLLECTIONS OF HIS WIFE AND HER MOTHER.—BANNOW.—MARIA EDGEWORTH.—CATHOLIC PRIESTS AND THEIR FLOCKS.—“ARRAH, MA'AM, LAVE ME ALONE!”—THE STOLEN SADDLE RESTORED.—A HORSEWHIP INSTEAD OF A CROOK.—AN IRISH BOY'S “DRAME.”—THE IRISHMAN, THE MAGISTRATE, AND SAINT PETER.



NOW return we to the gentle, gifted, blind Alice King, who may well give us light in her beautiful writings, seeing that she, seeing not, yet lives perpetually in a radiant cloud of light which is felt, as she herself states. And if it were not so she could never give forth the beautiful light which shines in her works. This wonderful lady had a Bible Class consisting of seventy members of all ages, “from grandfathers of threescore years and ten, to bright lads just entering their teens,” in the parish of Cutcombe where she was born and lived, and of which her father was Rector. “And everyone of these,” she writes in *The Girls' Own Paper* for June 11th, 1887, “is, under God, more or less subject to my influence. The men will do more at my voice than at any voice in the world, and my blindness only seems one power the more to make them regard my womanhood with chivalrous reverence; it wakens up all the tender chords deep down under their rough exteriors.” And now this woman of influence and of great courage, this bold and fearless horserider, for she is that too, as well as sweet and gentle, has been in mourning and tears, weeping through her radiant blind eyes because of the passing away of her beloved father behind the curtain of the invisible goal at the end of the stage of life, and for the dispersal of her Bible class. And here she is, telling of her sorrow in a letter which I hold in my hand—a letter from her own hand, blind as she is, the result of her wondrous sense of touch, written with the speed of the readiest writer, by means of the type-writing machine:

“9, Hillsboro' Terrace, Ilfracombe, N. Devon, 21/1/88. Dear Mr. S. C. Hall,—Just a line to thank you for the beautiful verses on the card I received from you this morning, and to say how rejoiced I am that you are pleased with my paper in *The Argosy* about your dear wife. It was a real happiness to me to write it. I can never forget her kindness and love. I was always so proud of being a favourite of hers. I know you will be sorry to hear that a great wave of sorrow



has lately passed over us. A few months ago we lost our dear father, and had to leave the home at Cutcombe Vicarage, where I was born, and where my dear parents had lived for more than fifty years. Much of my life, when not engaged in literary work, has been spent in teaching and influencing men and lads in my father's parish, so you can fancy what a sad sad parting it was between my pupils and me. My nerves gave way under all this trouble, and I have been ill, and obliged to give up all brain-work for the present. I am better now, I am thankful to say, but still have to keep from work for awhile. My sister and I are spending the winter at this charming place. We hope to be here for a few weeks longer, and then to move on to S. Devon. In a few months we hope to settle down in a little house in the Avenue at Minehead. Please forgive these particulars about myself. But I thought your kind interest in me might make you like to hear about me. With affectionate remembrances from my sister and myself, very sincerely yours, ALICE KING.

"P.S.—I shall be so pleased to hear from you at any time. I hope you are not feeling the winter cold much."

I will add in this interpolated chapter a few scraps of Samuel Carter Hall's "Recollections" of his wife and her mother.

The mutual amiability of this family, like that of the Jewitts, is delightful to contemplate. Here was a mother-in-law whose presence was always happiness to her children. Besides the loving testimony of her tombstone, her son-in-law writes :

"She must have been very handsome when young ; she was so when old—beautiful with the beauty proper to age. Judged by women of her time, Mrs. Fielding was highly accomplished. She sang sweetly, drew prettily, wrote verse with more than grace, and French may be said to have been her native tongue. Very proud she was of her Huguenot descent, though dating back two generations. Her mother and herself were of English birth ; but her grandfather had been one of the refugees from France after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and established a silk manufactory at Spitalfields. He was of illustrious birth and descent, of the family De Jaout (I am not sure that I spell the name correctly), in Renz en Champagne [or Rheims ?].

"Bannow, a peninsular that runs out into the sea, is the scene of nearly all Mrs. Hall's early sketches. She loved the district very dearly ; every association connected with it was vivid, and continued to be as truly a source of happiness up to her extreme old age as it had been in her early childhood. To the last she dearly loved the sea.

"She drew this portrait of her childhood, in some introductory matter to her 'Sketches of Irish Character,' published in 1828 :

"In the early morning, returning from my sea-bath, up the Long Walk, lingering amid the old trees, or reading beside the stream in the domain, which encircled an ornamental cottage that was covered with ivy, and formed a very city of refuge for small birds, from the golden-crested wren to the over-bearing starling, that cottage with its

gable, its rustling ivy, its low dark windows, its mossy seats and grassy banks, and pure limpid stream creeping over the smooth pebbles after escaping from a cascade, which for years was my ideal of a waterfall, its mysterious arch, composed of the jawbone of a whale, which I used to gaze upon with such grave astonishment—that cottage was my paradise! I could hear the ocean rolling in the distance; the refreshing sea-breeze, passing over fields of clover and banks of roses, was freighted with perfume. The parent birds would fearlessly pick up crumbs at my feet.'

"A petted yet singularly unspoiled child she was in those days, loving all beautiful things even then, and making pets of all living objects that came in her way, from the dog to a spider.

" 'She was a light-hearted, merry little maid as ever lived, and had learned the happy art of manufacturing her own pleasures, and doing much in her unfinished way to contribute to the pleasures of the few around her. In summer she walked, and ran, and bathed, and gathered shells and samphire, and sang with the birds, and galloped old Sorrel; and on Sundays always went, in the old carriage, driven by the old coachman, drawn by the old horses, and escorted by the old footman, to the very old church.' " This last paragraph is from "Grandmamma's Pockets"—Mrs. S. C. Hall; published by W. and R. Chambers. Mr. Hall continues:

"A more admirable and valuable teacher than her mother, no child ever had. I loved that mother very dearly; and she as dearly loved me. I think if the angel of death had said to her, 'I am coming for one of your children; which shall it be?' she would have paused to consider before answering. . . .

"In 1825 Mrs. Hall had written nothing. There had been no token of her power given to her or to me; the rich vein of ore was, as yet, undiscovered. Her first essay was brought about thus: One evening she was telling me some anecdotes of her old Irish school-master, 'Master Ben,' said I, 'I wish you would write about that just as you tell it.' She did so. I printed her story in *The Spirit and Manners of the Age*, a monthly periodical I then edited, and from that day dates her career as an author. Other tales of the friends and acquaintances of her childhood and girlhood followed. Eventually they were collected into a volume, entitled, 'Sketches of Irish Character,' and she became 'an author by profession.'

"Her sketches and tales of that order are numerous; yet even when their number is kept in view, the reader may find it difficult to credit the accuracy of the following anecdote: Somewhere about 1860 we were travelling from Liverpool to London. I had bought for amusement on the way some of the serial publications of that time. I saw her reading one of them with great attention. She put it into my hand, saying, '*Read that; it's a capital Irish story.*' I looked at it and said, 'Well, that's modest, at any rate; for *it's your own.*' She had read it through, and had evidently pondered over it without the slightest idea that she had written it. The story may be comprehended

when I add that whatever she wrote she rarely read after it was written, leaving it entirely for me to prepare it for the printer and revise proofs, never thinking to question my judgment as to any erasure or addition I might make. Several of her Irish sketches—one I particularly remember, being, 'We'll see about it'—she wrote between the morning and evening of a summer day. I remember seeing her reading 'The Whiteboy,' pondering and wondering how 'the author would manage to dispose of the hero of the tale.'

"It is a voluminous subject—that of her sketches and stories of Irish character; my limited space forbids any attempt to do justice to it here. Generally they were taken from life, for the most part being memories of childhood and early girlhood. A very small incident often sufficed to form a long story. Her mode of working may perhaps be best illustrated by the following words of her own:

"I remember having a conversation on this topic with my friend Maria Edgeworth. She did not see, so clearly as I saw, the value of the imaginative in literature for the young, and was almost angry when she discovered that a sketch I had written of a supposititious scene at Killarney was pure invention. She told me, indeed, that she had been so deceived by my picture as actually to have enquired for, and tried to find out, the hero of it; and argued strongly for truth in fiction. I ventured, notwithstanding my homage for that estimable woman, to ask her if her portrait of Sir Condy, in *Castle Rackrent*, was a veritable likeness, and endeavoured to convince her that to call imagination to the aid of reason—to mingle the ideal with the real—was not only permissible, but laudable, as a means of impressing truth. I think so still. I believe the author who does what I suggest may be, and ought to be done, is no more guilty of wrong than was He who *spoke in Parables*."

"Of the reciprocity that, in Ireland, means all on one side, she knew nothing. Reading some of her books lately I am astonished at her 'liberality' (according to the loftier reading of the term) towards Roman Catholics. I could quote a hundred passages in point; but as many to prove how, with all her heart, mind, and soul, she preferred the Reformed Faith as better, happier, and far more in accordance with the teachings and example of the Master Christ.

"I will quote only one extract from 'The Whiteboy,' a novel published in 1835:

"'There are few things in the world so touchingly beautiful as the respect and affection that subsist between the Roman Catholic priest and his flock; those who study the people cannot wonder at their strength and endurance. From the cradle to the grave, the priest is the peasant's adviser and his friend; who knows all his concerns—not only the great business of his life, but its *minutiae*; his private cares and sorrows, his faults and his crimes, are all in the priest's keeping. His judge, his advocate, his punisher, he is also his protector—very, very rarely his tyrant. The sympathy and kindness of the priest win and keep his heart.'



"I am very sure that no one can read her stories without feeling sympathy—I will add, affection, for the Irish people; their faults are recorded, or exhibited, with so much considerate and generous allowance; their virtues are detailed with such evident delight!

"Her books were never popular in Ireland, though very popular in every other country. She tried—as she did by her bonnet-ribbons—to blend the orange and the green. She saw in each party much to praise and much to blame; but what one party approved the other condemned, and 'between two stools'—the adage is trite. Yet her stories are fertile of sympathy, generous, considerate, loving, and kind; pregnant with true wisdom, and indulgent as to faults on both sides—perhaps to excess. To pursue this topic would require greater space than I can give it. It must suffice to say she loved her country and its people very dearly.

"Her freedom in writing of her old friends of the humbler classes gave them dire offence; they 'never thought Miss Maria would have done it!' I remember one incident in point. We had an Irish cook, who, far from possessing the loquacious qualities of her countrywomen in general, was extremely taciturn, giving her mistress the shortest possible answers to all questions. A 'yes' or 'no' seemed the most that could be extracted from her. Finally she gave warning. When asked her reasons, she admitted she had no fault to find with the place; but on being pressed to declare why she left it, she turned suddenly round and quitted the room, exclaiming, as she reached the door, 'Arrah, ma'am, lave me alone! *Ye know ye're going to put me into a book!*'"

I refer the reader to "Retrospect of a Long Life"\* for numerous more beautiful "Recollections" of this distinguished and talented lady, whom the Queen delighted to honour.

To return to the subject of the priests and their influence over their flocks referred to by Mrs. S. C. Hall in "The Whiteboy," her husband also narrates several amusing illustrations. On one occasion he and his brother were staying in the parish of Ballydehob, whose priest was Father O'Shea, of whom Mr. Hall says:

"Who, I have no doubt, did his duty by his flock; but he loved 'the drop' as well as they did; when he breakfasted with us, it was a thing well understood that the whisky bottle had a place beside the teapot.

"On one occasion we lost a saddle. The fact was forthwith communicated to Father O'Shea. 'I'll get back the saddle,' he said, addressing my brother and me; 'come to mass next Sunday, and I'll show ye how I'll get it.' So to mass we went; when service was ended the priest addressed his congregation thus: 'Boys, I've something to say to ye before ye go. There's a good man that's doing ye a dale of service, one Colonel Hall—ye know him. Well, he's lost a saddle; let it be at his door before he wakes to-morrow morning, or if it isn't, *the man that stole that saddle, before this day week, will be riding upon that same saddle through hell!*'"

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\* London: Richard Bentley and Son, 1883.

"With the dawn of the morning the saddle was on the door-step.

"The power of the priest in those days was much more absolute than it is at present. He did things then he would not now dare to do. I have seen the little weak *padre* of Ballydehob stand at the door of a shebeen shop, order out a lot of stalwart fellows who were making 'bastes' of themselves inside, and horsewhip each, as he made a rush from the door into the roadway."

Mr. Hall tells many interesting tales of the Irish. Here is one :

"When last I was in Ireland I heard but one new story. It illustrates the old characteristic of the ready wit of the Irish. Two boys were sleeping together; one was Catholic, the other Protestant. When they woke in the morning the latter thought to get a rise of the former. 'Oh!' said the one, 'I had a horrid drame last night.' 'Well, tell it to us,' said the other. 'Well, I will,' said the Protestant boy. 'Ye see, I dramed that I saw Purgathory opened, and all the Papists fell down into hell.' 'Och, murder!' exclaimed the Catholic boy, 'the poor Protestants! *won't they be crushed!*'"

The following was told to Mr. Hall by Mr. Raffles, the Stipendiary Magistrate at Liverpool :

Paddy Mallowney was brought before him, and ordered to pay five shillings for being drunk and disorderly. "Pay five shillings for being drunk!" he exclaimed, "Och! the divil a five shillings ye'll git out of me." "Very well," said the magistrate; "take him to prison for seven days." "Is it take me to prison—barring I pay the five shillings?" deliberately counting them one by one, and he said, "there they are, yer worship, and now I'll trouble ye for mee resate." "Oh, we never give receipts here." "Och! the devil a bit o' me 'll pay the money without a resate," he answered, as he gathered the shillings together. But as he was about to be removed by the tipstaff, he took wit in his anger, restored them, and was about to withdraw, when the magistrate, tickled, said, "Now, my man, tell me what you want of a receipt—what's your motive for seeking one?" "Well, I'll tell yer worship," answered Paddy, "Ye see, yer worship, when I go up to take mee trial there'll be St Peter there, and he'll say to me, 'Paddy Mallowney,' he'll say, 'we're glad to see ye, and we're going to let ye in; but before we do, we must ax ye a few questions: first, while ye were on earth, did ye pay all yer debts?' And I'll say, 'Every one of 'em, yer holiness, every one.' And he'll say, 'Well, if ye paid them all where are your resates?' And I'll say, 'I have 'em all here, yer holiness, in mee big coat pocket, everyone, barring one.' And he'll say to me, 'Paddy Mallowney, ye must go and get us that one, for we can't let ye in widout it;' and a mighty inconvenient thing it 'ud be to me, yer worship, to be *going down below*, looking for yer worship to get mee resate."



## CHAPTER XXXIX.

SAMUEL CARTER HALL AND LLEWELLYNN JEWITT AT HARDWICK AND CHATSWORTH.—LISLE BOWLES THE POET AND HIS FUNNY DOINGS.—“HOPE.”—“HYMN TO WODEN.”—S. C. HALL AT WINSTER HALL.—THE CONSERVATORY AT ADDLESTONE.—EUGENE RIMMEL.—A RAVENOUS CROWD FED BY A RUSE.—LITTLE FRENCHMEN.—NAPOLEON III. RECEIVES SAMUEL CARTER HALL.—RECOLLECTIONS OF PRINCE NAPOLEON AND LADY BLESSINGTON.—THE EMPEROR AT THE ZENITH OF HIS GLORY.—BIRMINGHAM TESTIMONIAL TO SAMUEL CARTER HALL.



HAVE already shown that when Samuel Carter Hall went from home unaccompanied by his beloved wife, she used to treasure his letters, and it is through her careful preservation of them that they are now in my possession, with other of her papers. Before me now is a large envelope which she has labelled “My dearest husband’s letters from the 3rd of July—when he went to Dublin, until the 22nd, when, thank God, he returned safe and well.” The letters which most interest us, however, are those which were written when he was the guest of Llewellynn Jewitt, or that have any connection with the Jewitts. Here is one :

“Friday Evening, six o’clock. Just a line, my darling, after a day of hard work—pleasantly and profitably occupied, however. There is a capital Irish footman here! So glad you were pleased at the C. Palace; and hope you will go again—and so obliged to Mr. Wass. Got a letter from Mr. Jewitt to say there would be luncheon for us at Hardwick—and that Lord Scarsdale would send his carriage for us. Will write you a famous long letter on Sunday.—Ever, dearest, your devoted husband, S. C. HALL.

“P.S.—I heard this story of Lisle Bowles—having seen, the day before, his grave and that of his wife in the Cathedral of Salisbury; and also the monument erected by him to Dr. Hooker and —. Bowles had a dinner party at his Rectory, Bremhill; the dinner hour had struck, and his wife directed a servant to summon him; he sent a message to say he could not come down, for she had left him but *one* silk stocking; so she went up to remedy the evil, and found he had put the two silk stockings on one leg.”

Many readers will ask Who was Lisle Bowles? He was not only the famous rector of Bremhill in Wilts, during forty years, but he

was a famous poet, and the friend of Thomas Moore, Coleridge, Southey, Charles Lamb, and many more of the celebrities of his time; he being eighty-eight years old when he died in 1850. Mr. Hall, in his "Retrospect," relates other funny things that Bowles did in his absence of mind. Thus:

"He was in the habit of daily riding through a country turnpike-gate, and one day he presented as usual his twopence to the gate-keeper, 'What is that for, Sir?' he asked. 'For my horse, of course.' 'But, sir, you have no horse.' 'Dear me,' exclaimed the astonished poet, 'Am I walking?'" Yes; and being a votary of the Muses he was evidently musing. "Mrs. Moore told me that anecdote. She also told me that Bowles on one occasion gave her a Bible as a birthday present. She asked him to write her name in it. He did so, inscribing the sacred volume to her as a gift 'from the author.'"

William Lisle Bowles suffered much from sickness during his long life. The following stanzas from his poem entitled "HOPE" were written after a long period of confinement from ill-health:

"I am the comforter of those that mourn,  
 My scenes well shadow'd and my carol sweet,  
 Cheer the poor passengers of life's rude bourne,  
 Till they are shelter'd in that last retreat,  
 Where human toils and troubles are forgot.'  
 These sounds I heard amid this mortal road,  
 When I had reach'd with pain one pleasant spot,  
 So that for joy some tears in silence flow'd;  
 I raised mine eyes, with sickness long deprest,  
 And felt thy warmth, O sun, come cheering to my breast.  
 The storm of night had ceased upon the plain,  
 When thoughtful in the forest-walk I stray'd,  
 To the long hollow murmur of the main  
 List'ning, and to the many leaves that made  
 A drowsy cadence, as the high trees waved;  
 When straight a beauteous scene burst on my sight;  
 Smooth were the waters that the low-land laved;  
 And lo! a form, as of some fairy sprite,  
 That held in her right hand a budding spray,  
 And like a sea-maid sung her sweetly-warbled lay.  
 Soothing as steals the summer-wave she sung,  
 'The grisly phantoms of the night are gone  
 To hear in shades forlorn the death-bell rung;  
 But thou whom sickness has left weak and wan  
 Turn from their spectre-terrors; the green sea  
 That whispers at my feet, the matin gale  
 That crisps its shining marge, shall solace thee,  
 And thou my long-forgotten voice shalt hail,  
 For I am Hope, whom weary hearts confess  
 The soothest sprite that sings on life's long wilderness.'  
 As slowly ceased her tender voice, I stood  
 Delighted; the hard way, so lately past,  
 Seem'd smooth; the ocean's bright extended flood  
 Before me stretch'd; the clouds that overcast  
 Heaven's melancholy vault, hurried away,  
 Driv'n seaward, and the azure hills appear'd;  
 The sunbeams shone upon their summits grey,  
 Strange saddening sounds no more by fits were heard,  
 But birds, in new leaves shrouded, sung aloft,  
 And o'er the level seas spring's healing airs blew soft."

And so the poet warbles on through twenty-five more stanzas to this thirtieth and last :

"For other scenes there are, and in a clime  
Purer, and other strains to earth unknown,  
Where Heaven's high host, with symphonies sublime,  
Sing 'unto HIM that sitteth on the throne.'  
Enough for man, if he the task fulfil  
Which GOD ordained, and to his journey's end  
Bear him right on, betide him good or ill ;  
Then Hope to sooth his death-bed shall descend,  
Nor leave him, till in mansions of the blest  
He gain his destined home, his everlasting rest."

And suffering much and frequently, and as frequently receiving happy visits from this "sootheest sprite" Hope, Lisle Bowles lived on for fifty-three more years after composing this poem, and then was fulfilled its final couplet. Hope descended to his death-bed,

"Nor left him, till in mansions of the blest  
He gain'd his destined home, his everlasting rest."

Although Lisle Bowles was so essentially a man of peace and a minister of the Christian religion, he was well able to realize the wild warlike spirit of those ancient savages, our ancestors, the worshippers of Woden, respecting whose habits the antiquary is so inquisitive, and whose rude vestiges are his greatest treasures. Here is this poet's HYMN TO WODEN :

"God of the battle, hear our pray'r !  
By the lifted falchion's glare ;  
By th' uncouth fane sublime,  
Mark'd with many a Runick rhyme ;  
By the "weird Sisters" dread,  
That posting through the battle red  
Choose the slain, and with them go  
To Valhalla's halls below,  
Where the phantom-chiefs prolong  
Their echoing feast, a giant throng ;  
And their dreadful bev'rage drain  
From the skulls of warriors slain.  
God of the battle, hear our pray'r !  
And may we thy banquet share !  
Save us, God, from slow disease ;  
From pains that the brave spirit freeze ;  
From the burning fever's rage ;  
From wailings of unhonour'd age,  
Drawing painful his last breath !—  
Give us in the battle death !  
Let us lift our glitt'ring shield,  
And perish, perish in the field !  
Now o'er Cumri's hills of snow  
To death, or victory, we go !  
Hark ! the chiefs their cars prepare !  
See, they bind their yellow hair—  
Frenzy flashes from their eye—  
They fly—our foes before them fly.  
Woden, in thy empire drear,  
Thou the groans of death dost hear,  
And welcome to thy dusky hall  
Those that for their country fall.  
Hail, all hail the godlike train,

That with thee the goblet drain ;  
 Or with many a huge compeer,  
 Lift as erst the shadowy spear ;  
 Whilst Hela's inmost caverns dread  
 Echo to their giant tread,  
 And ten thousand thousand shields  
 Flash light'ning o'er the glimm'ring fields !  
 Hark ! the battle-shouts begin—  
 Louder sounds the glorious din !  
 Louder than the ice's roar,  
 Bursting on the thawing shore ;  
 Or crashing pines that strew the plain,  
 When the whirlwinds hurl the main !  
 Riding through the death-field red,  
 And singling fast the destin'd dead,  
 See the sable Sisters fly !  
 Now my throbbing breast beats high—  
 Now I urge my panting steed,  
 Where the foemen thickest bleed—  
 Soon exulting I shall go,  
 Woden, to thy halls below ;  
 Or o'er the victims as they die,  
 Chaunt the song of victory."

Here is another letter from Samuel Carter Hall, preserved by his beloved wife :

"Dearest,—Another lovely day ; it is impossible but that health must be here, ready and willing to distribute liberally. . . . The old jackdaws were cawing from the church tower, the larks singing over me, and the bees humming all about me. No doubt God more especially made the country. I trust you slept well last night, and that my prayers for you were answered. God be with you and bless you, dearest, and make us both grateful for the blessings we enjoy. It is time Carter leaves this ; for his nerves are much shattered. Ever, dearest, your devoted and loving husband and friend, S. C. HALL."

The following is written from Winster Hall : "Thursday morning. Dearest,—The post in ; and no letter from you. I know it was posted too late ; so I shall not get it until to-morrow ; it is a great disappointment to me. I trust and believe it is 'all well' with you ; and C—— is probably with you. My love to her. I can fancy I see you everywhere about—planning and arranging. And so I must be content to wait for to-morrow's post. . . . Yesterday I had a very long drive—about the localities that neighbour Chatsworth ; and saw all I need to see. Visited Lady Paxton, who was very glad indeed to see me, and sent you all kind messages. She lives in a lovely house in the grounds of Chatsworth—rather feeble, but in good health. Mrs. Stokes, her eldest daughter, was with her. Of course they [the Jewitts] are as kind and attentive as they can be ; everything is done for me. I was very tired last night ; and am taking it easy to-day ; although I am going to lunch at some distance. You would have been delighted with the scenery I have passed through ; but you could not have done so much to see it. Need I say how often I wished for you ? And so, God bless you, my dearest, and keep you in health and give you happiness. So prays your devoted husband and friend, S. C. HALL.

"There are magnificent ferns here—of which you will have proof in October. Also several clumps of Everlasting Sweet Pea ; and kitchen herbs."

Yes, indeed, it was a bountiful and lovely garden, and altogether a charming habitation.

While thus on the subject of Samuel Carter Hall's letters, and with those letters before me, I will include here two or three more, although they have nothing to do with Llewellynn Jewitt, beyond enriching and embellishing his memorial volume. Here are two, interesting and characteristic, written to his beloved wife from Paris, the one probably in 1853, and the other certainly in 1867—a Great Exhibition year. In connection with the huge threat to have the conservatory stopped up, I should mention that this structure, which Mr. Hall had erected in his grounds at Addlestone was (and is) a most delightful resort, and it was almost like a threat to close the gates of paradise. It was seventy feet long, and contained scattered among its choicest examples of floral nature, some of the choicest examples of sculptural art. There were twenty statues by eminent British sculptors, besides some by the sculptors of Germany and France. The wall also was covered with the finest bas-reliefs of the period. The place was called "Firfield," and it was the custom of Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall to get most of their distinguished visitors or guests to add to the Firs by planting a small tree-shrub—some of which were always kept ready—from a flower-pot to the ground. And trees were thus planted by Bulwer, Dickens, Lady Morgan, Mrs. Jameson, Frederika Bremer, Thos. Moore, Samuel Lover, Jenny Lind, William Macready, Mary Howitt, Mrs. Beecher Stowe, and others. They are now, of course, full grown trees. I also quote from this letter that I may place on record Mr. Hall's mention of the worthiness of the late Eugene Rimmel, whom I also know to have been a most excellent and kindly man :

"My darling,—This is the Sabbath morning, and it has brought me a welcome letter from you ; you had no business to have been working in the conservatory ; if you do these things I will have it stopped up. I have this morning been reading St. John (the French edition which I purchased here for three sous), and praying, and thanking God for His many mercies and blessings. I had a nice drive yesterday about the Bois de Boulogne, and a very hospitable dinner at M. Rimmel's—who is in truth a very superior man, with a nice and kind wife and daughter. . . . He lives in a very charming quarter, a mile out of Paris ; in a very healthy situation. I am indulging myself ; I thought it best to make the Sabbath a day of rest :

"Sweet day, so calm, so pure, so blest ;  
The bridal of the earth and sky ;"

and my mind as well as my heart is with you. . . . Please God, there is no doubt of my being at home on Thursday—it will be a misfortune, anything that keeps me a day longer. . . . I have got the gloves, etc. . . . Of course, I am thinking of you—wherever I walk and into whatever shops I look. . . . Ever, dearest, your devoted husband and friend, S. C. HALL."

Of this visit to Paris Mr. Hall says in his "Retrospect:" "After the reception in 1853, and the grand banquet at the Hotel de Ville, the President gave a *déjeuner* at St. Cloud. There was a very large number of representatives of all nations present. As the afternoon drew on, people began to get hungry, then very hungry; but to get anything in the shape of refreshment was impossible. At length the doors of the Orangery were thrown open, and in rushed a ravenous crowd. The tables were speedily lined three deep; the inner lining consisting chiefly of French officers, who, with the usual absence of politeness in France—if politeness be, as Lord Shaftesbury defines it, 'benevolence in trifles'—effectually kept away all strangers from the chances of refreshment. Seeing this, and feeling very wrath at such inhospitable dealing, I advanced to one of the tables, behind which were huge masses of 'eatables and drinkables' of all kinds. I cried out in a loud voice, 'Make way for the Lord Mayor;' way was made instantly. I then called out, 'Are there any English who want refreshment?' A score of replies obtained a score of supplies. Dish after dish I handed over the heads of the environing crowd of French officers and their ladies, followed by bottle after bottle of champagne, answering all English applicants until there were no more to answer. I then bowed, and retired to seek out the Lord Mayor, and explain what I had done. The great man of the day thanked me; many of his constituents thus, by my help, received the refreshments they previously needed. Somewhat apprehensive that a wrong construction might be put on my act, I myself took neither 'bit nor sup' in that place that day, but dined at my own cost at a restaurant outside the garden walls."

At that time the Frenchmen were generally small, and it would be easy for Samuel Carter Hall, he being a giant among them, to pass these things over their astonished heads, while they looked up with admiration and interest at the *soi-disant* Lord Mayor of London. This smallness of the French probably arose from the great destruction of the taller sons—before they had become sires—of France in the numerous wars of the first Napoleon. The other letter written in 1867 is without date:

"Dearest; Friday evening; nine o'clock.—It was worth the fourpence to know you will have your conservatory in beautiful order; for that is one of your delights. I came home at eight from the Exhibition, having dined at the Palais Royal on my way. Of course I meet a lot of people who ask for you; but I was much pleased to-day to discover that there *are* little hand chairs; for I was puzzled to know how it would be possible for you to walk about three miles of beautiful things. As to getting a Voiture to come away from it, that is next to impossible—a dozen persons make a rush at every vehicle that comes up. However, we shall manage, somehow or other. And I know how well disposed you are ever to make the best out of the worst. The Exhibition is really a most wonderful thing; most wonderful! Atkinson will take you nothing from me; at least nothing worth sending or having; but I shall in process of time have



many pretty things to add to our household gods. . . . To-morrow will be Saturday ! A week from that, and—by God's blessing—I am *home* !

"Sunday morning. Dearest,—I am just going to dress to go to the Tuilleries. Last night I received a letter from the grand chambellan: 'Monsieur,—J'ai l'honneur à vous prévenir que l'Empereur vous recevra le Dimanche à 1 heure.—J'ai l'honneur,' etc., etc.

"Now I may not return in time to write you the result ; but I may ; in that case you shall have another letter. . . . Enough at this moment.—Ever, dearest, your devoted husband and friend, S. C. HALL."

I have not found the other letter ; but Mr. Hall says in his "Retrospect:" "When, in 1867, the last Exhibition of the Imperial *régime* was in progress, the Emperor was in the zenith of his glory. He gave me a gracious audience ; and I recalled him as I had seen him often, when, a lonely and neglected man, he trod the streets of London, none foreseeing the greatness of his 'hereafter'—none, excepting himself. He had faith in his star, and knew it was his destiny to rule over the country of his birth. At the Evenings of Lady Blessington, in Seamore Place and at Gore Lodge, he was a frequent guest ; but the 'Prince Napoleon' usually took a side seat, spoke to few, was morose rather than social, and seemed absorbed in his own, and not cheerful, thoughts. He would exchange a few words with anyone who approached him, but to those who were not initiated, or not of his 'order,' he seemed to think the less said the better. He saw the finger that beckoned him on, but not the hand that warned him back ; and if he dreamed of an Empire over which he was to rule, he little reck'd of the dwelling at Chislehurst that was to be his last home, and of the small village church that was destined to become his sepulchre.

"Lady Blessington and Count D'Orsay were his friend-allies when those who upheld him were in number very limited indeed. It is said he treated them ungratefully ; perhaps he did ; but ingratitude was not, as a rule, one of his crimes. It was reported that Lady Blessington, when a mournful destiny compelled her to become an exile in Paris, as the Prince had been in London, insisting on being an invited guest at the *private* as well as the public parties of the 'President of the Republic,' the lady of the British Ambassador intimated that on such occasions she should be absent. Lady Blessington was indignant at being left out in the cold, and the old friendship terminated.

"I have heard that after Louis Napoleon had given Lady Blessington the 'cut dead,' they chanced to meet, each in a carriage, coming from opposite directions, in a narrow street of Paris. The President could not pass the lady with a mere bow ; so, after exchanging a word or two on common-place topics, he said, 'Do you make a long stay in Paris?' 'No,' said my lady ; '*do you*?' The point of the repartee is, of course, to be found in the fact that the position of the President was, at that moment, precarious. She, herself, poor lady, died in

1849, and Count D'Orsay in 1852, before their powerful friend exchanged the title of President for that of Emperor. They did not live to witness his coronation.

"What would have been their feelings had they beheld him when, after fifteen years of rule over France, his still young and beautiful wife by his side, and near her the heir-apparent of his power, Napoleon III. closed in 1867 the Paris Exposition?"

"That august ceremony took place in the grand and spacious Hall of the Palais de l' Industrie in the Champs-Élysées. There were present, it was said, between twenty and twenty-five thousand persons. The Emperor expressed, in a clear, strong, 'metallic' voice, audible throughout the large building, his 'belief in the great principles of morality and justice, which, in satisfying all legitimate aspirations, can alone consolidate thrones, exalt nations, and ennoble humanity!'

"The voices of twelve hundred singers, three hundred of whom were ladies clad in white, with blue sashes (bleu de France), across the bosom, chanted hymns of peace, and Rossini presided at the organ! Every nation of the world contributed to swell the throng. France was represented by its noblest and its best. It was a day of glory for the Second Empire—its greatest and its last. The Sultan, who conducted the Empress in the courtly promenades of crowned heads and the nobility of nations, had even a worse fate than that of his host. Before many years were past the French potentate had died in exile; the Turkish by his own hand.

"Yes; that memorable day of October, 1867, when the Exhibition prizes were distributed among the merchants and manufacturers who had gathered from all nations to win them, was indeed a glorious sight—by far the most glorious of its kind ever seen. At no hour of the Emperor's eventful life was his power so firmly rooted. The Exhibition had been a great 'success'; war neither loomed near at hand nor in the distance; the ruler seemed constitutionally vigorous; the representatives of the people suppressed, if they felt, discontent; the prospect of founding a dynasty and transferring a throne to his descendants seemed as certain as that the day would have an end. Triumphs of the future may have floated before his mental vision—such triumphs as Solferino and Magenta had been in the past—but no awful portent of a falling empire was there. He did not see the poor inn at Sedan!"

Those who are acquainted with the domestic history of the talented, fascinating, but unhappy Countess of Blessington, will know that the wife of the British Ambassador was right in refusing private association with the indignant Countess, and the President of the Republic had other reasons than ingratitude for his behaviour towards her.

This reference to the Great Exhibition of 1867, which Samuel Carter Hall, himself so used to such scenes, describes to his wife as "really a most wonderful thing; most wonderful!" reminds me that on his birthday of this same year 1867 he received a very gratifying public acknowledgment of his own great part in bringing about the

succession of Industrial Exhibitions in his own country. This was one of the rewards of his life's industry and beneficence, which were, as he expresses it in his "Retrospect," "such as to make my Retrospect very pleasant and very happy."

The magnates of Birmingham had organized themselves, with the Mayor—George Dixon—at their head, to present a Testimonial and an Address to the Editor of the *Art Journal*. The birthday present consisted of a very beautiful dessert service, manufactured by Messrs. Elkington, and considered one of the most perfect examples of their art. The Address was thus worded :

"We offer for your acceptance the gift now before you, not as a reward for your labours, or as an adequate acknowledgment of them, but as a sincere though modest testimony of the sense we entertain of your services in the advocacy and development of Industrial Art.

"Thirty years ago, in the foundation of the *Art Journal*, you enunciated the principle that, next to the excellence of workmanship, the success of all manufactures susceptible of ornament must depend upon the full employment of the advantages and resources of Art. You taught the doctrine that usefulness gains a double strength when united with beauty. You stimulated the manufacturers of England to compete with their Continental rivals, not only in the quality, but in the taste of their productions. To this teaching you have ever since been constant ; and you have now, after thirty years of labour, the proud satisfaction of witnessing the general adoption and the unvarying success of those counsels which were at first regarded with indifference or with distrust.

"While recalling those efforts we remember also that to you we owe in a great measure the succession of Industrial Exhibitions, which have conferred so many and enduring benefits upon the manufacturers of this country. At a very early period you pointed out the value of these periodical competitions, and showed that they served a purpose far wider and higher than the gratification of individual or national vanity. Twenty-three years ago you indicated, both by pen and pencil, the lessons which the Paris Exhibition of 1844 conveyed to the manufacturers of Great Britain. In 1849 you heralded and recorded the success of the Birmingham Exhibition—the first really Industrial Exhibition held in England. You earnestly advocated the International Exhibition of 1851 ; and the Illustrated Catalogue of that collection—due solely to your exertions—will ever remain a monument of your persevering industry and taste. You performed similar services in connection with the Dublin Exhibition of 1853, the Paris Exhibition of 1855, and the Second Great International Exhibition of 1862 ; and now, with unabated ardour, you propose to crown these labours by illustrating and recording the contents of the Paris Exhibition of 1867.

"We have recounted these labours as landmarks, so to speak, of your exertions in the cause to which your life has been devoted, and of which we, in common with others, have shared the benefit. We

might speak of other labours not less important, though not strictly within our purpose, of your services to the higher arts of design, of your successful efforts to cultivate the taste of the English public, of your independence in exposing fraud and trickery in the Picture Market, and of your contributions to literature, both singly and in conjunction with one whose name will always be affectionately linked with your own.

"That you may long be spared to continue these services, and to reap from them the advantages and the pleasures you deserve and merit, is the earnest desire of the contributors to this slight acknowledgment of your prolonged, persevering, and unceasing labours."

Now I well know that there is not a word of praise too much or too strong in this address from the Mayor on behalf of the magnates of Birmingham. Samuel Carter Hall was more than the Editor of the *Art Journal*; he was largely its contributor, and altogether its spirit. Yet in his reply to the Address these were his modest words:

"I have been an Editor only. The knowledge I communicated was the knowledge that others had acquired; the taste I disseminated was the taste that others inculcated and taught."

The beautiful massive stand of the centre piece has the following inscription splendidly engraved upon it:

"Presented by a number of the principal manufacturers, and other inhabitants, of Birmingham, to Samuel Carter Hall, Esq., F.S.A., projector and editor of the *Art Journal*; in testimony of his unceasing labours for the advancement of Art in connection with Manufactures, extending over a period of thirty years. May, 1867."

The service and address were also accompanied with a gold brooch of remarkably chaste and beautiful design, set with a sardonyx cameo-carved with a head of Ariadne, which is the very perfection of that art, standing well the test of the microscope; which sardonyx is surrounded with eight fine rubies, and enamelling. It is thus engraved at the back:

"Presented to Mrs. S. C. Hall on the occasion of the Anniversary of her Husband's birthday, May, 1867, Birmingham."

In Mr. Hall's "Recollections" of the Earl of Carlisle, formerly Lord Morpeth, he says: "In 1848 I had some correspondence with him concerning the possibility of an exhibition in England similar to the Exhibition that had long been famous and serviceable in France—a foreshadowing of the Great Exhibition of 1851 in Hyde Park. His view did not coincide with mine; in fact, it was discouraging—he was more apprehensive than hopeful as to the issue; yet not entirely so, as the accompanying letter will show: 'Castle Howard, January 28th. Sir,—I like the paper to which you have called my attention very much. What I have to say discouraging is, that I did formerly belong to a committee of gentlemen, well qualified for the purpose on the whole, who made the attempt to have a national exposition at the building formerly the Mews, on the site of the present National Gallery. The late Dr. Birkbeck took especial pains in the matter,

but the results were not encouraging. I admit, however, that it was not a very imposing attempt. My next discouraging observation is, that I have great doubts whether the English are on the whole an exhibiting people, as the French are; and whether our inventors and designers do not prefer to keep a good thing, when they hit upon it, at home on their own premises, or in their own shops and warehouses. And my last observation of this character is that in the present times of pressure it would be hopeless to obtain any disbursement of this character from the Treasury. I have thought it my duty to give vent to this much on the discouraging side; on the other hand, I must say (for myself) that if I saw an opening for any practicable and well-organised scheme of the kind, I should feel myself happy and honoured in doing what I could to promote it. It is always prudent in the first instance to take into consideration the drawbacks and difficulties of the case, though there may be no necessity of ultimately succumbing to them. I have the honour to be, sir, your very faithful servant, MORPETH.'

"We had twice the honour to be the guests of the Earl of Carlisle during his vice-royalty in Ireland. One of them was a state occasion, when there were present Lord John Russell and many other great men of the period. I do not recall it vividly. The vice-regal lodge is a poor structure, and not so fitted up as to suggest reverence, although it contains many portraits of celebrities whose names are linked with the history of Ireland. I can remember but one incident worth—and barely worth—recording. Mrs. Hall wore a cap in which were green and orange ribbons. 'Ah!' said his Excellency, 'I have been long striving to mingle these colours, as you do, and have not yet succeeded.'"

As to a Great Exhibition in England, to bring about which Samuel Carter Hall so perseveringly laboured, we all know that at length he induced the good Prince Consort to sanction and take up his scheme, and, as usual, he modestly stepped aside when he saw that his labours were resulting in fruition.



## CHAPTER XL

THE PEACEFUL DEPARTURE OF ANOTHER GOOD WOMAN.—“THERE IS NO DEATH!”—WORDS TO THE CHRISTIAN OF FEEBLE FAITH.—A CHRISTMAS GREETING.—THE BIBLE AND HERODOTUS.—THE TRIUMPHS OF CHRISTIANITY.—THE SONG OF THE MAGI.—THE RULER OF THE MILKY WAY AND THE GNAT’S BOAT OF EGGS.—THE CREATION OF THE GNAT AND THE BUTTERFLY BY THE AGENCY OF A GREAT STAR.—“MORNING.”—THE FINITE AND THE INFINITE.



Y object in writing this Life and Death of Llewellynn Jewitt is quite as much to depict the happiness of his death, for the encouragement of the reader who anticipates with dread his own closing scene of life, as to exhibit for admiration and emulation the honourable unselfish usefulness of his career. And all the instances of death detailed in this volume will show what an easy and happy conclusion it is to the well-spent life. The transition is indeed Peace, and not to be anticipated with the slightest dread or fear. Here is another instance: Samuel Carter Hall has a brother who is a Rector, and among the Hall papers I find a letter from him referring to the death of his wife. Of course it is a letter of lamentation, but it is also a letter of faith and hope. He speaks of his loss as “This heavy blow—heavy, yet dealt with a gentle hand; for all was peace at last with her; and as for me, I had warnings, so it was not unexpected. From the first, though N—— thought she would recover, I did not think so. On rising from my knees every time I prayed the answer seemed to be that God *would take her* . . . her who was my counsellor, my helper in all that was wise and good. . . . Oh! my dear Samuel, my heart as well as my home is now desolate. God help me! And yet, I would not bring her back to a life of suffering here. No pain now; for ever and for ever she is with Him and like Him, for she ‘sees Him as He is’ whom her soul loved. Her last words were—‘Jesus is precious; Jesus is precious.’” The above was written on “Saturday,” date not given, and the following, from Samuel Carter Hall, at his brother’s Rectory, to his own beloved wife, is simply dated:

“Monday morning. Dearest,—There is, of course, no letter from you this morning; and so I must wait until to-morrow to greet your ever-welcome hand. I thought of you much yesterday; and fervently prayed for you. C—— is on the whole tranquil and resigned;

feeling bitterly his loss, knowing what she was to and for him. But endeavouring and successfully, to draw consolation from the Word he has so often presented to console others. . . . The morning is fine. I have little to say ; but I am very thankful that I came down to this house of sorrow—but not of sorrow without hope. I have just seen the dwelling the soul has left ; there is a positive smile on the face as if a reflection of the smile of the soul ; all is peace in the expression ; and we may be very sure all is peace with the soul. There is no death ! I have not often seen the tabernacle after the soul has left it ; but there is here nothing to sadden or to pain. Ever, dearest, with dear and true love to you, and fervent prayer that God may continue to bless both to a reunion hereafter, your devoted husband and friend, S. C. HALL.”

Now another important aim of this book is to strengthen faith in that Christianity which Llewellynn Jewitt so firmly believed in, and so beautifully practised. And it should give strength and encouragement to the Christian reader whose faith is feeble, to note that men of great minds and great knowledge, like Llewellynn Jewitt, Samuel Carter Hall, and his brother the Rector, become stronger and stronger in their Christian faith, the older they grow and the more they know. There are some who believe that the calling of a clergyman is adopted, generally, like any other profession, for its pay and its respectability. If it be so I am happy in the knowledge of many who feel in their inmost hearts and minds the full force of the Christianity which they teach and preach ; and whose faith in its reality is ever more and more confirmed the longer they live to study and test and increasingly feel that reality. Here is another recent letter from Samuel Carter Hall's octogenarian brother, the Rector, illustrative of this faith. And it is not like something written for publication, or even in a diary and meant to be preserved. It is a purely private outpouring of faith from one brother to another, never, when penned, intended to reach any other eye than his to whom it was addressed :

“December 22nd. My dear Samuel,—Christmas sha'n't come and go without a Christmas greeting, and every longing desire and prayer that you may have all Christmas joy and gladness—the God of Love and Prince of Peace with you. May the Christmas tidings, the best that were ever heard on earth—I think I may add—or in Heaven, tidings of Him who loved us and gave Himself for us, be to you the source of *Hope*—‘the Hope of eternal life, which God, who cannot lie, hath promised,’ filling you with all joy and peace in believing, and putting gladness in your heart. Oh that as Time hastens on every hour of it may draw you and me nearer and nearer to Christ our Living Head ; and may you and I when we come to lay our bodies down in death, sing the angels' song, and sing it through all eternity—‘Glory to God in the Highest, on earth peace, goodwill towards men.’ I am in haste, having already written a multitude of letters, but not so many, I dare say, as you have. God our Father be ever yours and mine—His only Son our only Hope—His holy and blessed Spirit our Comforter and Sanctifier. Amen. Your affectionate brother, —.”

I have just been pondering handling the curious old ivory and silver snuff-box of Dr. Samuel Johnson, which Samuel Carter Hall has added to my collection. It suggests thoughts quite kindred to our subject. In its lid there is placed, under glass, a small plait of grey hair, doubtless that of his dear Letty; and it reminds one of the great and learned man's constancy in love, as well as of his faith in prayer and religion, so like the others we have just named. His Letty was, I believe, twenty years his senior, and thus he writes in his Diary, after thirty years of separation from her by death, and shortly before his own departure to the reunion :

"This is the day on which, in 1752, dear Letty died. Perhaps Letty knows that I pray for her. Perhaps Letty is now praying for me. God help me. Thou, God, art merciful. Hear my prayers and enable me to trust in Thee."

And the writer of this book would also fain offer the testimony of his own experience, that increase of knowledge and increase of observation lead to increase of Christian faith. Perhaps it might add to the comfort of that reader whose faith is feeble. But he bids the reader whose faith is strong to pass on to the next chapter, that he may be one the less to witness the further egotism that must necessarily follow, and which will be needless to the Christian of strong faith.

The self-chosen study of the childhood of the writer of this book was the Bible, which he perused attentively from Genesis to Revelation repeatedly before reaching the age of twelve years; and read little else up to that time, except books on Natural History. Consequently Bible history was to him the only early history of the world, and its heroes the world's only early heroes. The words "heathen" and "gentiles" only conveyed the idea of very unimportant foreigners. But after that he read the classic poets, and Herodotus, and not only found that the gentiles had religions and histories and arts and great empires of their own, but that the chosen people were even less known and thought of among the heathen, than the heathen were among the chosen people. Herodotus had a good deal to say about the Egyptians, the Assyrians, the Babylonians, the Ethiopians, the Persians, the Medes, the Grecians, the Scythians, the Italians, and other nations, and mentioned Sennacherib; but he did not seem to know that there had ever been such a people as the Israelites, and Abraham, and Solomon, and Hezekiah. Yet he seems to mention the latter under another name, and as king of another country, namely, Egypt, thus, in Euterpe, 141 :

"After him reigned the Priest of Vulcan, whose name was Sethon; he held in no account and despised the military caste of the Egyptians, as not having need of their services; and accordingly, among other indignities, he took away their lands; to each of whom under former kings, twelve chosen acres had been assigned. After this, Senacherib, king of the Arabians and Assyrians, marched a large army against Egypt; whereupon the Egyptian warriors refused to assist him; and the priest, being reduced to a strait, entered the



temple, and bewailed before the image the calamities he was in danger of suffering. While he was lamenting, sleep fell upon him, and it appeared to him in a vision, that the God stood by and encouraged him, assuring him that he should suffer nothing disagreeable in meeting the Arabian army, for he would himself send assistants to him. Confiding in this vision, he took with him such of the Egyptians as were willing to follow him, and encamped in Pelusium, for here the entrance into Egypt is; but none of the military caste followed him, but tradesmen, mechanics, and sutlers. When they arrived there, a number of field mice, pouring in upon their enemies, devoured their quivers, and their bows, and moreover the handles of their shields; so that on the next day, when they fled bereft of their arms, many of them fell. And to this day, a stone statue of this king stands in the temple of Vulcan, with a mouse in his hand, and an inscription to the following effect: 'Whoever looks on me let him revere the Gods.'

All this rather surprised the writer of this book, but it did not impair his faith in Christianity, as will be seen. And he went on pulling open wider and wider the gates of knowledge, and studying the various religions of the world with eager earnestness, passing under review the recorded Gods of all the earth in all times, right down to the Day of the Cross. After that came under notice the Koran and its compiler. Then he compared the days of Christianity in the Catacombs of Rome, to the Christianity of the present time, and its divinity became apparent from its mighty conquests of other faiths, apart from its wonderful power in the human heart, which is the secret of its conquests, but is no argument to those who have not felt it. Thus there was no time even for a moment's wavering of faith. It matters little now that the great empires and historians of the ancient world knew so little of the chosen people, who called the Greeks "heathen," while the Greeks returned the compliment by calling the Jews "barbarians." It matters little now that the promise made to Abraham—that in his seed should all the nations of the earth be blessed—remained so long unfulfilled; that the chosen people proved an obstinate rebellious race, for which they are now suffering dispersal over all the earth, without losing their nationality—a wonderful ethnological fact; that the Founder of Christianity was an obscure Nazarene, and His missionaries poor ignorant fishermen—*nay, these things now matter much*, and confirm faith, seeing that a great and never-ceasing hymn of prayer and praise ascends from earth to Heaven, to the erst obscure Nazarene, the descendant of Abraham, as the acknowledged all-conquering God, and Lord of Lords, and King of Kings, from every land, and from the ships of every sea; from the lips of the learned and the mighty in every language, His worshippers being great philosophers, kings, queens, emperors, and conquerors—philosophers far more learned than any of the wise men of the East, and potentates far mightier than any of the Pharaohs, or Semiramis, or Zenobia, or Sennacherib, or any prince that ever ruled in the ancient world. And this divine triumph has extended as civilization has extended, and has indeed become the

very crown of a civilization now vastly in advance of that ever attained by the people of Egypt, Greece, Rome, or any other people of the past. And the most magnificent temples of the earth are now named after those poor ignorant fishermen and the other messengers of their Master, because they were His messengers. Who, standing beneath the mighty dome of St. Peter's at Rome, and bringing to mind the days when Christians had to burrow in the earth below, can deny the divinity of the Power which conquered Rome and Rome's conquerors, and dedicated this magnificent temple to the Christian Fisherman? Then turning from that ancient capital and mistress of the world to the modern, Who, standing beneath the mighty dome of St. Paul's in London, and bringing to mind the solitude and desolation of Stonehenge, can deny the divinity of the Power which has so conquered as to cause this great temple to be dedicated to the Fisherman's colleague? And there is one day of every seven, when the never-ceasing hymn of prayer and praise ascends from earth to Heaven with volume increased a hundred-fold; and on that day Christianity is more emphatically and visibly triumphant than on the others, because it is SUNDAY—the day anciently dedicated to the special worship of the Sun, and to offering sacrifices to him, and feasting in his honour. And that Sun-worship, so universal, the inheritance of thousands of years, whose priests were often kings and emperors, was more difficult to conquer than any influence that ever took root in the hearts and minds of mankind. The loud Hymn of Christendom on Sunday is therefore indeed the Pæan of the greatest victory that has ever been achieved upon this planet. I wrote on this subject, and on the custom of offering human sacrifices in Sun-worshipping days, in the fourth chapter of "Arbor Low," which paper was printed in *The Reliquary*, Vols. XVII., XVIII., and XX., thus:

"Probably the early Fathers would have adopted the Sabbath of the Hebrews, but for the prejudice of the world in favour of a day which had doubtless been the chief day of sacrifice and worship—the day held sacred to the Lord of the Universe—before the birth of Abraham, probably before the founders of the first Egyptian dynasty crossed the deserts of Syria and discovered the fruitful Nile. With the Sun-worshipper it was emphatically the Lord's Day. It was SUNDAY in the Flint period, and it is Sunday yet.

"I now pause in the midst of those vestiges, brought to mind by the contemplation of this venerable circle of Arbor Low, and will conclude this part by saying that should there be some hyper-sensitive Christians to whom will be unwelcome the knowledge that some Christian customs had their origin in Pagan antiquity, let them be comforted. Nor let them desire to disown truth because unwelcomely met. Christianity will be ever the gainer by exposition to the lights of history, of archæology, and of logic. We see thereby more clearly that our Lord is a Great Conqueror. That the super-position of the Divine Religion upon the very sites and ceremonies of that very ancient and vital worship of Baal has completely smothered the latter in Europe; and that the cruel and profligate practices of

Paganism should be by that means subdued into mere dead vestiges of the past, and succeeded by practices humanised, purified and Christianised, is the great triumph of Christianity. . . . Truly our Lord is a great Conqueror. The law of Moses and all the exhortations of the prophets failed to prevent human sacrifices, even in Israel. The law of the good King Cecrops failed to stay those horrid rites, even in civilized Greece and Rome. Nor did the later decree of the Roman Senate stay those inhumanities in the last-named city itself, and much less in the world generally. Pliny's encomium, which I have quoted, was not merited by the Romans. During their sway, and for centuries after the destruction of their empire, the lands of the nations continued to be polluted with innocent blood, and slavery was universal. 'Mankind are under inexpressible obligations,' not to the Romans, 'for abolishing so horrid a practice' as the human sacrifice, but to the Victim, whose sacrifice Pilate the Roman permitted. Through it Europe has long ceased to be the scene of such revolting cruelties. Through it this shattered ruin of Arbor Low remains a dim, long-disused, therefore disputed memento of the religious barbarities of antiquity, even in our own land of Britain. In America also the triumph of that sacrifice in saving victims is all but complete. In Asia and Africa it is less so, but even in those quarters of the earth its influence has been already greater than ever was the influence of Moses, the Prophets, Cecrops, and the Roman empire all added together. There the powerful allies of Christianity in abolishing human sacrifices have been the Koran and the sword of Islam. But even Islamism owes its existence to the Sacrifice at Jerusalem. If that sacrifice had not been offered there would have been no Christianity, and if no Christianity no Islamism. Mahomet received his inspiration as a prophet from the Gospels, as communicated to him by the Nestorian monks at Bosra, and by his wife Cadijah's cousin Waraka; and he admitted that *Isa ben Mariam*—Jesus son of Mary—was a greater prophet than *Musa* or Moses. He incorporated into the Koran the principles of Christ's Sermon on the Mount, in all but the abolition of war, which Christendom also still wages, even within itself. It is only by a knowledge of the horrible cruelties, the bloodshed, the oppressions, and the slavery which prevailed all over the world in the time of our Lord, that the vastness of His conquests can be appreciated. The earth was full of dark places, and 'The dark places of the earth were full of the habitations of horrid cruelty.' And it must not be supposed that Jerusalem, the holy city, whose streets our Lord traversed, was a city of brotherly love. Its inhabitants were as cruel as the rest of the world, as is testified by Josephus, and also by the cry 'Crucify Him!' In silent and forsaken desolation this Circle of Arbor Low yet speaks eloquently of the victory of that death, and proclaims that our Lord is indeed a Great Conqueror."

When I wrote the following Song of the Magi in a book not yet published, it was as a sort of apology for the pious Sun-worshipper, whose religion Christianity has dethroned. And I have myself beheld with interest, and almost with toleration, the Sun-worshipper

from the East, watching with prayer and adoration the object of his worship when it was just sinking below the horizon of the west. For Sun-worship is a very natural religion, and the most reasonable of all adorations in the absence of a divine religion. It was the cruelty of its accursed sacerdotalism that made it horrid, when its priests became the constant butchers of innocent men, women, and children, and the creative and preservative agent was represented by them to be a human-blood-thirsty, and human-flesh-hungry God. Naturally, the Sun was the apparent all-powerful Lord of Heaven and earth, and a thoughtful observation of the effects of his influence would inspire the feelings embodied in the following Song of the Magi, which I quoted in a previous chapter. It was the dawn of a battle-day, when Arbaces and his Medes were to fight against the Assyrians for their independence. Arbaces, with his Magi, including the Choristers of the Sun, had ascended a high hill. "They waited not long until the faces of the worshippers were illumined with the first direct rays of the Sun, when Arbaces knelt and stretched forth his hands in prayer. Then the musicians played upon their instruments, and the singers commenced their chant thus :

Hail, Supreme God, source of Light,  
Sole revealer of the earth !  
At thy uprising, O Most Glorious,  
All Nature chants her joy  
And owns thee God.  
When thy face is hidden  
Fear prevails, and dread silence.  
Without thee there is no beauty,  
No forms of loveliness, no glorious tints,  
But only blank desolation.  
Hail, divine Day-spring, source of Heat !  
Without thee the earth would be barren,  
All life must perish,  
All sweet sounds cease,  
The lakes and the rivers be changed to rock,  
All sparkling murmuring fountains stopped,  
Swift gales and gentle breezes still'd for ever.  
Wherever thou art not, O God,  
There is darkness and silence and death.  
All hail, Most High, source of Life !  
Save thy people, O Most Mighty ;  
Inspire them with the Sacred Fire  
That maketh invincible in battle ;  
Fight for us, O Omnipotent ;  
Draw thy bow against the tyrant  
And destroy him before us with darts of fire.  
Accept our sacrifices, O Supreme,  
And deliver thy worshippers !  
Scatter the worshipers of idols  
And give thy people victory !  
Thus sang the Choristers of the Sun."

I repeat that this religion and these views seemed rational enough in the absence of a divine revelation, and harmless enough. But when its priests became the constant slaughterers of innocent men, women and children, for sacrifices, then the suppression of the worship of Baal and its horrid rites, and the extermination of its cruel butcher-sacerdotalism became indeed a blessing to humanity.

Now this mention of the sun reminds the writer of this volume of another part of his subject. When he had studied all these things he placed his mind among the stars. Possibly the Christian of feeble faith has timidly glanced at science and unsettled his mind thereby. Perhaps it is astronomy that has upset him, and he has got lost in the immensity of the heavenly host. The writer did not find it so, although he peered deeply into God's infinite space, with its infinite astral clusters; and although he at once saw that the earth—our world of worlds—was less than as a minute grain of sand on a vast sandy and pebbly beach in its relation to the universal empire of the Lord of All. When he asked, "Can the Ruler of the Milky Way concern Himself in the affairs of this insignificant speck of matter the Earth, and even give it a divine religion?" he immediately answered "Yes." For he had often watched and pondered over the evident divinity manifested in the minutest things of this little earth, and seen the same divine power working in the infinitely small as in the infinitely large. And, bringing his mind from among the stars, he contemplated in their stead a group of gnats enjoying their wonderfully regulated mazy wing-dance in the summer air. And he reclined beside a small pond, and there was one of the gnats which had forsaken the aerial dance, and had selected a certain fragment of a leaf which floated upon the surface of the water, on which she had deposited numerous minute eggs, so minute as to be almost invisible individually. And by the time she had finished her work that leaf had become an actual boat freighted with eggs. Then she forsook it and left it to Providence. And mark how this act becomes positively an *anticipation* of a work of creative and preservative Providence—but not on the part of the gnat. She had no more influence on the future of her offspring; and probably had no knowledge of the divinity which will develop it, and carry on the work, any more than she had power of her own volition and act to create the egg and endow it with the germ of life. Neither has the sun of its own power and knowledge created that egg; but the sun, a great star more than ninety millions of miles distant, is appointed by the Power arranging all these little earthly matters, actually to hatch that boatful of eggs left to the care of Providence. And if the sun do not hatch them, their creation will be for nought, and their germ of life will die. There are scores of these little egg-laden boats on the surface of the small pond. Let us watch one that was finished two days ago, which the sun has been incubating with his warmth. The little living grubs are now issuing forth, microscopically small; and each without any social feeling for other, or care for their native boat, as soon as it comes forth takes a header over the side of the vessel into the watery world below. Small as it is, it has a large appetite which is never satisfied, although it is in the midst of plenty; and the sole occupation of its life seems to be actively wriggling about, devouring microscopic food with which the water abounds. There are thousands of them all similarly employed, all selfishly regardless of each other. After fourteen or fifteen days of this feeding, the little grub, or larva, has attained its full size, and now the divinity which is working

within it produces a change in its form and it enters the pupa state, during which the mechanism of its body becomes also totally changed to fit it for an entirely new life. And that new mechanism is inconceivably wonderful, complex, and delicate. We now watch one which has completed its pupal period, and we behold an amazing resurrection. Its specific gravity has decreased and it rises to the surface, for it has no longer any need of its watery home. Its thorax rises even above the surface, the pupal clothing of which bursts while we watch it, and we behold peeping forth the wonderful head of a new aerial creature. Presently a slender leg is drawn forth from the slitting swaddling case, and its foot rests upon the smooth surface of the water as upon a piece of glass. Then another slender leg on the other side is drawn forth and placed in a corresponding position. The slit of the pupal wrapping still increases, and gradually the wings are unfolded. Even while we watch, the complete resurrection is accomplished and the wondrous creature—certainly not self-created—stands upon the water motionless, as if amazed at its new existence. It stands in perfect solitude without ever having known a relative, and without having experienced the care of father or mother or nurse. Yet it has brothers and sisters somewhere, and it feels now a desire for the society of its kind. What can it know of the use of wings which it has never used nor seen used? Yet, while we are watching, its wings expand, and it puts into operation most wonderful and delicate machinery, and rises into the air with perfect power of steering to the right or to the left, high or low, at great speed or slow. It yearns for the society of fellows whom it has never known, and soon finds them, and joins at once in the aerial complex wing-dance, as if it had been ever so wonderfully trained to it, starting and "reversing engine" in its merry movements, without collision or bungling of any kind, and alighting when and where it pleases, without a stumble or awkward movement of any sort. The delicate and complex mechanism of this little creature, and its guiding will, are wonderful beyond human understanding.

This reference to the wing-dance of the gnats naturally brings to mind Llewellynn Jewitt's beautiful thoughts which he noted down in his diary when at Cambridge, little thinking that his musings would ever be published to the world. And these his words are worth repeating here, forty-three years after they were written:

"To-night I walked by moonlight round the back of Caius College, and over the bridge and up the avenue. It was a splendid night, and there seemed to be a calm enchantment in everything. The Cam wending its noiseless way, gently rippling in its course, and overhung by the most stately and luxuriant trees—the weeping willows bending over it like a mother over the cradle of her child, to guard it from all danger, and even to screen it from the gaze of man—while the chaste bright light of the moon was reflected in a thousand playful forms upon its bosom—this so worked upon my imagination that I stood leaning upon the romantic bridge lost to the world, and present only to the perfect stillness. It seemed almost as if to breathe might

disturb and destroy the charm. Nature seemed to rejoice with manifold thankfulness. The fish whose life during the day had been spent in lurking in the shadows of the banks or lying lazily in the depths of the stream, now rose in hundreds to the surface, and made their presence known by a succession of lops and leaps. Even the worms working their way on the moonlit earth seemed to enjoy the hour. And the gnats indulging in their wonted up and down movement, and the moths flitting about like so many happy spirits of the departed, filling every aerial space, gave unbounded ideas of endless creation. A piano in the distance in one of the rooms of Clare Hall now began to play, and the softness and mellowness of its tone harmonized so sweetly with the stillness and heavenly serenity of the whole scene, that it seemed like the chorus of a choir of Seraphim in praise of the universal Father and Maker of all."

And in case some reader ask, What has this chapter to do with the Life of Llewellynn Jewitt? let me say that we used to talk together over these things, and we ever thought alike and came to the same conclusions about them; and as his faith was, so would he and I have the reader's—the Christian of feeble faith, for whom alone this chapter is written.

We have been watching the career of one of these little God-reared gnats, whose destiny it was to reach its perfection. But such is not the destiny of all the boat-load. Some are created purposely to be food for creatures of a higher order or greater magnitude—created for the carnivora and the carnivora for them. Thus when the hungry little fellow dives from on board his boat into the water, where he seeks and finds his food, others, sometimes, in seeking, find him. And he is not to be pitied for his painless absorption into a creature of a higher order, of which he becomes a part. Not that there is much honour in the promotion, for even the green herb becomes part of the highest organisms. Nature, or Nature's God, ever provides not only the larvæ in great excess, but the perfected creature also, to be thus consumed. And the carnivora have been thus created for their prey, and the prey for the carnivora, from the very beginning of terrestrial life.

Now it may be said that, after all, a gnat is but a gnat, whose life, however wonderful, when thus considered, is very common and very cheap, and all this divine operation may be suddenly wasted in a group of instances, by the mere human hand capturingly thrust into the merry mazy crowd. But this cheapness and assailability of life abate nothing of the wonder of the divinity of its creation and general preservation. While accidents to life are permitted, they are provided against by superabundance of creation, and the various families, as families, survive to fulfil their happy destinies. The creation and being of man is even more wonderful than the creation and being of the gnat, and human life is considered the most precious of all life. Yet to the angels looking down upon this revolving globe, and the operations of its human inhabitants, how cheap must appear man's estimate of man's life! For they behold the busy inventors and makers



of arms at their never-relaxing toil; and the ever-increasing armies, the business also of whose lives is constant preparation to effect the wholesale death of fellow-men. Yet indeed man is "fearfully and wonderfully made."

Of the thousands of instances of divine creative and preservative action in which astral co-operation is ordained and anticipated, I will give but one more very common example suggested by a passing butterfly. The parent butterfly, which flourished last autumn, like the gnat, never knew father nor mother, and had no teaching but the perfect knowledge which its Creator had planted in it direct. Yet it selected exactly the vegetation for the deposition of its eggs which was the proper food for the larvæ when it should be hatched—say a cabbage. And here again the hatching is left to the influence of a great star ninety millions of miles distant, and the work is faithfully and duly done. The very minute caterpillar, like the gnat larvæ, is desperately hungry, and is always eating his cabbage until he has increased in size many hundred-fold, and has become like a piece of green animated cabbage himself. When his full growth is attained his appetite immediately fails, and, divinely guided, he forsakes his feeding ground altogether, and retires to some hiding-place, where he falls asleep and undergoes the change from the larva to the pupa state. From being a lump of green animated cabbage he is metamorphosed to a chrysalis, closely shut up in a polished brown sarcophagus, something like an Egyptian mummy-case. In this dormant state it remains awaiting the return of the sun from Scorpio, through Sagittarius, Pices, and Aries, to Gemini, when the brown case cracks, and out steps a beautiful butterfly, marvellously bedecked and befeathered, needing the microscope to reveal its full beauty, and now so unlike a piece of animated cabbage. And all this wondrous change was wrought within that hidden silent brown sarcophagus. At first its wings are like closed crumpled fans, and lie limp; but, while we watch the dainty thing so wondrously formed and arranged, the wing-ribs stiffen, and the wings gradually rise and display their full-spread beauty. Then they flutter, then gently wave, and the creature rises into the sunny air a thing of joy and of beauty. It is presently hungry, and goes straight to some open flower, and there finds its God-provided nectar, which it sips through its long wonderfully adapted proboscis. And henceforth the flowers are to it as so many ever-ready cups of gold, silver, and precious stones, containing supplies of divine food—how different to the raw cabbage and the grovelling of its other life! It is no wonder that the poetic ancients accepted the butterfly as the symbol of the soul. Here is a wonderful creative and preservative provision and adaptation; the flora and the fauna created to suit each other so exactly and beneficently, and the appointed and unfailing agent of their development a far off star! There are some who give little thought to the influence of the sun, which is God's great agent of their being. Let them study the song of the Magian choristers. The gases composing the atmosphere which we breathe, and the water, and all organic matter, would resolve themselves into solid minerals without the sun's heat to keep them gaseous, or liquid, or organic.



Thus he saw that the God of the sun, and of the astral systems, was also the God of the earth; that there was God in the mazy movements of the tiny gnats, as well as in the movements of the stars in their courses; and when he saw creative and preservative and joy-giving Divinity so active among the minutest creatures of this little earth employing as His agent of life the great chief star of this solar system, then he felt satisfied that man, the undoubted chief of God's beings on this planet, might safely place faith in Him and His loving care now and for ever. And this was just the conclusion that Llewellynn Jewitt arrived at, and he highly approved of this hymn, which his biographer wrote when he arose in the morning, after having pondered upon these things :

## MORNING.

Hence on thy shadowy wings, thou Queen of Rest,  
 Enchantress of the night, soft Sleep—away !  
 Hence on thy shadowy wings to the far west  
 Where shades await thee; haste, the King of Day  
 Is fast approaching to resume his royal sway.

But welcome to my chamber, early ray  
 Of morn; hail, sky of azure, gold, and rose :  
 Hail, silent hour, blest harbinger of day !  
 Thou gorgeous Day-king, hasten to disclose  
 The charms of lovely Nature waking from repose.

How sweet, arousing Nature to behold  
 At this glad hour, and watch the moon's pale sheen  
 Fast waning; while, instead, the sun's rich gold  
 Spreads far, and sheds its splendour o'er the scene,  
 Revealing woods, streams, hills, and herded meadows green.

Awake, ye slumbering herds in yonder mead;  
 And joyful lambs, your gambols now renew,  
 Or in your heaven-provided pastures feed—  
 Your sweet green pastures strewn with pearly dew;  
 Awake, ye flocks and kine, the morning breaks for you !

Ye glancing fishes, hiding from our sight—  
 Silent inhabitants of yonder stream—  
 The morning breaks for you; the genial light  
 Reaches your caverns, and ye too, I deem,  
 Rejoice when from the east morn's splendid glories beam.

As in the water, so beneath the ground,  
 A thousand tribes their habitations hold—  
 In how small compass wisdom may be found !—  
 The ant, skill'd architect and warrior bold,  
 Hails morning from his dusky city in the mould.

Rouse up and hail the day, ye aerial things  
 That slumber in the bosoms of the flowers !  
 Spread in the perfumed air your beauteous wings,  
 And hail the foremost of the happy Hours;  
 Rejoice till in the ruby west the Day-car lowers.

The flowers, which droop'd and seem'd to pine for day,  
 Towards the light their shapely heads now raise;  
 They own the joyous morn: and who shall say  
 The sweets they breathe are not their silent praise—  
 That they are joyless while on heaven they daylong gaze?

Some, fruitful kisses send—from flower to flower—  
 Their faithful messenger the swift-wing'd bee ;  
 And thus from morn till eve they spend each hour,  
 Their messenger twice paid with honey fee :  
 Is all this pregnant life insensibility ?

See, while I watch, the influence of the morn  
 Wakens the flowers to hail the new-born day !  
 Their petals open, and the emerald lawn  
 Below is diaper'd with bright display  
 Of starry daisies op'ning while I pen my lay.

O where can fancy reach or eye survey  
 Through all this scene, but joys and beauties are,  
 And wonders infinite ? Stay, Fancy, stay !  
 Lead not my spirit to that waning star ;  
 'Tis vain for human thought to penetrate so far !

Of earth—among the astral host a grain—  
 Speck of that gold-dust sprinkled o'er the sky—  
 Man seeks to grasp the knowledge all in vain.  
 Vain were it then for human thought to try  
 To solve the wonders of the countless orbs on high.

But when my soul shall quit terrestrial mould  
 And soar restraintless to the Spirits' Home,  
 Then, comprehensive, free, fatigueless, bold,  
 And wing'd with speed as swift as thought I'll roam  
 Enraptured through the vast illimitable Dome.

Meantime, hail warblings sweet ! Released from Night,  
 A thousand throats welcome the morning rays  
 With songs of gratitude, and sweet delight.  
 O Father of the Universe, these lays  
 Are Nature's hymns to Thee—Thy creatures' grateful praise !

Then hail ! increasing choir : sweet to mine ear  
 Your morning hymns of praise. O all I see,  
 And all beyond surveyance ; all I hear—  
 All Nature, Mighty Father, praises Thee,  
 All lovely scenes and sounds, all varied harmony !

Some thinkers, who think themselves very wise, think it wise not to believe what they cannot comprehend ; and they find themselves quite unable to comprehend a Cosmic government. Of course they do ; and that is because of the finiteness of the human intellect. The proven finiteness of the human intellect should cause all men to stand humbly in the presence of Nature and the Infinite. And all the more so, the more of knowledge that their finite intellect has been permitted to grasp. There are several thoughts within the capacity of ordinary thinkers, which prove the finiteness of which I speak, but I need now only open up one, which, with others, I have given elsewhere. It is this : No intellect can grasp the idea of Infinite Space. The mind gropes about for an ultimate boundary, and it seems at length to touch a boundary of adamant. What then ? Can the mind conceive an infinite continuity of the adamant ? No. It is as difficult to conceive infinity of solidity as infinity of empty space, and yet the mind is equally unable to conceive a final termination of either or both. And this difficulty arises from a fact which *can* be

understood ; namely, that the smaller, which is the limited human intellect, cannot contain the greater, which is the Infinite. And so long as we know that there is a *greater*, outside the range and grasp of the human mind, let us be humble and trustful before Nature and the Infinite, assured that all is governed by Omnipotent Love, and that in that government things are happening which we cannot possibly understand.



## CHAPTER XLI.

LETTERS FROM MRS. FIELDING.—A WEDDING DAY OVERLOOKED.—  
 “HER EXCHANGE WILL BE GLORIOUS!”—PEACHES GROWN IN  
 GOLDEN SQUARE.—A FINE OLD LASS.—SHUFFLING DICK.—DEATH  
 OF MRS. FIELDING.—“WOMEN.”—MR. HALL AT BRIGHTON AND AT  
 BATH.—MARTIN LUTHER’S HYMN.—“FROM MY DARLING MOTHER’S  
 GRAVE.”



HAVE said that Llewellynn Jewitt's veneration for women was largely strengthened by his knowledge of the beautiful life of his mother, as well as that of his wife. Then he had also a long and intimate knowledge of the beautiful character of Anna Maria Hall, who loved him for his chivalrous noble nature. Samuel Carter Hall had, likewise, enshrined in his heart, the memory of a mother of wonderfully angelic and even heroic character. It is with regret that I feel I cannot pause to draw her beautiful picture here, from the testimony of both her husband and her son. And in addition to that model of connubial amiability his wife, he had the treble good fortune to find as much womanly excellence in his wife's mother—Sarah Elizabeth Fielding—of whom his “Recollections” were given in a previous chapter. He has sent me several of her letters that had been religiously treasured by him or by his wife. Here is one which he has preserved for forty-two years, and, before handing it to me, he wrote on the fly-leaf: “This letter is from Mrs. Fielding, the dear, loving and admirable mother of Mrs. S. C. Hall. See what I say about her in the ‘Retrospect.’” It is dated on his birthday:

“Seven o'clock—morning, 9th May, 1845. My very dear son,—May the blessing of the Lord attend you! May you continue to prosper in this life, blameless! ever remembering that you owe a spotless example to those around you younger than yourself: heaven has endowed you with some brilliant qualities; do not, I beseech you, tarnish their lustre in striving to appear worse than you are, grieving all who truly love you. This may be the last anniversary of your birthday permitted *to me* to congratulate you on. Let a mother's wish sink deep into your heart. Be wise, be prudent. Your conduct has ever been virtuous and upright, now these two-and-twenty years that I have known you. You love your wife, she loves you, I love you—we all love each other, praise be to God! Therefore, my dear

fellow, grieve not *His* Holy Spirit by *vain words*. Let there be no dissimulation. Have the kindness to read in the book that goes with this, the part appropriated to *this day*, with attention, . . . and believe me, *ever affectionately your loving Mother*, S. E. FIELDING."

What a grand and sacred word is MOTHER, when it is the appellation of such ladies as the Jewitts, the Fieldings, and the Halls—and I am thinking of the beautiful and excellent mother of Samuel Carter Hall as well as of his wife. Well may their little sons expect to conjure by the utterance of the mere word "mother"—when the incipient soldier or sailor, the incipient general or admiral, in his early childhood, being threatened by a big foe, whom he has no physical power to overcome, stands his ground, and utters the terrible threat "I'll tell MY MOTHER!" expecting thereby at once to cow the bully.

Here is another letter from Mrs. Fielding, posted to her son-in-law while he and his wife were on the continent. It is addressed to him to "Hotel de Baviere, Leipzig:"

"Firfield [Addlestone], 24th September, 1850.—Your letter of the 20th, my dearest Carter, overwhelmed me with confusion and regret—to think that I should have passed the day, the 20th of this month, without a thought that recalled the day when you and my dear child became one! 'Tis marvellous! Yet so it is. I am grown very forgetful. Yet I remember well a thousand kindnesses of yours towards me, daily repeated for so many years. *You have been a son indeed to me.* May God reward you with a tenfold blessing for the happiness you have imparted to my declining years! And yet I forgot the day! What a shame! Neither dear Fanny K—— nor Mrs. L—— were here on Friday last. It was a dull wet day. I was not well then, but am now much better. . . . We are *all* looking forward to your *safe return*. Let *that dear day* be, instead, the joyous anniversary of your Wedding-day, so shall we all be happy. I do so long for it.—Ever your affectionate mother, S. E. FIELDING.

"Everything here is going on well."

On the second leaf of the same letter she writes to her daughter:

"My dearest Maria,—What a sweet fancy you indulged in on your Wedding-day for Firfield. Alas, alas! I deeply regret it was not realized. . . . How amusing your travellings must be! I am glad your likeness, and Carter's, will remain in the King's Collection at Dresden. 'Tis only what you both merit. God bless you ever!—prays your affectionate Mother, S. E. FIELDING.

"I have answered Cazzy's kind letters; and some more of no great moment."

The following is written from Han's Place, where she is on a visit, and is addressed to her daughter and son-in-law at Addlestone, and is labelled by the latter—"From Mrs. Hall's dear and good Mother":

"Han's Place, 17th November, 1850.—My dearest love and my dearest Carter,—Alice and I arrived safe and well here at twenty minutes past four o'clock—small rain most of the way, Edwin and Major getting the most of it, but none of us the worse for it. Sent

Alice off to Miss K——; no better, the dear creature, but weaker, and *will* lock her door! I slept well until six o'clock this morning—a fine day for the season. Dr. Cahill came looking after me, and was pleased to see me still able to travel like a Trojan. Are you satisfied now? Miss S—— was haunting the Place yesterday about me, and came to-day after Church. Poor thing! she is very affectionate. . . . Alice is just returned (the third time this day) from Montpelier Square. Poor dear Fanny K—— is nearly gone. She sent you and me her *dear* love—settled everything—they are all in tears! She is still alive—lingering still. May our God of Mercy receive her immortal part into His glory whenever she departs! She has no wish to see anyone now! She was a kind vision to us all for many years! Do not weep for her, her exchange will be glorious! Heaven bless you both, my blessed ones, prays your affectionate mother, S. E. FIELDING.”

Here is a hearty letter written when she was in her eighty-first or eighty-second year, with hand and mind as firm and clear as those of a young girl just leaving school; it is addressed to the old home in Ireland:

“The Rosery, August 5th. My dearest girl,—A thousand and ten thousand thanks for your nice letter of the second instant. It has been quite a cordial to my heart and spirits. So dear Graige is kept up well! Thank God! And you have seen it! Your dear Grandmother’s dream is fulfilled—*not* in *me*, but in you. I am content. Rosine is to come to-morrow for two or three hours. On Monday the Judds took me in their carriage round the Regent’s Park, and then I spent the evening with them—most pleasantly. Mrs. Judd has just sent me in some apples, which I am glad of. I have made some currant jelly for the winter, and raspberry jam. I have not sold the piano. I suppose you will send it to Johnstown for the dear little ones there; it will just suit their musical beginnings, and save a new one. I dined on Sunday with Willy and Mary. Miss Elliott was there. William and Mary go to Brighton to-morrow for a few days. The Shortlands do not leave this until next Monday, so dear Carter must sleep either at their house, or at Miss S——’s, if he comes on Saturday. ’Tis a bore, but unavoidable. I was on the eve of having *my* balcony mended against winter, to prevent the whole being carried away by blustering Boreas. I will attend to your wishes about your chair. Sir John Newport is a wonderful little man, no doubt; but few, very few, can live so long as he has, and get rid of the infirmities of old age so long before dissolution. It certainly is our duty to seek remedies, and avoid diseases, that we may live comfortably ourselves, and assist to the comfort and consolation of others in need. But when we have done our best we must not expect miracles to take place in our favour. The excessive heat of the last three days tried my breath as severely as intense frost would do. Yet I could not help rejoicing in them, from the consideration that it would ripen the harvest and make glad the hearts of thousands by its abundant produce. How infinitely good is the great God to his creatures! No—let us never despair of His protecting care. While we humbly tread the path of duty He will shield us from harm! I am delighted with your

account of Mr. Boyse and his sister. May heaven keep them in the same mind and grant them a long life to be a blessing to those around them. Ireland would soon flourish again if all the landholders did the same. However, I hope the days of her *real glory* are not far off. When a nation can once be made to think and reflect, she soon rises. See what the Scotch have become, through industry and a right way of thinking. And yet, they were originally Irish. I have just received an Article from Westmacott, which I will send, with Count Pepoli's, to the Printer. Carter will see, of course, the first sheet, and correct according to judgment. So things are in train. I am glad you have an Article for the Art Union, and also for the Britannia. Coulton has been very kind, sending me the paper regularly on the Saturday. Miss Parks was here on Monday; she staid about three hours, and has volunteered to send me some of her peaches that grow in *Golden Square*! Fancy peaches growing *there*. She says they are of an excellent kind. Her Mother (now eighty-four) took a trip to Somersetshire, and is still from home. There's a fine old lass! Miss P—— had a grand rumpus with H—— (he had appropriated one of her plates). He certainly is a great savage. She told me all about it. The Mitts are very nice. Thank you. I am glad you are with the dear Doctor and his family—God bless them! I trust in God Carter will get the better of Shuffling Dick. We have, indeed, spent more money and anxiety than the money is worth, after those arrears; but it will stop many a gap when it comes, which will be a blessing. Alice is very well but for her feet—poor thing—and ever ready to do what she can. Hannah is Lady *Do-little*. However, I make her water the plants, etc. She has been this fortnight past hemming borders for six night-caps—Not done yet! But she exercises her tongue well—something like poor Hedworth—nothing malicious, but always going. Rather than not hear herself talk she repeats over and over again the same words, and nearly as loud as Mr. S——! I have not seen the Mac Jans lately. Indeed there is no walking out except at night. The heat has affected poor little Jessy with a slight cholera. Cockatoo looks well—his plumage beautiful—but he is serious, and no better. Weazle is well, and Nina as fat as ever. Puss has another kitten. So you have a full account of all the live stock of The Rosery. I am glad you saw Good Mr. Billey—they live as old as the hills in that corner. Pray give my affectionate love to Mrs. and Miss Walsh, with young John, and remember me to the Carrs, etc., etc. God bless and keep you my dearest, prays your mother, S. E. FIELDING."

"William and Mary" were the Howitts. Not very many months after writing the above jolly letter this excellent lady died, and was buried in the churchyard at Addlestone in Surrey, where her son-in-law placed a gravestone thus inscribed: "Mrs. Sarah Elizabeth Fielding, the good and beloved mother of Mrs. S. C. Hall, died on the 20th January, 1856, in the eighty-third year of her age. Her life was a long and cheerful preparation for death, and her whole pilgrimage a practical illustration of the text that was her frequent precept and continual guide, 'Keep innocence and take heed unto the thing that is right, for that shall bring a man peace at the last.'"

It was this experience of good women which inspired the following verses in Samuel Carter Hall's "Rhymes in Council, Aphorisms Versified," which book by the sanction of her Majesty was dedicated "To the Grandchildren of the Queen":

"WOMEN.

"Men are what women make them : Age and Youth  
Bear witness to that grand—Eternal—Truth !  
They steer the bark o'er Destiny's dark wave,  
And guide us from the cradle to the grave.

Away with women of new-fangled schools—  
God pardon them—who would unsex the sex :  
Of all her natural 'Rights' make ghastly wrecks ;  
And let none rule who does not show she rules !  
Shadow for substance giving—where they bring  
A taint more deadly than an adder's sting.

Contrast !—Friend, counsellor, companion, wife,  
Cherished for love, in this, and after life :  
Reflective, prudent, wise, and sweetly kind :  
A generous heart, a liberal hand and mind :  
Giving a ready help to all who need :  
Though to her 'household' first, as wise and just :  
Yielding with grace, and not because she must :  
While she, of greater troubles, takes her share,  
She treats the lesser as the garden weed,  
To be removed, and yet with gentle care,  
That flowers as well are not uprooted there.

Such women will be always in their prime :  
Goodness is beautiful at every stage :  
The soul is never old, and knows not Time :  
For wedded love—in youthhood, so in age—  
Is love that lasts through *all* a chequered life—  
Strong in the sunshine as when tempest-tost :  
The Husband found, a Lover is not lost,  
The Sweetheart still remains—a Sweetheart Wife !

Know ye not such wives,  
Who to such duties dedicate their lives ?"

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While writing Chapter XXIV. or XXV. of this work I received from Samuel Carter Hall, through the post, a present of two volumes, which, with their inscription, are interesting in connection with that "fifty years ago" referred to by the good Earl of Shaftesbury. The work is entitled "The Modern Traveller. Brazil and Buenos Ayres." It was published by James Duncan, London, 1825. In the front of the first volume the donor has written "This is now a rare book. I have been for many years in search of a copy. I present it with pleasure to my friend W. H. Goss. I found it in an old book-shop at Brighton, on the 14th June, 1887.—S. C. HALL." The reader will wonder what this has to do with the inscriber. His name does not appear in the book either as author or editor. But there is a printed newspaper cutting stuck in the first volume which reveals his connection with it, thus: "In 1823 Mrs. Fielding and her daughter were introduced to Mr. Samuel Carter Hall, then a young



gentleman working his way into the literary ranks of the metropolis ; and on September 20th, 1824, Anna Maria Fielding became his wife. Mr. Hall, in one of his later books, pleasantly records an interesting circumstance in connection with that happy event ; he wrote : 'On the 19th of September, 1824, I received from a publisher, James Duncan, of Paternoster Row, a sum of £40 for a book, one of the series of 'The Modern Traveller ; Brazil,' the Editor of which was Josiah Conder. The volumes were merely condensations, skilfully and readably put together. The £40 sufficed for the church fees and for the wedding trip to Petersham, near Richmond. I was then a reporter, with a fair salary, and so we began life together !' " And then says the unknown writer of this cutting, "And a beautiful, long, and united 'life' did it prove ; a blessing and a boon, reaching in its influence to thousands of known and personally unknown friends." It is curious that the author of these unsigned volumes—unsigned until he signed them for me on the 14th June, although written by him sixty-three years ago—should have discovered them in an old bookshop in Brighton, in his eighty-eighth year, when his locomotion is by a bath-chair. And it is curious that they should contain the newspaper cutting throwing light upon their history. In the letter accompanying them the donor writes : "32, Bedford Square, Brighton, June 15th, 1887. My dear friend, Mr. Goss,—I was lucky in finding this book, of which I am sure you have not a copy. I shall have a hunt for some more rare books. Ever your friend, S. C. HALL." I quote this to exhibit the kindness which prompts my aged friend to spend part of his sea-side holiday-time in his bath-chair in a musty old bookshop, in search of rare books, not for his own reading or possession, but that he may immediately post them to his friend, enriched with his own autographic comment.

In the spring of 1883 Samuel Carter Hall paid a visit to Bath, where he has numerous friends. I quote the following from a Bath newspaper, showing that at this time he, although aged eighty-two, was able to deliver an extemporaneous address of two hours and a half duration, as I learn elsewhere, without fatigue either to himself or his audience :

"MR. S. C. HALL IN BATH.—'By the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Hunt, High-street, a very enjoyable evening was,' writes a correspondent, 'spent yesterday by several ladies and gentlemen, friends of the Blue Ribbon movement, in listening to a long narration of incidents, 'Reminiscences of Irish wit and humour,' chiefly the personal experience of Mr. S. C. Hall, although in the course of his remarks the venerable and renowned *raconteur* gave utterance to many thoughts, serious and suggestive, with regard to past and present difficulties in Ireland. In speaking of his much-loved wife, so long associated with him in his efforts for benefiting the Irish people, he said she never shut her eyes to their faults and foibles, but rebuked them in a faithful and kindly manner. Mr. Hall, who appeared in excellent health and spirits, spoke for upwards of two hours, and said he could go on for ten if he was not afraid of exhausting the patience of his hearers.

The constant fund of amusement kept all present most merry and entertained. Mr. Hall said he had known personally nearly all the leading statesmen and literary men of the present century, 'men who have been, men who can never die, for their works live after them,' 'Brougham, Canning, Wordsworth, Coleridge, names to you what Marlborough and Castlereagh were to me;' and in response to a request of one of the company, spoke particularly of visits paid to Hannah More, at Wrington and Clifton. Among the many interesting things related by Mr. Hall was the fact that he not only knew Sir Walter Scott, but that he read 'Waverley' the first week it was published. Mr. Hall's father was Col. of a regiment quartered in Ireland during the whole of the Rebellion. In the County of Kerry, where he was, no man was shot or hung during his six years' government, which Mr. Hall thought reflected great credit on the Colonel and the 1,000 men of Devon whom he commanded. Amongst those present were Judge Gowan and Lady, who has been a judge in Canada for forty-one years, and General Fellowes, of the Royal Marines, and family, from Bourmemouth. At the close Mr. Treby sang 'The Ribbon of Blue,' a song composed by Mr. Hall when in Bath two years ago. Mr. Hall leaves Bath on Saturday for London, where he hopes to celebrate his eighty-third birthday, on the 9th of May, with some old friends."

On the second day of this same year Mr. Hall received the following letter from an aged lady, who had the remembrance of Mrs. Hall, and her mother—Mrs. Fielding, "fifty years since :"

"125, Graham Road, South Wimbledon, Surrey, January 1st, 1883. Dear Sir,—Indeed I am very grateful for your kind and prompt response to my letter, and most sincerely do I this day wish you every good for time and eternity. Upon you, as upon myself, the shadows of evening are falling, and we are waiting for the dawn of the day that is to reunite us to those dear ones whose absence here has left to us such aching loneliness. But I do trust that you may never feel such a void as is left in my life—one after another taken from me, and I am left in a bewilderment of grief and desolation to struggle to the end. May God bless and reward you for your kindness to me, and I remain, dear sir, yours faithfully and gratefully, S. K.

"It comes, the remembrance of *fifty* years since, passing the evening at Clarendon House with my dear parents, when, in token of esteem, knowing them, perhaps, to be rather rigid in their religion, dear Mrs. Hall, with her beautiful and powerful voice, sang with such expression Martin Luther's Hymn. How I watched the lovely features, and longed to be like her. And her mother, Mrs. Fielding, was there."

Among the relics which are very precious to Samuel Carter Hall, whether in his own possession or in my appreciative keeping, there is before me an old closed envelope containing what appears to be, when held up to the light, a small dried sprig of young broom, and on the front of it is written in Mrs. Hall's hand, "From my darling Mother's grave, Monday, March the 9th, 1857." I wish that envelope to

remain the closed grave of that dead sprig for ever. It was gathered with tears by the hand of the illustrious lady, whom the good Lord Shaftesbury designated "our august friend"; by the same hand it was tenderly placed in that envelope, which by the moisture of her tongue she sealed; and then again shedding tears at the memory of her darling mother, she placed it with that darling mother's marriage certificate, and such-like treasured domestic relics. Let what she thus closed be closed for ever, and what she thus treasured be treasured as long. And should any reader, or future beholder of that old inscribed envelope, be curious to know what plants grow upon that grave, he will do well indeed if he make a pilgrimage to the grave itself; and stay the night at Addlestone. Then he may hear the chorus of the nightingales, the descendants of those very songsters who by their night-long sweet melody prevented Fairholt from sleeping when he lay at the garden lodge at Firfield there. And he will see the ivy-clad church tower, clothed almost—if not quite by this time—to the summit, with ivy planted there by the hands of Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall in 1856, and brought for the purpose from "all-beautiful" Killarney.



## CHAPTER XLII.

A LETTER FROM S. C. HALL TO AN INFIDEL.—INSCRIPTIONS IN MRS. JEWITT'S ALBUM BY JACOB THOMPSON, S. C. HALL, DANIEL DOUGLAS HOME, AND HUBERT SMITH.—"ELDMUIR."—ASYLUM FOR THE ORPHANS OF ARTISTS.—LETTERS OF INTEREST FROM NOBLE LADIES.—A FIRM EDITOR.—A WORD ABOUT SPIRITUALISM.—THE HABITAT OF THE ANGELS.—A DREAM OF HEAVEN AND AN ANGEL.



THE following letter, which I find in the handwriting of Mr. Hall, is too good to be passed by. The reader will be able to form a guess as to whom it was written, although no name appears on my copy :

"Sir,—In reply to your letter I must say that I have never heard any of your addresses, nor have I read any of your writings. Such admissions may seem to condemn the judgment I have formed of both ; but there have been several reports of both, which I have read ; and from these I am, as I think, justified in believing you are pursuing a course pregnant of peril to the temporal—to say nothing of the eternal—interests of the persons over whom you have control. Whether all the charges that are urged against you are true or false I cannot say ; you will at least admit that you labour to eradicate Christianity. I am of the many who believe in its Divine origin. But putting that position entirely aside, what guidance can you substitute for it ? What principles will you inculcate in lieu of those you find in the Bible, which you reject or condemn ? What example of love, peace, temperance, justice, mercy, fosterage of the lowly, contempt of riches misapplied or non-applied, succour to the oppressed, comfort to the afflicted, will you substitute for the example of Christ ? You have adopted the shallow and often-refuted arguments of weak or wicked writers, instead of the reasonings and interpretations of educated and intellectual men, who in all ages and countries have recorded their trust in the Christian faith. That is but a small portion of your offence against the Nation you insult. Your labours to propagate infidelity may to some extent remove the checks on human passions, proneness to wrong and impatience of all imposed restraint ; but have you thought of any laws by which the ignorant and the evil can be governed when freed from the responsibility you ignore or decry ? It is probable that where you administer the poison the antidote cannot reach ; for the congregations who can listen to you with patience are not likely to hear the teachers who

would expose your fallacies as surely as light dispels dark. Sir, I have reason to consider you a person of large intelligence and capacious mind; who might confer immense good, instead of incalculable evil, on your kind; on the humbler classes more especially; and I deeply deplore the course you have taken, as an outrage on the common nature of man. He was a good priest who, laying his hands on the head of a little child (of an opposite faith), said: 'You will not be the worse for an old man's blessing;' and you, sir, will not suffer if I give you earnest prayers that God may change your heart and mind for an instrument of good instead of evil.—Your obedient servant, S. C. HALL."

During two visits of Samuel Carter Hall to Winster, he wrote in Mrs. Jewitt's autograph album—a volume to which her honoured guests during many years were invited to contribute an autographic memorial of their visit. The following lines were evidently written by Mr. Hall with the Winster Water Supply in his thoughts:

"Those who bring water to the Homes that thirst,  
Among man's benefactors rank the first.  
They are God's ministers of Love, who bring  
To sons of toil the solace of the Spring."

In this same album, rich in thoughts, thanks, and signatures of distinguished guests, there is this from Jacob Thompson, dated 10th June, 1878: "Mr. and Mrs. Jewitt,—We shall always look back on our enjoyable visit to Winster Hall with grateful feelings, and sincerely thank you and your family for much kindness and attention. I wish that I could find words to better express what we feel. But as my namesake the poet failed with his *pen*, and left all to expressive silence, what can a painter do with his *brush*, but remain silently grateful?—JACOB THOMPSON."

I don't know whether Llewellynn Jewitt or his beloved wife ever caught the meaning of this expression "what can a painter do with his *brush*, but remain silently grateful?" but I think I have. Jacob Thompson went home and painted a little picture expressly for his friend and host. This act of his brush was an act of silent gratitude, and the picture itself is a picture of silence itself, and it is entitled "Solitude." It is a little gem, and interesting as the last original work of the great painter. He afterwards made a drawing of it on wood for the engraver, and gave it the title of "Eldmuir" and made it the imaginary scene of an interesting work of that title, written by his son, Jacob Thompson, junior, which was edited by Llewellynn Jewitt, and published by Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, and Rivington, in 1879. The picture forms the frontispiece of the book, and only differs from the original in having the addition of the crescent moon, which Jacob Thompson intended to have added to the painting also, but never did. Consequently when Llewellynn Jewitt used the same wood-block for the illustration of his beautiful "Life and Works of Jacob Thompson," that it might be exactly truthful, he had the moon plugged and engraved over as sky, but the trace of it is still there in the illustration on p. 100. The picture is now in the possession of Edwin Augustus G. Jewitt, Llewellynn Jewitt's son.

And this mention of a great painter who has departed, and of his son who survives, reminds me of another good and benevolent thought and labour of Thompson's particular friend Samuel Carter Hall. It was in 1859 that he determined to found and establish an Asylum for the Orphans of Artists, and had a circular lithographed as follows, which he issued extensively among benevolent wealthy people, especially wealthy artists and art-manufacturers, to be filled up and returned to him :

"Sir,—If an Asylum for the Orphans of Artists be formed to my satisfaction—under circumstances of which I approve—and under such auspices as I believe will ensure its success—I am willing to present the sum of.....to such Institution, or to contribute annually the sum of.....to its support.

"To S. C. Hall, Esq., F.S.A., *Art Journal* Office, Lancaster Place, London."

The first circular returned was signed "J. A. Hammersley," promising a donation of five guineas, and an annual contribution of two guineas. Mr. Hall has endorsed this in red pencil "The first signature! God speed the work." It, and a bundle besides, promising still larger donations, which are before me, prove that the work sped very well indeed; and in a short time the promises reached a total sufficient to justify a search for the premises, and for the orphans. "But," Mr. Hall wrote to me, "when I set to work to find 'orphans' there were literally none!!!" So no call was made for the fulfilment of the promises.

Also there are more lines in the Album in the autograph of Samuel Carter Hall, too good and characteristic to be passed over :

#### "AFTER FORTY YEARS.

"JANUARY 6TH, 1864.

"Yes! forty years of troubles,—come and gone,—  
I count since first I gave thee hand and heart!  
But none have come from thee, dear Wife—not one!  
In griefs that sadden'd me thou hadst no part,—  
Save when, accepting more than woman's share  
Of pain and toil, despondency and care,  
My comforter thou wert, my hope, my trust:  
Ever suggesting holy thoughts and deeds;  
Guiding my steps on earth through blinding dust,  
Into the Heaven-lit path that Heaven-ward leads.  
So has it been, from manhood unto age,  
In every shifting scene of life's sad stage,  
Since—forty years ago,—a humble name  
I gave to thee, which thou hast given to fame;  
Rejoicing in the wife and friend, to find  
The woman's lesser duties—all—combined  
With holiest efforts of creative mind.

And if the world has found some good in me,  
The prompting and the teaching came from thee!  
God so guide both that so it ever be!

So may the full fount of affection flow:  
Each loving each as—forty years ago!

We are going down the rugged hill of life,  
 Into the tranquil valley at its base ;  
 But, hand in hand, and heart in heart, dear Wife :  
 With less of outer care and inner strife,  
 I look into thy mind and in thy face,  
 And only see the Angel coming nearer,  
 To make thee still more beautiful and dearer,  
 When from the thrall and soil of earth made free,  
 Thy prayer is heard for me, and mine for thee !

S. C. HALL."

And there are lines in the autograph of Daniel Douglas Home, the renowned spiritualist, who was the dearly beloved friend of Mr. and Mrs. Hall, and of whom Llewellynn Jewitt wrote in his diary. The Halls in writing to him addressed him as "My dear Dan," and he signed his letters to them "Your ever affectionate Daniel," and "Your ever affectionate Dan." "Julie sends fond love, in which joins with all his heart, Your ever loving Daniel." He was a most amiable and brilliant man, and was dearly beloved by many. He was Scotch by descent and birth. He visited nearly every country and court in Europe, and was extensively consulted by emperors and kings. In 1864 he was ordered by the authorities of Rome to quit the Papal dominions—an evidence of his power, which by them was dreaded. In a book which he published in 1863, entitled "Incidents in my Life," he says regarding spiritualism: "The only good I have ever derived from 'the gift' is the knowledge that many who had never believed in a future existence are now happy, through me, in the certitude of the 'life to come.'" In 1858 he married the daughter of a Russian nobleman, and god-daughter of the Emperor Nicholas. She died in 1862, leaving a son. In 1871 he married again—a Russian lady of noble birth once more. I have many autograph letters from him and about him. These are the lines he wrote in Mrs. Jewitt's Album, dated March 17th, 1869 :

"So let us join and sing as one :  
 They go not far who leave our sight ;  
 They step between our souls and wrong ;  
 They reach our hands towards the right !

They go not far, nor love us less ;  
 But when we pass to dwell no more  
 In tents for aye, we know, we know  
 They'll meet and clasp us at the door !

D. D. HOME."

The last poetic effusion in the Album is the following by Hubert Smith, the well-known traveller and author. It is dated "Winster Hall, 28th July, 1879" :

"TO MR. AND MRS. JEWITT.

"I enter'd through the pillar'd gate ;  
 Pass'd stately hawthorn on my right ;  
 And found the entrance door undone,  
 As if to show that I was one  
 To whom, by some auspicious fate,  
 Was ready welcome for the night.

The hall was deck'd with pictures rare  
 Whence to a panelled room I went—  
 Passing the staircase quaint and wide—  
 When host and hostess 'Welcome' cried,  
 And damsels Beatrice and Clare  
 Came in like angels Heaven-sent.

I've wander'd through the garden's maze,  
 All toned with gray and mossy age,  
 O'er box-edged walks, down steps of stone  
 With feet of generations worn.  
 And distant woodlands met my gaze  
 As there I wander'd all alone.

When I recall the fine old Hall,  
 Thoughts pleasant will come with it, ever—  
 Of guests, with many a famous name,  
 And host, of even greater fame.  
 'Twill be with pleasure I'll recall  
 All here, from which I sadly sever !

HUBERT SMITH."

In glancing over letters from all classes and conditions of men and women, either to Mr. or Mrs. S. C. Hall, it is impossible not to be struck with the strong expressions of affection used towards them by those who knew them best and longest. They, like Llewellynn Jewitt and his beloved wife, never failed to kindle strong love in the hearts of all good people who truly knew them, without any thought on their part of bringing about such a result. It is greatly shown in the "Dan" correspondence, and I could quote many hundreds of instances, as I have said before, from letters in my possession. Here is one from a lady who is the mother of a noble lord. It is written from Ireland, and not long ago, being dated "December 6th, 1887,"—for I am interpolating again :

"My dearest old Friend,—I was indeed *very* VERY GLAD to see your welcome handwriting again with the pretty verses enclosed for — and myself. . . . I am so glad to hear you are so wonderfully well. How good God is to you, my dearest friend, to keep you in such health, and spare you a little longer to your friends here. Perhaps we may meet again on earth if God wills it ; if not, we will in a better world, where there will be no more partings from those we love. Poor Ireland is in a bad way. May God bring her through all the trials that have been put on her by wretches who care for nothing but their own advancement and power. We are very quiet here, but no rents coming in hardly. Most of the people have not got the money. They have spent it on this dreadful Land League. With best love to you, and all friends at Kensington Gate, your sincerely affectionate old friend —."

Here is another, of older date, from a British Countess to Mr. Hall, in which "Dan" is mentioned. It will be remembered that Llewellynn Jewitt met Daniel Home at Mr. S. C. Hall's and elsewhere in March, 1869, and was much pleased with him, receiving great attention from him. The letter is dated : "12th August, 1884. Hotel des Ambassadeurs, Vichy, France. Never, never, could I



forget you! My dear, dear friend of so many years. *That* would be quite impossible, even if I did not read your well-known and ever deeply respected name somewhere or other almost every week, particularly in "Light," to which I am a constant subscriber. I had, though, to give up — and the —, as he allowed some coarse and ungracious subject to treat me most disrespectfully in his Journal—last August I think it was—in consequence of a paper or two I contributed on what he called the *Theological Conflict*, which was a most disgraceful attack upon our Saviour, and the cause of Christianity, which I thought myself bound to defend, and, strange to say, with the exception of 'Lily,' I was the only champion in the field. I suppose the fact is people know — too well, and are afraid of him. Of course I did not expostulate; I simply ordered my butler to write and tell him his paper would be no longer received—we returned two—and there was an end of it. But I had been a subscriber from the beginning, and had often contributed articles, and constantly five-pound notes. . . . I saw Dan in Paris just before leaving for Vichy. He is going to settle down there, and his dear little wife was very busy choosing an apartment, and buying new furniture. . . . I took him a drive in the Bois, which he enjoyed very much. He seems better in health and walks better; but he is as hard and bitter as ever about all other mediums! How very, very sad was the departure of dear Mrs. A. M. H. Watts—and so far away from her poor husband! My heart bleeds for him. . . . Never ask me again if I can forget you, dear, dear friend, but believe ever in the sincere affection and respect of your constant and loving friend —."

The year before—the 20th March, 1883—Daniel Home had completed his fiftieth year, on which occasion the same lady—writing to Mr. Hall—says she "found him looking radiantly happy, for he was surrounded by friends, and by large bouquets and other lovely floral offerings, which these friends had brought him. The flowers in Nice are so lovely and fragrant that you can form no idea of their beauty or profusion in England, particularly at this season. But they are expensive for all that, and the flowers that were spread out all around the arm-chair of our good old Dan represented a large sum. His dear, sweet, good wife was very busy offering her fragrant tea, and baskets of bon-bons and good things to her friends. She looked so happy to see her husband so much fêted on his fête-day. He recited some poetry to us with his usual success. How I wish his mediumship were at all available. It is so much wanted here to make converts to the cause. I know of no medium here or in Paris worth seeing, and of the friends who surrounded him the other day few knew of his great powers *by experience*, except, perhaps, Mrs. Makdougall Gregory and I. They know him more by *reputation*, or as a reader or reciter for their amusement. I have seen nothing of his spiritual power since his present marriage. Indeed he never speaks of it now! But I must stop, for I am writing you a volume, and you must be weary, when I only wanted to convey to you my thanks most earnest and sincere for the precious photograph, and I beg you to believe me your most affectionate friend, —."

Here is another letter from the same lady to Mr. Hall, written after the death of Home, which happened in 1886.

"Vichy, 11th September, 1886. Dear Mr. Hall,—Dear friend of many long years! I should feel ungrateful were I not to write once more to thank you for the charming and valuable letter you have so kindly sent me in reply to mine. What a happiness it is to see that you have all your truly remarkable talents with you to the last, besides retaining all your physical faculties, which so few are privileged to do, and when generally life becomes a burden to those advanced in years. Truly such a glorious old age is the reward, or rather I may say the *consequence* of a well-spent life. And then you have the great happiness to enjoy, besides these blessings, the knowledge and certainty of the happy home that awaits you beyond the sunset, and which your beloved one has gone before to prepare for you. You do well to record all her blessed assurances to you, as your name carries such a weight with it, that they will serve to bless and comfort many, and lead them to the higher life long after you have entered upon it! It will also be a noble work to publish the letters of your old friend Dan Home, though I fear spiritualistic mediums will not bless you for it, judging by the numerous insolent letters I have received from the U. S., both signed and anonymous, in consequence of my letters to the *Religio Philosophical Journal*, describing his last moments and his funeral, which I did at the request of his wife, and to give her pleasure and comfort. But it seems I have given the greatest offence to many, so much had our poor friend made himself disliked by other mediums and their friends—no doubt on account of his great superiority, and the position he always occupied in *good society* in Europe. This alone would be an unpardonable offence to undeveloped and narrow minds. Still, dear friend, I applaud your resolution to keep his memory before the ungrateful world, by publishing the letters you have of his, because it will be the means of again giving *your* experiences and *your deep convictions* to the world, and that will do good. . . . Thanking you again, dear good friend, for your sweet and friendly letter, believe me ever most affectionately yours, —."

I could fill a volume with letters from eminent and eminently good people, exhibiting similar affection and respect to that expressed by this most devout Countess. The Mary Howitt correspondence is very similar.

But at the same time that Samuel Carter Hall won so much love without seeking it, it was not by a spirit of general concession that he won it. He was ever a man of great firmness in pursuing his own idea of what was right, and not yielding to that of the friend who differed from him. Here is an example of his firmness as an editor, in opposition to one to whom he confesses he owes much respect. Such firmness in such a man, after all, only adds respect to the love:

"My dear Sir,—You must excuse me if I decline to insert this article; and return it. To enter into a controversy (and that would be inevitable) would be, I verily believe, to ruin *Social Notes*. I will

say no more, though I might say much. I will not insert this article, or any article, beyond the length of a letter—correspondence—of a page. Lord Townshend is not the Editor of *Social Notes*; and in no way dictates to me; if he did my name would not again appear on the title-page. I owe to him all possible respect—for more reasons than one. I owe also, and record, all respect to you; but in such matters as this I must be the sole judge of what ought to be, and must be, done in the conduct of the publication for which I am responsible.—Very truly yours, S. C. H.” Lord Townshend was the proprietor of *Social Notes*.

And now, I will venture here a few words on a question which is often put to me, “What do you think of Spiritualism?” Although strongly urged to answer, I have generally avoided the question with the remark that I know nothing of the subject meant, except that there are both mysteries and impostures associated with the word. The whole subject is an utterly boundless one, and I shall therefore not plunge into it; and shall say but little about it. Two difficulties, however, may be stated, and an endeavour made to reconcile them by means of the letters before me. That this most talented and devout Countess, and the recipient of her above letters, and his sainted wife, and William and Mary Howitt, have had real and wonderful spiritualistic experiences I am quite sure; because they are and were, each of them, giants and giantesses in intellect, probity, and truth, and could not be deceived during all their long experiences, nor could they possibly be deceivers of one another. And they each implicitly believed in Daniel Home to the very last. And Llewellynn Jewitt was as firmly convinced on the subject, and I do not think it was possible to deceive him. He seemed to be able to look through a man and a subject almost at a glance. He was one who put the above question to me, and received the above answer, with the addition that my greatest difficulty was that no practical use was ever made of communicative spirits to learn from them what would be useful to mankind, and would seem to be lawful and reasonable at the same time: that it might be unlawful and impossible, because immoral, to employ them in conveying stolen State secrets to eager diplomatists; but it would seem to be only in furtherance of divine justice; and in fulfilment of the threat “be sure your sin will find you out,” to permit spirits, by their clairvoyance, to aid in the capture of murderers. We both appreciated this great difficulty. But I now note that the manifestations borne witness to by the above great names appear to have been confined to a certain period of time, and then to have ceased; and during that special period of manifestations no occasion may have presented itself to true mediums to enquire about concealed murderers. In one of the above letters the Countess exclaims respecting Daniel Home, “How I wish his mediumship were at all available. . . . I have seen nothing of his spiritual power since his present marriage. Indeed he never speaks of it now!” So the power and the manifestations appear to have ceased. And here is a letter from Mary Howitt on the same subject. It is from Meran, June 21st, year not given, to Mr. Hall:

"My dear friend,—Your touching 'In Memoriam' came to me duly and I thank you for it. We are old friends and it is pleasant not to be forgotten. If we were near I should like to see you now and then and to hear from you what are your spiritual experiences, if any. With us the more outward teachings have ceased for years, but only, I think, that, in the Divine Love a more inward demonstration might be perceived. You I understand to say that your beloved has not revealed herself perceptibly to you, but that you know her to be ever near you. And that, dear friend, I believe to be most in the Divine Order. I have no other experience, nor do I desire it. But I think that my dear husband extends over us—me and our children—a loving care as of old—nay, more so. For this I will say to you, as to an old friend, various are the instances of singular Providences, most loving evidences of a constant watchfulness and help which we have experienced and which could only proceed from higher agency than that of earth. But all is gentle as the falling of the dew—nothing spasmodic and startling—nothing to figure in a 'Spiritualistic Paper' and make a wonder about ; but to us as real as outward spoken words and visible facts. Therefore we try to bless God and live nearer to His Spirit of Love, and of union with the supernatural world. It has been a privilege and happiness to us to become acquainted with a few really religious-minded people, who live, like ourselves, as much as may be, united to the other world in the dear Lord and Saviour. I don't know whether you may have heard that my daughter, finding this mild and beautiful climate is so well suited to my age, and seeming so completely to have restored my health, purchased a little piece of land well known to her dear father and admired for its fine views by him, upon which she has been building for the last year a pretty villa. I wish you could see it, for I am sure you would admire it, with your love of the beautiful in art and nature. It is about finished now, and will, we trust, be habitable in the autumn. Houses here are built in flats or storeys, so that two dwellings are under one roof. Margaret's villa—called 'Mary's Rest'—is so built. . . . Dearest William said before he left us that 'God willing, he should look after us,' and of a truth so it seems. But all this I tell you—not to be talked of—only as written to an old friend who has passed through a similar life-experience, and is worthy to be spoken with as one who knows what the Divine Love is. . . . And with the sincerest regard and my warmest desires for your increase in spiritual life, I remain, dear friend, yours sincerely, MARY HOWITT."

As regards the habitat of the angels, including all blessed spirits, there is no need to assume the locality of Heaven to be far far away. It is a subject we know nothing whatever about, and any dogmatic utterances upon it would be mere insolence ; but Heaven and its inhabitants may as well be near us as distant. Even this material earth is as several separate and distinct worlds to its different orders of beings, who share not each other's life, habits, sensations, or scenes, although they form one clustered whole ; and we can conceive no necessary exclusion of the so-called immaterial world from it, and its

isolation elsewhere. Things invisible and intangible to us, may yet be visible and tangible to beings unseen by us. It is certain that the Divinity which operates in this earth is all about us and within us, and we only see its material results. It acts in the worlds of the pond, the river, the sea, the several worlds of the woods, of the meadows, and of humanity. And they are all distinct and separate worlds, with different scenes and sensations, according to the different natures of their inhabitants, yet grouped within one another. We can conceive nothing to exclude a distinct so-called immaterial world from the group, existing like a vivid strong dream in the midst of all. Who has not had such a dream of Heaven and its angels, all seen and felt on earth? The writer has ; and has awoke from it with the still lingering thrill of heavenly joy, which, when it had passed away could not even be re-conceived. He remembers well and will ever remember until the dream be renewed for ever, how he fell asleep thinking of the words, "There is a river the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God ; the holy place of the tabernacles of the Most High. God is in the midst of her ; she shall not be moved." Then in his dream he became very thirsty and was travelling towards that city, longing for its waters. He saw it before him, and heard the music of its streams which flowed down from the beautiful hills into the river valley. He reached the river and drank of its waters for which he had panted like the thirsty hart, and he became immediately refreshed as he had never before been, with a new life and exceeding great joy. Then he travelled miles onward through that bright country without the slightest sensation of fatigue. All around, and as far as the strong clear gaze could penetrate, rising against the sky and against each other were eminences of various forms and heights, like mounts of solid gold. They were raised against backgrounds of delicate turquoise, pale ruby, and topaz, the lovely tints of the heavens. The whole was atmosphered with glory. And on these mounts, one of which he ascended by mere act of volition, were beautiful erections excelling such as the fancy loves to conceive the future happy mansions of the just to be—the pleasant dwellings of the pure and happy. In the far distance the glories of the landscape and of the heavens so blended as to give the outlines of the mansions and the mounts the appearance of faint aerial tracery on the rich sky, all shadows being softened as with a fine golden, yet perfectly transparent, mist. The inspiration of this air of Paradise, like its waters, imparted to the breather life and joy. The foliage which waved here and there, and which clustered about the mansions, with the varied fruits and flowers, glowed like precious stones illumined with a divine light. And all was peace. In this place the heart could know no care nor sorrow. The soft hum of happy life was an added joy poured in at the ear. Nor did the glory weary the eye nor oppress with heat. The land radiated its glories and the heavens shed down soft mingling lustres, and all was happiness and beauty indescribable. It was something which the soul having realized, as in this dream, and once let go, as in awaking, the fancy could never re-grasp, and therefore these words fail. And as the dreamer traversed this Land

of Emanuel he heard sounds of joy and ravishing music proceeding from the happy mansions. And while he was wondering that none of the inhabitants were abroad, one of the Shining Ones approached him—a most beautiful angel, robed in purest white. The sight of this perfect being kindled in the dreamer a love and a joy unknown to him before. And this Shining One came forth purposely to meet and to greet him and to offer him eternal companionship and love. And they walked together to one of the mansions of this Paradise, and the angel said: “This will be our home for ever—yours and mine.” And then the dreamer awoke with the ecstasy still lingering in his soul, and he tried to plunge back into that heaven, but it faded, and the after-taste of the joy also passed away, and were neither of them afterwards recoverable by any possible effort of imagination. It may be said that all this dream was but human fancy working in a material brain, and that the joy also was only physically enjoyed. Yet both the beauty and the joy were supernatural to humanity, and had the dream been eternal it would have been eternal bliss. And the bright country seemed limitless, so there was room there for nations of eternal dreamers. The dream was not the reproduction in the brain of something previously seen, or even previously fancied. It was a perfectly original scene, with perfectly original sensations. And this day-scene of Paradise encompassed one who physically slept in the darkness of earth’s night—earth’s human night. As we cannot possibly know anything of the organizations of what we call the supernatural world, all theories on the subject are valueless; but it is just possible to conceive a so-called immaterial within a material world, the former unseen and unknown to the latter, just as the angel with the drawn sword stood before Balaam, unrevealed to him, and as the mountain of Dothan was full of celestial horses and chariots, unseen by the human eye of Elisha’s servant, until the prophet prayed that they might be revealed; and they were revealed. But how spirits entering a distinct supernatural world can affect the lives of those who remain in the natural world, even with one locality for both, we shall never know in this life. One thing is certain: those who believe in their guardian angels will not lead lives less pure than those who do not. And it is also certain that although a vivid dream of Heaven may serve as a sort of simile of the immaterial world within the material, we shall never be able to understand or grasp the mystery of the spirit, the spiritual life, and the spiritual Heaven, eternal instead of dissoluble, until we realize it. I have referred to the fact that the poetic ancients adopted the butterfly as their symbol of the soul. And it is indeed a wonderfully fit symbol of a second and higher life; divinely clothed, divinely beautified, and divinely fed from ever-ready cups of invigorating nectar—nothing so gross as cabbage now—food ever to be obtained without toil or cuisine; and with its power of flight in the regions of light. The earth is its Paradise, in which it may walk when it will, and above which it may soar when it will, without need to traverse with labour its hills and its dales. Truly it is a beautiful mortal symbol of the resurrection of the soul to its heavenly immortality and joys.

Now although Llewellynn Jewitt was convinced that what he saw at Daniel Home's séance was perfectly genuine, he was as equally convinced that nine-tenths of such proceedings were ingenious and wicked frauds. During the last days of his life he was perfectly sure, as will be seen, that he was attended and his life influenced for good, by at least one guardian angel.

As to the whereabouts of Heaven, let me say finally, there may be Heaven upon earth, there may be many Heavens in God's infinite domain, or there may be one Heaven extending *ULTIMATELY* everywhere in that infinite domain, as He is everywhere. Let us remember what the Master said: "And when he was demanded of the Pharisees, when the kingdom of God should come; he answered them and said, The kingdom of God cometh not with observation. Neither shall they say, Lo here, or lo there: for behold, the kingdom of God is within you."



## CHAPTER XLIII.

CHARLES DICKENS, FANNY HOOD, AND ANNA MARIA HALL.—TOM HOOD THE ELDER AND THE YOUNGER.—A RIDDLE FOR A CHRISTMAS FIRESIDE.—TOM HOOD'S GRAND-DAUGHTERS, AND THEIR MOTHER'S GRAVE AT CLEVEDON.—COLERIDGE'S COTTAGE.—"SEVENTY YEARS AGO."—MR. HALL ON IRELAND.



WHILE the printers, in their race towards THE END, have not yet reached this part of the book, and I who have long since reached THE END, am leisurely going over the ground again, interpolating fresh material here and there, as it presents itself, my friend Mr. Hall writes: "In a week or so I go for a fortnight or so to Clevedon, the very beautiful seaside town near Bristol, where, D.V., sea-breezes will strengthen me—and thence again to Bath; before I settle down in my room for the winter, if I live to see another winter!" and he encloses with the letter "A Memory," written by his beloved wife, of which Clevedon was one of the scenes. The Memory was printed in *Social Notes*, in 1878, the year of the death of its heroine, thus:

"FRANCES FREELING BRODERIP.

"In what is now 'the long ago time' Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dickens invited their friends to a juvenile party in honour of the birthday of their eldest son. Who would decline such an invitation? Who did not know how much the inimitable story-teller made happiness for old and young—his voice ringing out welcomes like joy bells in sweet social tune, his conjurings, his scraps of recitation, his hearty sympathetic receptions; while his wife—in those happy days, the 'Kate' of his affections—illumined like sweet sunshine her husband's aim to promote enjoyment all round. It was understood that after an early supper there was to be 'no end of dancing.' This was no over-dressed juvenile party, but an hilarious gathering of young boys and girls; not overlaid, as in our present days they too often are, with finery and affectations (who never having been children, children can never be), but bounding in their young fresh life to enjoy a full tide of happiness.

"We followed a crowd into the supper room; as boy and girl trooped joyously on, we perceived a thin, pale little maid, who had drawn herself into a corner, folded in her white muslin frock tightly gathered about her; she seemed altogether unnoted and unnoticed; indeed,



she evidently shrank from observation. But we were attracted by her loneliness in the motley crowd; so I laid my hand on her fair head and asked if she were not going in to supper?

"She said, 'No; there is no one to take me!' 'Where is your mamma?' 'At home, nursing papa; but Mr. Dickens told them we must come, it would do us good!' 'But where is your companion? You said 'us.' 'Yes, my little brother; he is such a merry boy, and so fond of dancing, but he is too ill to-night. Yet papa and mamma would make *me* come.'

"I took her little damp hand in mine. My love for children overcame her shyness. We speedily reached the supper-room and found her a seat. It troubled her that I would not sit down; and at last Mr. Hall made her laugh by the quantity he heaped on her plate.

"'Well, Miss Hood,' exclaimed our host, 'I see you have found friends?'

"'Miss Hood!' I echoed.

"'Yes,' she said, 'I'm Fanny Hood, and my brother is Tom Hood—after papa.'

"Yes: the young, pale, trembling little maid was the daughter of the poet whose 'Song of a Shirt' was ringing its alarum through the world. How I longed to press that little girl to the heart she had entered. Her large soft eyes beamed into mine; as she rose from the table she sought and found my hand, and said, 'May I be your little girl for the evening?'

"I cannot think I ever felt a deeper homage, a purer reverence, than I felt for the young child of the poet—Thomas Hood.

"When 'she was fetched,' we drove her home. The next afternoon she called with her mother at our house, the Rosery, bringing with her an engraving of a bust, sent by her father; precious lines were written beneath it, 'With love from Thomas Hood;' the words are there still, and will be, I hope, as long as the paper lasts.

"Was there ever a richer payment made for so small a service?

"The young girl, Fanny Hood, her mother, and myself became fast friends from those hours, for the evermore of our lives. A few days afterwards I was permitted to enter the poet's sick room, where propped up by pillows, amid a litter of proofs, he ever and anon read a slip, or produced a diamond thought that sparkled as 'Hood's last,' amid the literature of the day. His beautiful boy, a flesh and blood copy of one of Murillo's pictures, rose from behind his pillows, forming a contrast to the light frame and pallid face of his thoughtful sister, whose features were the counterpart of those of her father, whose wonderfully patient expression eclipsed all things within that room: it was so elevated, so apart from the earth, earthy—listening for the call, 'Come up hither,' without feeling or fearing that his hours were numbered.

"But all relating to him has been faithfully chronicled by his wife, children, and friends; what I have to say simply relates to her we

have long loved and just lost—the Frances Freeling Broderip, whose ‘mortal’ was laid in earth on the third day of ‘chill November,’ in St. Mary’s Churchyard, in a sweet spot under the shadow of the old stone cross, close to her residence, Ivy Bank in Walton Bay—WALTON-BY-CLEVEDON.

“Alas! that one so young that she might have been my daughter, should have left earth before me.

“After the poet’s death, the boy was placed by the advice of friends at school, and Mrs. and Miss Hood lived together, their small means being increased by Sir Robert Peel, who continued to the poet’s widow the pension vouchsafed the poet. Fanny, delicate and fragile as she was, trod tremblingly in her father’s footsteps; her mother told me in whispered confidence, that Fanny had written some charming verses, and even set them to music. As time passed on, both these gifts strengthened with her strength; but a check was put to the further development of her talents by her mother’s failing health. Mrs. Hood’s entire married life—both at home and abroad—had been given to the duty of lessening her husband’s sufferings. One plan after another, tried to augment their income, failed. His wife’s love for him had been devotion—faithful and fervent as ever woman had for man.

“‘She for a little tried to live without him, liked it not, and died;’ and Fanny was left motherless as well as fatherless—lonely and alone, for her brother was at school.

“‘It is so hard,’ she said to me, ‘to be separated from my brother. I am certain that my influence over his tender but vacillating nature would strengthen and stablish him. I am some few years his senior, and my darling mother wished that we should be together. Her experience in the world was that the woman’s tender and loving nature, properly exercised, could guide and strengthen the most variable man. No matter what tendencies he might have, patience and lovingness would overcome any evil; but it must be uniform and consistent.’

“The grant of £100 a year (again continued—to the two children) was to be divided between them. But Fanny inherited her mother’s heroism; she determined to add her portion to her brother’s, and thus enable him to obtain an education such as their parents would have desired. Their father’s works, too, were to be collected, and she felt assured they would yield some return. She had published a few small things in periodicals. There were no sparkles of her father’s wit, nor gentle yet keen satire: yet the tenderness and lovingness of his nature had crept from his heart into hers. But living in London was expensive; not without some tears she told me she had heard of a cheap residence in the country, where she could live for very little, and have abundant leisure for work. She knew her brother had much talent, and was certain he would make a name worthy of his father! She had resolved to relinquish for a time the income she enjoyed, so that she might labour for his advantage. She was going to live in a sort of farmhouse. Oh yes, of course she should miss her

friends, but it would be such a happiness to work for Tom! And away she went. In a few weeks I had a charming letter filled with violets, white and blue, and two or three early primroses. She praised the country; it was very lovely; and Tom had written a poem which she enclosed. Had she not told me of his talent? Yes, the neighbourhood *was* lovely, but rather dull. Of course the gentry would not notice a young London girl whom nobody knew; she did not care. But the place was sadly dull, nothing to relieve its monotony. By-and-by came another letter. Such a strange thing had happened. The vicar of the parish was a very amiable man. He had called on her. Observing copies of some of her father's books among others, he asked if she was fond of reading, and did she admire Hood's poems? 'At first,' wrote my young friend, 'I thought he was rather a reserved gentleman, but when he spoke of 'Hood's poems' he became quite bright and animated, quoted one of the most touching of his verses from the 'Bridge of Sighs,' but made a mistake, which I told him of, for I could not bear *that*. He seemed inclined to dispute the point. I produced the passage.

"He said he was so glad to find a young lady so conversant with his favourite poet. As I had lived in London, I might have met him. With eyes full of tears I said, 'He was my father.' I can give you no idea of the worthy man's astonishment and delight. He had fancied that my name was Wood; but felt it his duty as a clergyman to call on a stranger who attended church regularly. Since then I certainly have not felt Cossington dull. Nothing can exceed his attention and kindness; some of his friends have called on me; and instead of a forlorn damsel I find myself a sort of rural lionness! indeed, not having as much time as I want to devote to my especial purpose.'

"Another letter told me 'how kindly the vicar had invited my dear brother to spend his holidays here, and you know the impression he could not fail to make. I cannot think how I ever considered Cossington dull—it is full of life.'

"After, very soon after, this information, came a short, very short, letter.

"The vicar had proposed to her! How could she express her sense of God's goodness to her, or prove her gratitude and affection for so disinterested an affection.

"I had the detail of the preparations for the dear girl's marriage; in due time an account of their wedding tour, and of their greeting on their return to the vicarage—'her beautiful home.'

"In course of time their second daughter was given to me as my godchild. In after years Fanny produced several volumes, chiefly for the young. Whatever came from her pen was pure and elevating; and when we met her and her husband at one of the most delightful *réunions* it was our good fortune to enjoy—when Mr. Spiers, the then Mayor of Oxford, gathered all the notabilities in that glorious old city, and entertained all with surpassing hospitality—Mr. and Mrs. Somerville Broderip were of the party, and the daughter of the poet

Hood was classed among the *literati* on her own merits ; which dear Fanny, with the modesty of childhood still clinging round her, persisted was quite a mistake.

"When, in process of time, her tender and affectionate husband was called HOME, she removed, as the widows of clergy must always do, to another dwelling. She was lovingly protected by her husband's family. After a time she took her three girls to France, for the advantage a thorough knowledge of that language is believed to give, and when that was accomplished she returned to her home at Clevedon, but was seized by a violent attack of what she believed was rheumatism, and after much suffering she passed away to join in heaven those she loved on earth.

"Hers was a beautiful nature—gentle, sympathizing, good. A worthy child she was of him of whom it is enough to say, 'he sung the song of the shirt.'

"I rejoice that one of the latest acts of my life is to lay a chaplet of memory on her grave and render this tribute to her virtues.

"Her many published books are so many 'reflects' of her own life : gentle, gracious, generous, kind. I have before me a list of thirteen books chiefly for children written by her. I will print that list as a memorial tribute. 'Crysol,' 'Wild Roses,' 'Tiny Tadpole,' 'My Grandmother's Budget,' 'Funny Fables,' 'Wayside Fancies,' 'Tales of the Toys,' 'Mamma's Morning Gossips,' 'Merry Songs for Little Voices' (part hers and part Tom Hood's), 'Cross Patch the Cricket and the Counterpane,' 'Wee Maggie' in 'Magnet Stories,' 'Helena's Duties' in 'Magnet Stories,' 'Peter Drake's Dream' in 'Magnet Stories.'

"As unostentatious she was, as could have been the merest gude-wife of any soil-tiller in Somersetshire. No relatives of her own were continued to her after her brother died, but the relatives of her admirable, excellent, and high-souled husband were her friends. They loved her dearly ; and one of them by a liberal bequest removed danger of necessitous circumstances from the home in which the three daughters live. May God bless and protect them, and continue to keep them worthy of their parents and grand-parents.

"I have but to add another fact to the facts I have narrated. It was my happy task to print, in a publication I edited in 1852, the first poem of her brother Tom—the younger 'Tom.' That is a pleasant memory. A yet more pleasant memory it is to know that the last letter my beloved friend Fanny Broderip wrote was addressed to me. It was found among her papers after her death, and sent to me by my god-daughter. It will be near me as long as I am on earth.

"ANNA MARIA HALL."

I could not resist the temptation to adorn my book with this charming Memory of two more charming women who were known to Llewellynn Jewitt and did their part in strengthening his chivalrous veneration for their sex. At the close of the same number of *Social*

*Notes* in which this appears there is the following by Samuel Carter Hall, its editor :

"A RIDDLE  
FOR A CHRISTMAS FIRESIDE.

"Believe a tale that never sought belief ;  
Though made a fact by that which maketh fictions :  
A tale that knows not trouble, pain, or grief ;  
Yet is conglomerate of contradictions.

With men and women I am never seen ;  
Children I know and love ; though not in sport :  
I rule the crown ; and never see the queen ;  
Yet influence both her castle, and her court.

All climes and countries know me well ; and yet  
I'm never seen in earth, air, sea, or sky.  
I know not Faith, nor Hope, or both forget ;  
But if I know not Charity, I die.

In clouds I'm seen ; am seen, but am not heard ;  
While in the sea I'm heard, but am not seen.  
I've never touched a beast, or fish, or bird ;  
Yet but for me Creation had not been.

I sit with Chancellors and with their Vices,  
But with no Judge, except the Judges chief ;  
Nor Law nor Equity my soul entices ;  
And though Q.C., I never held a brief.

My place is prominent at school and college,  
And yet of books I've not a grain of knowledge :  
Although in church, or chapel, always seen,  
In holy Temples I have never been.

Religion, Virtue, Truth, my ways upbraid,  
Or own me not ; yet Christians would be lost  
Like barques, among the breakers, tempest-tossed,  
If to their Master, Christ, I gave no aid.  
Snapped in the centre would their anchor be ;  
The Cross a false delusion—but for me !

At Christmas as a Leader I appear ;  
I DO SO NOW ; but you will seek in vain  
For me, in any week, or month, or year ;  
Yet meet me oft, ere Christmas comes again.  
You know me not ! I say it to your shame  
For you've a Christmas card that tells my name.

S. C. HALL."

There is no answer printed to it, so I leave it to the reader. The next letter from Samuel Carter Hall containing reference to Clevedon has also reference to the refusal of the Cork bandsmen to play the national anthem at the Irish Exhibition in London, which we had referred to in our correspondence : "Yes ! dear friend, I am *enraged* with the stupidly wicked bandsmen of Cork. They have done a vast deal of evil work for their unhappy country. But the fiend has not reached Kenmare. Your step would not be inside the convent walls until you heard 'God Save the Queen' sung by the Ladies and little children. Consequently the 'little leaven' carries with it a blessing ! God be their helper as well as their protector. I think I told you

that next week I go to Clevedon in search of sea breezes, and after that again to Bath. . . . I shall search out and find the grand-daughters of my old friend Tom Hood, one of whom was—is—the God-daughter of my beloved. And I shall, of course, write to you from Clevedon, concerning them and the cottage where another friend of mine—Coleridge—lived. And so, once more, I pray God to bless you and yours," etc. Then again: "Be sure you will get more than one letter from Clevedon. No. 1 cannot well be written for two or three days after my arrival there, please God, on the 11th. For I shall visit first the cottage of Coleridge; and perhaps see the grand-daughters of Tom Hood. They live some distance from Clevedon—I do not know exactly where," etc.

Yes; I have received many letters from Clevedon; and this is the laconic "No. 1," written on notepaper with a printed view of "Clevedon from the West": "Here I am, dear friend Goss, very well, thank God, at Stuart House, Clevedon, Somerset. Will write to you soon. Ever your friend," etc.

There is one of these Clevedon letters which I have been hesitating over. It is a letter exhibiting the beautiful modesty and gratitude and friendship of this great man. But I fear I shall scarcely be exhibiting my own modesty by quoting it here. Yet it is not customary for authors to hide under a bushel praises bestowed upon their writings, but the contrary. It is a cause of extreme gratification to me that this book, which is devoted to memoirs of Samuel Carter Hall and his beloved wife, in a degree only secondary to those of its chief and central figure—Llewellynn Jewitt, has, so far as its chapters have been read by the first-named in "proof," met his unqualified approval. In witness of which I again take up this Clevedon letter with pride—not vanity—and deep gratitude, that I am permitted to be instrumental in giving joy to my dear friend in his venerable old age: "What can I say in the way of grateful thanks for the honour you have done me, and the gratification you have given me, by the twenty-sixth chapter of your most beautiful book? Prouder I ought to be of it than I could or should be if the Queen had made me a belted earl! What a joy I have received this morning. The blessing of God be with you, very dear friend W. H. Goss. I shall read it again to-morrow, being Sunday, and give thanks to God who has given me such a friend at the close of my long life. I will add nothing to this letter of grateful affection, but treat some other topics to-morrow—D.V. I am thoroughly enjoying the sea breezes. Ever your attached and grateful friend, S. C. HALL." In my next letter to him I said something to this effect: "I am indeed thankful that the boy who looked up to you with reverence in 1847 as his literary critic and guide, is able to afford you pleasure in 1888 by means of his pen. It is indeed delightful." Another Clevedon letter expresses similar satisfaction at the perusal of later "proof." Then I received a newspaper containing this advertisement: "Mr. S. C. Hall, Stuart House, would be greatly obliged to anyone who would give information as to the present address of the Misses Broderip, who formerly resided at Walton Park."

In a few days the young ladies are discovered to be residing at Clifton, and a loving correspondence immediately follows. The following letter shows that the three grand-daughters of Tom Hood are well and happy. It is thus endorsed by Mr. Hall: "Miss Eva Broderip, the grand-daughter of Tom Hood. I yesterday placed a cross of flowers on her mother's grave." And at the same time that he did so, he plucked from the grave some growing flowers, which he enclosed to me, and which are now carefully preserved between glass, as a memorial of the talented and most amiable and loveable Fanny Hood. And this is the letter from her child to Mr. Hall: "My dear God-father,—I have been thinking if you find your strength unequal to the journey in coming to Clifton, we should be very pleased to call any day or time you mention. Though we should feel disappointed in your not seeing our pretty home, and how well we are all looking. We have so much to be thankful for—health, kind friends, and every blessing. . . . Thank you so much for placing the wreath on dear Mother's grave. Distance prevents our paying her that tribute of affection. . . . Kind love from my sisters and myself. Your affectionate God-daughter, EVA MARIA." Later I received a memorial of the poet Coleridge's Cottage, in three slips of myrtle, with this label: "Slips of the Myrtle that is grown ten feet or more high, against the wall of Coleridge Cottage, Clevedon. It is the cottage in which the great poet spent his honeymoon. A marriage of happy auspices—but he did not live many months in the cottage. It is now a pleasant and pretty 'retreat' in *Old* Clevedon. S. C. HALL. I will send you print of the cottage." And among these Clevedon memorials will be found the beautiful photograph of the cottage, which he has sent to me.

A beloved and loving friend of Mr. Samuel Carter Hall is Mr. William Jones-Hunt, of Bath, and it was he who induced our friend to visit Clevedon. How he did so he himself states in an article in the *Clevedon Mercury*, which may be fitly reproduced here. It is entitled :

"SEVENTY YEARS AGO.

(*From the "Clevedon Mercury" of August 25, 1888.*)

"'Why not try Clevedon? It is one of the most charming and healthy watering-places on the British coast. Clevedon? you mistake, there is no sea there. I have been, and know. When? Oh, about seventy years ago.' Such is a fragment of a conversation between the distinguished veteran *litterateur*, Mr. S. C. Hall, F.S.A., and myself, a few days back, when visiting him at his residence, a magnificent abode of Art, at Stanford Road, Kensington. We were discussing the merits of Brighton and Clevedon. He proposed going to the former, I recommended him to try the latter; for though I do not wish to discount or speak ill of that fashionable and popular resort, I fail to see in it anything to satisfy the longings of those who seek the sublime and beautiful. True, it is healthy, and for bathers unequalled—but for a poetic mind, with a heart yearning after the lovely nooks and corners of God's fair creation, Brighton must be a disappointment—Clevedon the very spot! And so I have prevailed, and in a few days

my honoured friend will be seen perambulating your picturesque and shady groves, your verdant walks, romantic beach, and grassy meadows. He will find a great change from the Clevedon of 'seventy years ago,' when it was a remote, almost unknown, and unfrequented little Somerset village a good way from the sea ! He will not know Clevedon of 1888, built on the lovely slopes where may be heard the pleasant dash of the subdued waters of the broad and mighty Atlantic Ocean. Clevedon with its wood-clad heights, its balmy atmosphere, giving new life to the consumptive, imparting spirit to the low and declining, giving joy—rapturous joy—to the healthy, and making all nature dance with delight. Clevedon, gem of the Severn, star of the Western Sea, unsurpassed for beauty, queen of rural watering-places and pride of Somerset. Seventy years ago—Clevedon has moved on since the myrtle was planted on Coleridge's cottage—it has moved on to the sea ! 'Clevedon—there is no sea there' was true of seventy years ago ; it is not true now. The world moves on and will, humanity growing more like the God Who formed it—on and on, purer, holier, more kindly, more intelligent : on and on, seeking the shores of the Eternal Sea. 'Seventy years ago !' Yes, my good and talented friend will see a change. 'Seventy years ago' it took him six weeks to get from Bristol to Cork. At that time we lit our streets with oil, and illuminated our shops with tallow candles—then it was the stocks and pillory adorned or disadorned our market-places—it was then that a man could sell his wife for half-a-crown or a quart of beer ! Mr. Hall has seen this done—has seen a man tied to a cart's tail and beaten through the streets. 'Seventy years ago' the wagon was the people's Parliamentary train, and Pickford's van conveyed our inland goods from city to city and from town to town. From London to Edinburgh in seven hours and three-quarters !—had any one said that such a thing was possible seventy years ago chains and Bedlam might have followed the assertion, for it sometimes took twenty-four hours to get from London to Bristol. Mr. Hall once took that time. He remembers when the postage of a letter was sixpence—when it was capital punishment for a man to steal—when the quaint 'Charlie's' with heavy top coats and massive rattles were the guardians of the peace—when Sedan chairs were carried by men in smart cocked hats and tight-fitting breeches, escorted at night by the link boy, who put out his torch by an iron extinguisher fastened to the railings which surrounded the houses of the well-to-do. He well remembers the battle of Waterloo, when his father, Colonel Hall, illuminated his house by placing a 'dip' in every pane of glass of the windows of his house at Topsham. He tells us of the times when he used to meet the farmer and his wife going to market, both on one horse ; and when a young man he saw the Queen, then a little girl, walking in the gardens of Kensington Palace. He has known a number of the most distinguished men of the past, including Southey, Wordsworth, Coleridge, and many other men of letters. He was the originator of the Great Exhibition of 1851, one of the founders of the Brompton Hospital for Consumption, the promoter of the Nightingale Fund, and the Society of the Corps of Commissionaires, giving employment to disabled



soldiers and sailors. He and the late Mrs. Hall have written together over five hundred books. He was for forty years editor of the *Art Journal*, and during that time introduced an entire reformation in the Art world. That Clevedon will be proud of his visit there is no doubt. And when they see his benign face, his snowy locks hanging over his broad-set and manly shoulders, they will look and love, and feel that an honour has been conferred upon their town, by the visit of so great and so good a man.

"Bath, August 21st, 1888.

WM. JONES-HUNT."

Since the last quoted letters from Mr. Hall, I have others from him at "Bath, 4, Bennett Street. Oh yes! dear friend, I had a very interesting visit from the three grand-daughters of Tom Hood—the daughters of Fanny Hood, on whose grave I knelt near St. Mary's Church in Clevedon, placing there a beautiful wreath of white flowers, and then sitting for half-an-hour in the very beautiful church. They lunched with me and then went back to Clifton. I shall, however, see them again. I was pleased with them. I shall have to write to you about my visit to Coleridge Cottage, where the poet spent his honeymoon. I sent you sprigs of the myrtle that flourishes on its wall. Ever your friend, S. C. HALL." By the same post I received another letter from him referring to further proof received of this book, and especially of Chapter XXXVIII., treating of Ireland:

"The last sheets of THE Book greatly delighted me. But I write you mainly to say that in my 'Retrospect' there is very much to show how greatly England has manifested desire and design to do 'Justice to Ireland.' Before Catholic Emancipation Ireland was really and sorely depressed, persecuted, and oppressed by England. The Penal Laws existed up to 1829. I have often heard my loving, good, and *loyal* father say that if he had been an Irishman, he would have been a rebel, instead of a colonel of a regiment to put rebels down. But my Book is full of incidents, facts, and their inferences. It is in truth a Book to convince that justice *has been* done by England to Ireland.—Ever yours, S. C. HALL."

In this same letter Mr. Hall announces the expected visit of his octogenarian brother, to Bath, to spend a week with him there, adding "He greatly desires to see once more his old haunts," and afterwards the following appears in *Bladud—The Bath Society Paper*: "The Rev. Carter Hall will preach in the Abbey this evening. The rev. gentleman is the youngest brother of Mr. S. C. Hall, with whom he is spending a few days. Thirty-five years ago when Mr. Brodrick, afterwards Lord Midleton, was rector, Mr. Hall was one of his curates; he was subsequently appointed by Archbishop Sumner to a living in Kent, and is now the Rector of Peldon, near Colchester. Nearly all the old parishioners with whom Mr. Hall was on terms of friendship have either left the city or died, but among those left to remind him of the past are the Misses Brodrick, who are still active in all good works, and Mr. Pyne, the venerable organist at the Abbey."

At last the printer applies for this chapter in the words, "More copy, please."

## CHAPTER XLIV.

A FUNNY QUESTION WITH A FUNNY ANSWER.—THE GIFT TO “SAY NOWT” GREATER THAN THE “GIFT OF THE GAB.”—LLEWELLYNN JEWITT’S VISIT TO THE LAKE DISTRICT.—THE COMET.—“ALL FOR THE BEST.”—VISIT TO THE ABBEY OF MOUNT ST. BERNARD.—“AVE MARIA.”



LLEWELLYNN Jewitt and I used sometimes to write nonsense to one another—or, at least, I used to write nonsense to him. When we were staying at The Hollies early in 1881, we all went to a concert at Milford, under the auspices, I think, of the Hon. Frederick Strutt, where funny things were sung and said, especially in one piece in which “funny little rabbits” figured prominently. As we had talked and laughed a deal afterwards about this piece, I, foolishly, in a letter later on, as a reminder of the fun, asked the question: “Which is the most sublime couplet of the two—

The bunny little rabbits  
With their funny little habits ;

or,  
The funny little rabbits  
With their bunny little habits ?”

And he, ever as ready to enter into such nonsense as I was to start it, and as often starting it himself, replied :

“The Hollies, February 24th, 1881. My dear Mr. Goss,—The question which you have propounded is one of such vast magnitude and import ; and demanding such extreme erudition to solve, that I approach it with a feeling of awe, and with a deep sense of my own utter unfitness and unworthiness to have been selected from among all the great and learned professors of the earth to attempt its solution ! It is a solemn and weighty task to have put upon a fellow, and but that it is *you* of all people in creation by whom it has been submitted to me, I should shrink from the attempt, and feel more than ever, my own utter unworthiness and littleness ! *You* can have no idea of—nor can the mind of man conceive—the state of mental trepidation and prostrate bodily helplessness it has thrown me into ! Nor how, more than ever, I feel the vacuum where brain *ought* to be (but alas ! is not ! ) more apparent and oppressive than on any previous occasion. *You*, my dear Mr. Goss, with your scientific knowledge, will say, perchance, that a vacuum cannot, being a nothing, be oppressive ! But indeed it *can*, for I am sure an empty stomach

is harder to bear than one charged with a good dinner; so, surely, an empty 'brain-pan,' or one only partially filled, and that with 'emptiness of thought' is heavier to bear, and therefore more oppressive than one charged and filled, even to overflowing, with such sublime, such marvellously grand, such overwhelmingly crushing, ideas and thoughts and inspirations, as have culminated in the grave and weighty question now propounded to me, and which has so utterly prostrated me, body and mind and soul, that I lack words or thoughts to frame to it a suitable answer. In my utter weakness of mind I can only suggest that as 'bunny' and 'rabbit' are synonymous terms, it is not quite clear to an obfuscated mind like mine how a rabbit *could* have otherwise than bunny habits—whether those 'habits' were 'of good society' in which it moved, or those of the fur wherewith it was clothed. . . . I will content myself with merely saying, or, rather, expressing a hope that, to the popular mind, as 'rabbit' and 'bunny' are not only synonymous but co-equal in their significance—and as 'funny' very funnily applies to the whole question!—the two couplets may be considered to be also co-equal in their sublimity, their transcendent exquisiteness, their well-like depth of thought, their high-flown soarings, their supreme beauty, and their innate loveliness of conception. Were I Paris, with only these two—instead of the conventional three—graces to award the prize to, I should cut the apple in two, and give each a half, reserving to myself an odd pip, that I might grow from it a new tree of knowledge that should bear better fruit than this rigmarole of a letter evidences. More snow, more frost, more cold! But it is gloriously seasonable weather, and is 'all for the best.' If it were *not* for the best it would not be sent, and from the cold and snow sown now we shall—I mean earth and man will—reap a good harvest of blessings and benefits in His own good time—and I hope we shall appreciate them when they come. . . . All send love, and with a thousand sincere apologies for rattling on to such a length with absurdity about nothing, I am," etc.

Three weeks later he wrote to our mutual friend, Mr. Hall: "The Hollies, March 17th, '81. My dear Mr. Hall,—Again time goes on, and we are anxious—*very very anxious*—to know how you are, and how all things are with you. You don't know how much we think, and talk, and wonder about you. A line now and then—even a word—would set us at rest, but we do want to know how you are. And how is your grand book of your Recollections going on? Are you able still to be doing something at it? I often wonder as to its future, and as to its completion, and its issue, and I hope and trust you are able to go on with it a little at a time, and that you will live to see it printed and *appreciated*, as it is sure to be. I told you when I saw you, that, as 'a labour of love,' I intended doing our kind old deceased Jacob Thompson's 'Life and Works,' and you will see by enclosed that I am carrying out that intention. It is being done by subscription, and I have arranged with Moss for Virtues to print it. If we can get three hundred or four hundred subscribers I shall be satisfied, so as to cover the printing, etc. How like you my prospectus? I thought of DEDICATING the volume to your own dear, good,

and gifted self. Would it be agreeable for me to do so? Mrs. Jewitt and all unite in kindest regards and best wishes, and I am, my dear Mr. Hall, ever yours truly, LLEWELLYNN JEWITT."

Here is another bit of his epistolary fun of April 8th, 1881, to me: "Verily you *shall* see my handwriting—and a grand sight it will be—just one to do your eyesight good, and cure cataracts and every other cat that flies at the eyes. But I have literally nothing to say, so suppose I must *do* as the Peak folks *say*—'say nowt.' Well, to know when to hold one's tongue and 'say nowt,' either audibly or by writing, is a great gift, greater than the 'gift of the gab.' I am glad to hear you are literarily busy, and shall hope to know more about your coming work. . . . There; you have seen my handwriting—and quite enough of it!" I hear you say. I am sorry to hear your office chimney smokes—you see what the force of example does! It is sympathetic feeling on its part, and it doubtless rejoices in keeping you company. East winds galore! and sore throats *in extenso*! Mine has quite changed me from *assiness* to *hoarseness* (not quite, you will say, as this assy letter proves)."

Here is the anticipation of another visit to his friend Mrs. Jacob Thompson, at The Hermitage, near Penrith. It is dated "May 11th, 1881. . . . Now the fine genial weather has at length come I began to hope that, with other vegetation, a crop of letters might have sprung up, but it seems I am doomed to disappointment, and must wait for even more sunny days than these. I don't know how it is, but we seem never to hear from any of you now, and 'our hearts be sad' in consequence. What do you think? We are going away! Yes! all being well we are going to have a sort of holiday (which means hard work), and a change of air and scene. Actually next Monday (D.V.) we are off to the Lake District—Mrs. Jewitt, Beatrice, and myself—for a week or ten days, and I hope we shall none of us be the worse for it. . . . I wish you were all of you there too. It *would* be jolly." The next is from "The Hermitage, Hackthorpe, near Penrith, May 22nd, 1881. . . . Very many thanks for so kindly sending me a copy of your *Cloud Hill*. . . . In as many lines as there have been days since we came here let me tell you where 'weyn bin,' and what doing. Well, on Monday we left home at 10 40, and ran up by express to Leeds, where we staid a couple of hours and dined, and had a stroll up Briggate. Then on by express again right off to Appleby, the county town of Westmoreland, and again broke the journey by an hour and a half's stay. Then on to Clifton, where the carriage was ready waiting to drive us forward, and we got to our destination about half-past seven or eight in the evening. Tuesday was very wet, and we staid in quietly chatting all day to rest our weary limbs, and in the evening some of my old friends popped in upon us for an hour or two. Wednesday we drove over to spend the day with my friends at Sharrow Bay, on grand Ulleswater—a spot of great beauty, which I always revel in, and which, even on that fitful day of wind, rain, and sunshine, was more glorious in its beauty than almost any other that I know of. Thursday we remained in. Friday

we went to Penrith by rail, and were there met by another friend's carriage and pair, and driven to Stagstones, where we spent a delightful day, and in the evening were driven back again. Yesterday we spent at Lowther Castle, and to-day, Sunday, Mrs. Jewitt and myself are remaining in, enjoying the quiet of an indoor rest. To-morrow (D.V.) we go to Hawes Water, and see some friends at Measand Beck Hall, and Tuesday and Wednesday I hardly know what we shall do, for we have so many 'askings' that it is difficult to choose, and we must of necessity disappoint many friends in the end, for we *can't* do all that we are asked for. When we leave here I think of taking Mrs. Jewitt and Beatrice on by way of Kendal to Windermere; and then, after that to Morecambe Bay, for perhaps another night; and then return home easily and quietly, perhaps staying a night again on the way. I think the visit is doing my two darlings—mother and daughter—good, and they are enjoying it intensely. There is snow yet on Cross Fell, and on the other mountains, and its whiteness, lying in patches among the dark purples of the distant heights has a fine, but odd, effect. The weather is now all that can be wished. Warm, bright, and sunny, with the glass at 'fair,' it is very pleasant. I only wish you and *your* darlings, and Ted, and the rest, were all here to enjoy it with us. . . . I hope, but fear the contrary, you had a nice day for Cloud Hill—*here* the weather was not nice."

"The Hollies, June 26th, 1881.—Of course you've seen the comet! We had a grand sight of it last night, for the sky was clear, and it looked grand—quite spirited, with its 'tail cocked up,' like a war-horse! Due north from here. You would see it well, no doubt, in the open country at Rode Heath. Of course I say little or nothing as to you and the young ladies coming to us this year! Your coming has grown to be 'one of the honoured institutions of the English constitution,' and as you and I are good Conservatives we know how to cherish such institutions, and to take care they are not broken in upon by dodges of the Radicals. We look upon your visits as if they were the 'movements of the fixed stars'—*i.e.*, stars that, like you, are fixed in purpose, not bodily nailed down—and not as those of fitful comets. So on the 6th of August—I think I am right as to the date of your holidays—you will, like a Bishop or an Archdeacon, make your 'visitation' to these parts, and to your old friends, who will 'minister' to you."

A few weeks later he wrote the following to Mr. Hall: "The Hollies, July 31st, '81. My dear Mr. Hall,—I am delighted to see by the newspapers you so kindly sent to me yesterday, that you are well enough to go down to your own loved Devonshire, and vigorous enough to write such an admirable series of 'Letters' upon matters of interest connected with it—Letters that *ought*, and *will*, be garnered up by every Devonian and everyone who cares for what is valuable in literature. It must be delightful to you to get once more into your old county, and the good folks there ought to be proud to have you once again in their midst. I hope you are thoroughly enjoying the change, and will derive benefit in more ways than one

from it. . . . My 'Jacob Thompson' progresses well, and a good part is in type—but the list of subscribers does not fill up as it ought. Mrs. Jewitt and all our circle desire to unite with me in very kindest remembrances," and I am, my dear Mr. Hall, Ever yours truly,  
LLEWELLYNN JEWITT."

Then again to me, sometime during the same month: "I don't think I owe *you* a letter, but having found time while in a whim to write a line to Alpha Gamma, and double Gamma, I *must* enclose one to you as the triune figure, just to let you know we are not yet quite cremated with the Plutonian weather we have lately had imported to us. . . . We are still alive. . . . But what glorious weather it has been and is. Oh that people *would but be thankful*, and have *faith*, for the right weather (like everything else) always comes at the right time, and all is well, and all for the best. Even now I have just looked up from my writing and I see a gloriously refreshing shower of rain falling. What beneficence, what goodness! Just at the right moment when it was needed, down it comes, gently and lovingly—and just at the right moment it will cease. And yet folks grumble, and often bring into my mind the words 'Oh ye of little faith.' Well, what of that? I did not begin this scribble with the idea of moralizing, which is out of my line, so *I* will leave off, also at the right time. . . . I have set up eighteen mental bricks (on end of course) in my mind to represent the eighteen days to the 6th of August, and each morning one gets knocked over. So count is kept of how time creeps—not *flies*—(no, indeed, we have plenty of *those* winged things now the hot weather is here and the meat wants 'blowing'!) and the last brick will be kicked on one side on *that* day to make room for the arrival of the brickest of bricks—your own good self and the two young ladies."

We went at the appointed time, and on one of the days of this happy visit he took us to Charnwood Forest, as I shall more fully relate.

I have repeatedly spoken of the delightful drives to places of antiquarian interest which Llewellynn Jewitt used to plan for his guests at Winster or Duffield. He would say "I have a scheme in my head for to-morrow; but I shall not tell you what it is." Then there would be busy preparation, his dear wife being, of course, in the secret. There would be careful packing of hampers with all sorts of dainties specially prepared, and port, sherry, and champagne, with temperance drinks for the ladies, and nothing desirable was ever forgotten. In the morning all would be ready long before the minute appointed for the arrival of the carriage, and pair of strong horses, fit for the heavy hill-work. Then, wet or dry, the scheme was carried out, and was, in either case, immensely enjoyed by all.

One of these delightful excursions, in which we went by rail to Loughborough, and thence by road, was to the Abbey of Mount St. Bernard, Charnwood Forest, on the 11th August, 1881. This was, therefore, not an antiquarian excursion. I made no literary notes of any of these delightful holidays during their occurrence, for that

would have been work, and those days were always devoted to luxurious idleness. And I come at this date so readily because I have in my hand a photograph given to me on the occasion by one of the good monks who loved Llewellynn Jewitt; and on the back is written, in a clear steady hand, "With the Rev. F. Ignatius' kind regards. Mount St. Bernard's Abbey, 11th August, 1881." In the corner I wrote in pencil at the time "Sisk, 75." The name, in the world, of Father Ignatius was Sisk, and his age then was seventy-five, which came out in this way: After hand-shaking and salutations, the monk, remarking on the time that had elapsed since they last met, said, "I feel now that I am getting old; and time still advances; what can we *do*? What is your figure?" To which Llewellynn Jewitt replied: "Sixty-five." "And I," said the monk, am *seventy-five*! What can we *do*?" Father Ignatius was the Sub-Prior, and is now the Prior. When we had looked through this most interesting monastery, feeling as if we were in a dream of mediæval times all the while that we were moving among this silent, but living, brotherhood of monks—silent all except our reverend guide, and when we would have entered our open carriage to depart, a storm of rain came on, and both the carriage and we kept shelter for awhile. So long as the storm lasted we waited in one of the guest-rooms, where was a scrap-book, over the leaves of which Llewellynn Jewitt and I both glanced, sitting side by side. I remember we were both struck with the faithful pathos of some verses which we read there; and this admiration was in both instances without detriment to our own firm and faithful Protestantism. Soon after I began this volume I wrote to Father Ignatius, asking to be favoured with a copy of those verses for insertion here, to which I received the following reply: "Mount St. Bernard's Abbey, Leicester, 17th December, 1886. My dear Sir,—We are much pleased to hear that you are about to publish a volume of 'The Life and Death of Llewellynn Jewitt,' whom you justly call our mutual dear friend. I should have sent the enclosed—which, I presume, is what you allude to—but that the Guest-Master was unable to find it. At last I have succeeded, to-day, and I lose no time in sending it, only hoping you will be able to read my writing, as I am getting old. Father Abbot will be much obliged if you will be so kind as to send him a copy as soon as the printer has published it. We have no doubt but that you will succeed in making your work interesting. With kindest regards, I remain, my dear sir, yours sincerely, Br. IGNATIUS SISK."

And here are the verses written out in a good clear hand by the good old monk, notwithstanding that time has still gone on advancing, and his "figure" has now run up to 81:

"AVE MARIA.

"Sweet Mother! blessed Virgin, our ship, oh! defend,  
And shield us from peril as homeward we tend;  
Bright Star of the ocean! wherever we roam,  
Watch over and guide us to Heaven our home.

"The following stanzas were addressed by a Catholic lady, a convert, to a Protestant lady, who had sent her a short poem to prove that the devotion to

the Blessed Virgin is idolatrous, and to criticise the sentiment in the above-cited verse of a New Year address composed by the Catholic :

## I.

"Ne'er tell me again  
We've no Mother in Heaven  
That to Mary in vain  
Our tribute is given ;  
That she has no power  
To shield or to save,  
In sorrow's dark hour ;  
Or when toss'd on the wave.—

'Tis false ! She's triumphantly honour'd above,  
Bright Queen of archangels, sweet Mother of Love !

## II.

Chosen daughter of earth  
Overshadow'd by God,—  
Did she not give birth  
To that monarch whose nod  
Bade the waters be still ?  
And who walked on the sea ?  
Whose omnipotent will  
Rules eternity ?

Who said, Let there be Light, and the radiance of day  
Burst forth, chasing darkness for ever away !

## III.

Ah ! tell me no more  
That 'tis dang'rous to seek  
From *her* aid,—or implore  
Her protection ; that weak  
And unsafe it would be  
To invoke her ; that she  
Whose son conquered the grave  
Has no power to save !—

That God, who vouchsafed her his highest bequest  
Will refuse to respond to her every request !

## IV.

Didn't Gabriel say  
That the Glory of Heaven  
On her bosom should lay ?  
That a son should be given  
To her, whose proud name  
The whole world should proclaim ?  
At his feet, bending low,  
That all nations should bow ?

And shall we not honour and reverence the Mother  
Who gave to us mortals a God for our Brother ?

## V.

To thee, Mary, all hail !  
Blessed, Peerless, and Pure ;  
Though all earthly friends fail  
Thy kindness is sure.  
Though exalted above us—  
On thee we will lean,  
For we know thou dost love us—  
Our frailties thou'lt screen

With that mouth of Mercy, from that searching light  
Of Justice, for us erring mortals too bright.



## VI.

We honour, we bless thee !  
We cherish thy name,  
With devotion we praise thee,  
Thy pow'r we proclaim,  
Highly favour'd of Heaven,  
Spotless Spouse of that Dove  
As our Comforter given —  
Bright Mirror of Love !

Intercede for, and shield us, as onward we're driven  
O'er life's stormy ocean to meet thee in Heaven.

## VII.

To Jehovah alone  
As omniscient we bow,  
His omnipotent throne  
No compeer can allow.  
Yet the moon borrow's light  
From the sun's brilliant ray,  
And illumines the night  
At the close of the day.

So the God of all splendour, the Almighty King  
On that Virgin so humble a halo did fling !”



## CHAPTER XLV.

VISIT OF THE NORTH STAFFORDSHIRE FIELD NATURALISTS AND ARCHÆOLOGISTS TO MOUNT ST. BERNARD ABBEY, AT WHICH LLEWELLYNN JEWITT READS A PAPER.—THE PAPER PRINTED AS A GUIDE TO THE MONASTERY.—LETTER FROM THE PRIOR.—LLEWELLYNN JEWITT'S CHRISTIANITY.—HIS FRIEND THE BARON NICHOLAS CASIMIR DE BOGOUSCHEVSKY.—GOLD AND SILVER BARROW-URNS OF ANCIENT SCYTHIA.—BURIED GOLD IN IRELAND.—A SPECIAL BLESSING FROM PAUL ARCHBISHOP OF PSKOV.—RICE AND SLIPPERS.



In the programme of excursions of the North Staffordshire Naturalists' Field Club and Archæological Society for 1882, a visit to the Abbey of Mount St. Bernard, Charnwood Forest, was set down for July 20th, and I wrote asking Llewellynn Jewitt to join us. To which he replied: "July 6th, 1882. Yes! my dear Mr. Goss, on the good old principle that 'half a loaf is better than no bread,' I *am* thankful for even a *brief* letter from you. And again: Yes! my dear Mr. Goss, I *do* hope to be with you at the Abbey of Mount St. Bernard, on the 20th. I am 'laying myself out'—not that I am dead, for in that case some other kind soul (no *body*) would have to 'lay me out'—for *that* day as a special and most enjoyable treat, and I shall be grieved, and my equanimity will suffer, if anything prevent me. But I don't know which way you will go, or what your arrangements are, at present, so don't know where I ought to join you, but I suppose I shall learn all this in due time. You, *of course*, will be there, or I sha'n't. . . . P.S.—I have got my good friends the monks to say they will try to let me show you, what is never seen by visitors, the Abbot's *Mitre* and *Crozier*."

The visit was made and much enjoyed. Llewellynn Jewitt not only did us the honour to join us, with his wife and son and daughter, and Mrs. Jacob Thompson, who happened to be staying at The Hollies, but he wrote a paper entitled "The Abbey of Mount St. Bernard, and the Monks who live there," which he read within the Abbey to the assembled visitors, and the Reverend Fathers; a most picturesque group never to be forgotten by those who were present. This paper gave great satisfaction, not only to the members of our Society, but to those of the monks who were privileged to listen to it, who declared it to be the best and most accurate account of the Abbey and the Brotherhood that had yet come under their notice. What came of

it later on will illustrate and confirm what I have said of my dear friend's ever-readiness to devote a great portion of his valuable time, and hard work, to the gratuitous service of his friends and neighbours. When we had inspected the Mitres, of which there are several, and the Crozier, and the interior of the Abbey, we walked about the grounds together, and he led me to the Calvary, and to the spot at its foot where is the Sepulchre containing the very death-like representation of our Blessed Lord within it. Then his head was reverently bared before the sacred symbols of salvation; and only then did some other of the Protestants of our party, who stood near, pay the same homage.

Our visit to the Abbey having been fully reported in the *Staffordshire Sentinel*, I posted to Llewellynn Jewitt a bundle of copies referred to in the following:

"The Hollies, July 25th, 1882. . . . You will begin (if you have not begun and even come to the conclusion long ago), to think me a most unsatisfactory animal, for I really cannot give you any arms as belonging to —, for this plain honest reason that I don't know any. You may think me ignorant, stupid, assified, or goose-bitten—or you may 'write me down a fool,' or anything else you like—but the result will be the same, and I cannot give you any arms for the linsey-wolsey prelate. It was most kind of you to send me that liberal supply of *Sentinels*, and I owe you hundreds of thanks for them. Father Ignatius enjoyed himself immensely yesterday with us, and returned last night. He enjoyed himself only as a fine, noble, 'jolly old monk' could do. I gave him some of the papers, and he begged me when I saw you, or wrote to you, to thank you very warmly for the altar vases, with which he was greatly pleased. I may let you into a secret: my paper—would that it had been more worthy!—was read aloud, by special order of the Abbot, in full assembly of all the monks in the refectory; and I have had special thanks for it. . . . I am only sorry it was not a *better* paper, but I am glad it was, with all its shortcomings, liked just a little wee bit. Mrs. Jewitt was not even a bit knocked up with her journey; she enjoyed it immensely, so did we all. *I* never enjoyed an 'outing' more," etc.

Now it occurs to me to remark here, while speaking of our North Staffordshire Archæological Society, of which Llewellynn Jewitt became an honorary member, that this Society, and all its kindred throughout the land, do actually owe their origin to Llewellynn Jewitt's much-valued friend, the great antiquary, Charles Roach Smith. In a previous chapter I quoted from a letter a sentence respecting his authorship of the British Archæological Association and Institute, and it is just as true that all the other archæological societies throughout the land are the offspring of those two first of the societies. But the reader is not to suppose that the quotation referred to is the first announcement of the fact. It is well known to all old archæologists, having been recorded in several publications, besides, of course, among the minutes of the Association itself.

Without waiting for due sequence of dates, I will here conclude

what I have to say about the lasting outcome of this our visit to the Abbey. The following is the postscript to a letter which I received from Llewellynn Jewitt, dated June 27th, 1885 :

"At the earnest solicitation of my old friends the monks, I have made them a present of the paper which I wrote on the Monastery—and added to it more than three times the matter of that paper, as a help to them—and they have had it printed for the benefit of the Brotherhood. Yesterday I received the accompanying copies, which I send to you in remembrance of our visit to that place. I took a deal of trouble in adding to the paper, and the monks also added here and there, and I hope it will be useful to them. Anyhow it was just a little gift to the Brotherhood, as a remembrance of their civility when the N. S. F. Club honoured me by letting me—thanks to you—join the excursion there." It is entitled "Guide to the Abbey of Mount St. Bernard, Charnwood Forest, and some account of the Monks who live there. By Llewellynn Jewitt, F.S.A., etc., with Additions and Appendix."

"TO THE READER.

"I think it right to state how the substance of the following account of 'The Abbey of Mount St. Bernard and of the Monks who live there,' came to be prepared and printed. On the 20th July, 1882, I had the gratification of joining a delightful excursion of the 'North Staffordshire Field Club and Archæological Society' to Charnwood Forest and the Abbey of Mount St. Bernard, and of there, within the Abbey, reading to the members, and such of the monks as were present, a paper I had drawn up for the occasion. This paper was afterwards printed in the transactions of the Society, and I was also asked by the Brotherhood to allow it to be printed and published by them for the benefit of the Abbey. To that request I cordially assented, and having revised and extended it, gave them the manuscript for the purpose. By the Brotherhood much additional matter, of one kind or other, has been interpolated, for the purpose of rendering it more consonant with their principles, and more acceptable to them and to the public, as a Guide to the Abbey. As my name appears, with my consent, on the title-page, I think it only right that I should state that, as I have just explained, the credit of some portions of the matter is due to the monks themselves, and not to me.—LLEWELLYNN JEWITT, The Hollies, Duffield, Derby."

The Guide is illustrated, consists of eighty-two pages, and is most interesting.

As the Father Abbot had expressed the wish to have a copy of this volume which I am writing, I sent two copies of the "Sketch," which has been reprinted from *The Reliquary*, to my venerable friend the Prior, who acknowledged receipt thus :

"Mount St. Bernard's Abbey, 15th February, 1887. My dear Sir, —I return you my most sincere thanks for your very kind letter enclosing two copies of the Sketch you have made of the life of our mutual dear friend Mr. Llewellynn Jewitt. I was greatly interested

with the account of his extraordinary literary labours; but still more was I affected at your description of the endearing scenes of his paternal feelings, especially in his last moments. Much as I have seen or read, I have never met with a more beautiful or forcible expression of Perfect Resignation to the Will of God, which is the duty as well as the consolation of all Christians. This I found in the letter addressed to yourself under some temporary sorrow. F. Abbot and myself will wait with earnest expectation the volume which you have been so good as to promise us. With best respects, I remain, my dear Sir, yours most sincerely, BR. IGNATIUS SISK, Prior.

Llewellynn Jewitt, although himself a faithful Protestant, could thus love, and become the object of the love of good Catholics. But he had a great contempt for sacerdotal innovations in the Protestant forms of worship. And he had also dear friends who were members of the Greek as well as the Roman branch of the Christian Church. In fact his Christianity was too large to be held within the limits of any section of the great Church. He loved his Church, but like Ruskin, he preferred the practice of the Christianity of Christ to its forms, although the latter he strictly observed. He was a most unostentatious Christian, with an intense hatred of every form of cant. His children say that his correspondence with myself far exceeded that with any other of his numerous friends, and it was this constant literary and frequent personal intercourse which enabled me to know him so well. His heart and motives of action were as open to me as bare clock-work under a glass shade; and ever to know him more was to find him more noble and loveable; and whenever there was anything to be read between the lines of his epistles, it was always to his honour.

My mention that Llewellynn Jewitt had dear friends who were members of the Greek Church, reminds me that there existed a strong friendship between him and the Baron Nicolas Casimir de Bogoushevsky, a Russian high in favour with the Czar, and a member of the Imperial Archæological Society. Their correspondence was very affectionate and constant. On one occasion I remember the Baron conveyed a message from the late Emperor Alexander II., inviting Llewellynn Jewitt to settle with his family in Russia, and promising to confer upon him an estate if he would do so. "But," as Llewellynn Jewitt observed to me, "what would be the use of an estate to me out there, with a climate that would kill me?" In the possession of the Baron is a curious old English document, a copy of which he contributed to *The Reliquary* for January, 1874, entitled, "A Warrant of Henry the Seventh, for Altar Cloths, Copes, etc., etc." In the number for April of the same year there is another contribution from the Baron's pen, entitled "Russia in Pre-historic Times," with several plates, illustrative of the costumes and habits of the ancient Scythians, as shown on their monuments, and on vases discovered in the tombs of the Scythian kings. In the reading of the Cremation of Patroclus and Hector, which I shall give at the end of this volume, in the Appendix, I have commented on the ancient practice of interring the ashes of royalty in urns of gold, which must

have furnished rich prizes to the future ransackers of the Grave-mounds. In this paper there is a plate representing a magnificently sculptured gold urn, found in a tomb at Kuolbé, near Kertch, in the Crimea, and now preserved in the Imperial Hermitage Museum in St. Petersburg. Mention also is made of another beautiful vase found in 1862 or 3 in a Royal barrow on the right shore of the Dnieper, near the hamlet of Nikopol. It is of silver, magnificently ornamented with figures and basso-relievo. "These figures represent the Scyths, who were always known to the Greeks as exceedingly clever horsemen, in their favourite occupations of tending their horses. Here we see some of them catching and leading away their horses from the meadow; others are saddling them, while others again are tethering the horses, previously to taking them out to the prairies." What is here described as "tethering" is the strapping together of the forelegs of the animal, and the bas relief is so good and natural that the countenance of the horse, and his ears, and teeth, are made to indicate very clear disapproval of the proceeding. A foot-note says: "This last custom of tethering horses in the way represented on the Nicropolis vase, *i.e.*, tying the horses' forefeet before sending them out for pasture is still practised in Russia by the peasants of several districts." It is not to be supposed that these Scythian urns are of Scythian workmanship. They are undoubtedly the work of some Greek Cellini.

In connection with these barrow yields of articles in the precious metals it will be interesting to note here that not only have they been found in the lands of the Greeks and their neighbours, but they have also been dug up abundantly near home.

In the third volume of Mr. Roach Smith's *Collectanea Antiqua* there is a most valuable and interesting paper, entitled "Notes on various discoveries of Gold Plates, chiefly in the South of Ireland," by T. Crofton Croker, F.S.A., etc., and on p. 243, is the following, which leads to a poem by "L. E. L.," only known through that work:

"Gold, yellow, glittering, precious gold!  
Gold, that will make black white, foul fair, wrong right."

"Abundantly has it been discovered in Ireland. Of this metal, crowns, corselets, bridles, chains, rings, torques, fibulæ, bracelets, ingots and various articles, the uses of which we can now only conjecture, have been, and continue to be frequently raised by the spade of the peasant, and nearly as regularly sunk in the oblivion of the crucible.

"The Rev. Doctor Drummond, in his *Ancient Irish Minstrelsy*, conjectures that the following is the passage in the harper's song which led to the discovery of the pieces of gold at Ballyshannon, by the Bishop of Derry (xxvii., and p. 42):

'In earth, beside the loud cascade,  
The son of Sora's king we laid;  
And on each finger placed a ring  
Of gold, by mandate of our king;  
Such honours to the brave we give,  
And bid their memory ever live.'

"It occurs in the well known Irish ballad of 'Moira-borb,' the original of which may be found in Miss Brooke's 'Reliques of Irish Poetry,' where the passage is thus rendered (p. 132) :

'The valiant Sora by the stream we laid,  
And while his last and narrow house we made,  
We on each finger placed a glittering ring ;  
To grace the foe in honour of our king.'

"I am, however, inclined to think that the Harper's Song which the Bishop of Derry had translated to him, was one which exists in an Irish manuscript volume in my possession, and not the passage in the poem of 'Moira-borb,' referred to by Doctor Drummond :

'Air barra Sléibe Monárd  
Ann ata feart churaidh,  
's dhá fhleasg óir fá chopp an laoch,  
As fail órtha air a mheura,'

is the chorus, or what is termed in Irish 'Ceangail,' the binding verse :—literally :

'On the hill of Sleive Monard  
There is a giant's grave,  
And two gold plates enclose the hero's body,  
And there are golden rings on his fingers.'

"At Miss Landon's (L. E. L.'s) request, I furnished her some years since (1835) with a literal translation of this ballad, and a few days afterwards that accomplished and lamented lady sent me the following versification of it, which I cannot say in its translation from the Irish into English has lost any of its original merit :

#### 'THE GOLDEN GRAVE.

'He sleeps within his lonely grave  
Upon the lonely hill,  
There sweeps the wind—there swells the wave—  
All other sounds are still.  
And strange and mournfully sound they ;  
Each seems a funeral cry,  
O'er life that long has past away,  
O'er ages long gone by.

One winged minstrel's left to sing  
O'er him who lies beneath—  
The humming bee, that seeks in spring  
Its honey from the heath.  
It is the sole familiar sound  
That ever rises there ;  
For silent is the haunted ground,  
And silent is the air.

There never comes the merry bird—  
There never bounds the deer ;  
But during night strange sounds are heard,  
The day may never hear :  
For there the shrouded Banshee stands,  
Scarce seen amid the gloom  
And wrings her dim and shadowy hands,  
And chants her song of doom.

Seven pillars, grey with time and moss,  
 On dark Sleive Monard meet ;  
 They stand to tell a nation's loss—  
 A king is at their feet.  
 A lofty moat denotes the place  
 Where sleeps in slumber cold  
 The mighty of a mighty race—  
 The giant kings of old.

There Gollah sleeps—the golden band  
 About his head is bound ;  
 His javelin in his red right hand,  
 His feet upon his bound.  
 And twice three golden rings are placed  
 Upon that hand of fear ;  
 The smallest would go round the waist  
 Of any maiden here.

And plates of gold are on his breast,  
 And gold doth bind him round ;  
 A king, he taketh kingly rest  
 Beneath that royal mound.  
 But wealth no more the mountain fills,  
 As in the days of yore :  
 Gone are those days ; the wave distils  
 Its liquid gold no more.

The days of yore—still let my harp  
 Their memories repeat—  
 The days when every sword was sharp,  
 And every song was sweet ;  
 The warrior slumbers on the hill,  
 The stranger rules the plain ;  
 Glory and gold are gone ; but still  
 They live in song again."

In the number of *The Reliquary* for July, 1875, there appeared another lengthy contribution from Llewellynn Jewitt's friend the Russian Baron, also illustrated with plates, and entitled "Historical Notes relating to Czar John 'The Terrible' of Russia, and Queen Elizabeth of England."

I have just spoken of the Baron's contribution to *The Reliquary* for January, 1874. The very next month there came from Russia another instance of loving friendship between Llewellynn Jewitt and a member of the Greek Church. It was on the occasion of the marriage of a daughter, and is contained in the following quotation from a newspaper dated February 27th, 1874 :

"THE MARRIAGE OF MISS FLORENCE JEWITT.

"On Tuesday morning, the 17th inst., the pretty village of Winster, in Derbyshire, presented a most brilliant and pleasing appearance, on the occasion of the marriage of Miss Florence S. A. Jewitt, the second daughter of Llewellynn Jewitt, Esq., F.S.A., of Winster Hall, the well-known antiquary and author, to George Sibley-Greene, Esq., of Worthing, Sussex. The weather in the early morning opened slightly unfavourably, rain falling heavily, but when the time for the interesting ceremony approached, the clouds cleared away, and in a very short time the sun shone forth and cast a most cheering beam over the happy couple and the wedding guests.



"The Rev. H. Milnes, vicar of the parish, officiated on the occasion, the ceremony taking place in the village church, which was very nicely decorated, and over the entrance gates the villagers had erected—as a token of the esteem in which Mr. Jewitt's family is held—a very beautiful arch of evergreens.

"Miss Jewitt, who had by her amiability of disposition endeared herself to every one with whom she came in contact, received a most graceful compliment from her Sunday School scholars, by whom she was sincerely respected, they having strewn her path through the churchyard with snowdrops. Miss Jewitt had also presented to each of her scholars a very pretty souvenir of her affection for them, and as an evidence of the very great interest she had always taken in their welfare.

"A remarkable circumstance connected with this marriage was the fact of Miss Jewitt receiving on the morning of her nuptial day an autograph letter from Archbishop Paul, of Pskov, Russia, containing his pastoral benediction upon the union about to take place, of which the following is a translation: 'By the grace of God the humble servant of the Lord—Paul, Archbishop of Pskov,' etc. 'I call the benediction of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ on the happy wedded pair; on my spiritual daughter, and on the happy parent of the happy children. May the Lord bless you—even as I a humble shepherd of the blessed flock do bless them. Amen.' 'Pskov, (signed) Bishop Paul. 30th January, O.S., 1874.' 'To M. Florence and Mr. Llewellynn Jewitt, these,' etc., etc.

"The bells pealed forth merrily throughout the day, and during the breakfast the Winster band played a very nice and appropriate selection of music on the lawn, which added greatly to the interest of the occasion.

"The bride was tastefully attired in white, with wreath of orange blossom, myrtle, jasmine, and of stephanotis, and presented a charming appearance; the bridesmaids were dressed in white and cerise.

"The wedding presents were numerous and valuable, and at the breakfast the speeches of some of Mr. Jewitt's literary friends were most interesting.

"In the afternoon the happy couple took their departure for the south, under a shower of rice and slippers."



## CHAPTER XLVI.

ROACH SMITH ON LLEWELLYNN JEWITT'S POETRY.—"WHEN ON THY LIP THE SIGH DELAYS."—"HARK!"—"THERE'S SOMETHING STRANGE."—"MERCY, MERCY!"—"LOUD THE WINDS ARE ROARING ROUND ME."—"THERE'S ONE WHO LOVES THEE STILL."



R. ROACH SMITH writes in his *Retrospections*: "From the 'Ballads and Songs of Derbyshire,' 'The Dragon of Wantley,' and a poetical tribute to Miss Nightingale, it is evident that Mr. Jewitt has imagination, a quality denied by nature to so many, and never to be acquired.'

It is certain that if not a great poet, Llewellynn Jewitt was greatly poetic, as the following fragments will show.

Now I feel, and I confess, that if I were reading such a book as this, written by somebody else, I should certainly skip the poems. And this consciousness induces me to pause, and to ask the reader *not* to do so. I think they will be found worth reading.

Llewellynn Jewitt, in the days of his youth—he having then strong poetic aspirations—wrote at least one operatic piece. Of that one I can only find the following fragments, he himself having destroyed the rest:

"When on thy lip the sigh delays  
As if 'twould linger there for ever;  
When eyes would give the world to gaze, (!)  
Yet still look down, and venture never;  
When though bright eyes / meet all day,  
Yet thine I dream of more than any—  
If we be not in love, I pray  
Say what *is* love my darling Jenny?

To think and ponder when apart  
Of all we have to say at meeting,  
Yet when we meet, with heart near heart,  
Sit mute, and listen to their beating!—  
To see but one tall figure move—  
The only MOON where *stars* are many—  
If all this be not downright love,  
I pray thee say what *is*, my Jenny!"

"Hark! 'tis the breeze of twilight calling  
Earth's weary children to repose;  
While round the couch of nature falling  
Gently, the night's soft curtains close.

Soon o'er a world in sleep reclining  
 Numberless stars through yonder dark  
 Shall look, like eyes of cherubs shining  
 From out the veil that hid the ark.

Guard us, O Thou who never sleepest !  
 Thou who in silence throned above  
 Throughout all time unwearied keepest  
 Thy watch of Glory, Power, and Love !

Grant that beneath Thine eye securely  
 Our souls awhile from life withdrawn  
 May, in their darkness, stilly, purely,  
 Like 'sealed fountains' rest till dawn !"

---

"There's something strange, I know not what,  
 Come o'er me !  
 Some phantom I've for ever got  
 Before me.  
 I look up, and there in the sky  
 'Tis shining.  
 On earth its light with all things bright  
 Seems twining.  
 Sometimes like two bright eyes of blue  
 'Tis glancing ;  
 Sometimes like feet in slippers neat  
 'Tis dancing !  
 Go where I will this haunting sprite  
 Waylays me,  
 And witching tricks all day and night  
 It plays me !"

---

Such are the bright love-scrap. Now come the dark. His hero is under a cloud of credited calumny, and is shunned not only by his general friends, but by the lady dearest to him of all others. In astounded agony he exclaims :

"Mercy, mercy !  
 Do not spurn me from thy heart—  
 Say not, dearest, we must part—  
 Mercy, mercy !  
 We have dearly loved each other,  
 Bid me not that dear love smother,  
 Bid me not be *but* thy *brother* !  
 Say not so !  
 Spare me, spare me !  
 Tell me not thy love is gone—  
 The grief's too bitter to be borne !  
 Dearest, dearest,  
 Say not thou art colder grown—  
 I can ne'er that feeling own  
 Since thy dear love I have known ;  
 Say not so !  
 Oh have mercy !  
 Tell me not you've ceased to love,  
 Tell me not from thee to rove—  
 Never, never !  
 Teach me not new words to seek—  
 To call thee *sister* when I speak !  
 And all old bonds of *love* to break  
 Do not so !

Truly, truly,  
 We have dearly loved each other  
 More than *sister* loves, or *brother*—  
 Oh so truly !  
 Let us love on to the end  
 With love that time shall never rend—  
 Not as *sister*, *brother*, *friend* !—  
 Fondly, truly.

Fondly, truly,  
 Yield again to love's dear sway—  
 Mine for thee shall ne'er decay—  
 Never, never !  
 Thou *will not* ?—Yet my heart shall beat  
 Still true to thee ! Though commune sweet  
 Be hence denied—nor more we meet—  
 I'll love thee truly !”

When one whose own course of true love ran so uniformly smoothly as did that of Llewellynn Jewitt, and he knew nothing by experience of the agony he was able to depict, he exhibits true dramatic and poetic power in the following generous prayer of his hero as a wronged and rejected lover :

“ Loud the winds are roaring round me,  
 Rushing whistling through the trees,  
 Moaning through each door and crevice,  
 Like the moan of distant seas.

Snow lies thick on all the landscape  
 And continues still to fall,  
 Covering up earth's beauteous surface  
 With a white funereal pall.

As I look forth through the casement  
 All the earth seems wrapt in gloom,  
 Starless, drear, and tempest-howling,  
 Yet as lifeless as the tomb.

Heaven's face is hidden from me,  
 Clouds, like curtains, hang on high,  
 Like all hope the fair moon veiling,  
 Veiling all the starry sky.

Hope is now for ever hidden !  
 Yet I pray there may descend  
 On *her*—abundant—every blessing  
 Which can earth and heaven blend !

Without, within, Oh what great change !  
 That hidden moon I night by night  
 Have watch'd increase, like my heart's joy—  
 Joy quench'd now like the outer light !

Without, the world is bleak and drear,  
 Cheerless, cold and desolate ;  
 Within, oppressed with dark despair,  
 My soul is crushed with cruel fate.

With not one ray of hope to cheer me,  
 Not one smile to meet my gaze,  
 Not a soul to whisper to me  
 Hope of joy in *future* days !

Spurn'd by her who once so loved me,  
Spurn'd by those who were such friends,  
Denied all hope of love or friendship,  
Beneath the rod my spirit bends !

Disown'd, dishonour'd, and despised ;  
By her, by all, misunderstood ;  
Alone I stand with bleeding heart  
No more to know of joy or good !

Oh God !—Lord of the hidden heaven,  
Oh Lord of majesty and power,  
Look down on me through all this gloom,  
The gloom of this dread midnight hour !

In misery dire to Thee I turn,  
Oh take from me this charge of shame !  
In Thee alone there yet is hope  
To free me from this unearn'd blame.

Yet not for self will I beseech  
Thy blessing, Oh Almighty God !  
Leave me a wreck whom friends disown,  
Let me be scourged with scorn's vile rod ;

Not for myself, Oh heavenly King !  
Will I approach Thee now ;  
But for another dearly loved  
My head I humbly bow !

Oh let not my unworthiness  
Against my prayer weigh down—  
For her, Oh God, on whose behalf  
I dare approach Thy throne ;

Oh, bless her, God, in every way,  
Grant peace to her dear heart !  
Let happiness and joy and love  
Be still her earthly part !

Remove the troubles from her breast,  
Which now so sore oppress ;  
And in their stead, Oh grant she may  
Have joy and happiness !

And let the love she had for me—  
Oh God I *will* ask this !  
Be yet renew'd, and yet increase  
To be our mutual bliss.

And as her years increase on years,  
So may her happiness ;  
And as the moon wanes night by night,  
So may her griefs be less !

While I sit here this cheerless night,  
All stricken and forlorn,  
The day which gave her to the world  
Will soon begin to dawn.

Oh God ! not for myself I crave  
Thy blessing at this hour,  
But, Oh, on her thy choicest gifts  
May'st Thou be pleased to shower !

May this, her birthday, even yet  
Be crown'd with joy and peace.  
These clouds dispel, and, Oh great God !  
Her heart from doubt release !

Grant she may live to see this day  
 In joy all years to come ;  
 Till old age end her pilgrimage  
 And bring her to Thy home !

Yes, when at last it be Thy will  
 To set her spirit free,  
 Oh grant, great God, that she may rest  
 For ever in Heaven with Thee !

For me, Oh God, I dread to think  
 Which way *my* future lies.  
 I'm lowly : yet I dare not hope  
 That Thou wilt bid me rise.

Oh Father, hear the prayers which now  
 I offer up to Thee !  
 Bless, Oh bless, *her*—I care not now  
 Whate'er becomes of me."

#### "THERE'S ONE WHO LOVES THEE STILL.

"Should thy dearest friends forsake thee,  
 Should all pass thee coldly by,  
 Yet in all thy desolation  
 Listen to the joyous cry—  
 There's One who loves thee still !

When thine eyes are swoll'n with weeping,  
 When bowed down with grief or pain  
 If none seem to heed thee, listen  
 To the voice which says again—  
 There's One who loves thee still !

When thine heart is torn with anguish,  
 When despair thy bosom swells,  
 And none seem to heed thy sorrow,  
 Listen to the voice which tells—  
 There's One who loves thee still !

And should pain and ling'ring illness  
 Add their evils to life's storm,  
 And thou seem all God-forsaken,  
 Let these words thy bosom warm—  
 There's One who loves thee still !

Though the world may seem to spurn thee  
 All things tend to cast thee down—  
 Friends with friendship changed to malice,  
 Meet thee with reproachful frown—  
 There's One who loves thee still !

Though 'mong thorns thy feet be planted,  
 And cruel snares thy path beset,  
 While none reach a hand to save thee  
 From increasing dangers, yet  
 There's One who loves thee still !

Oh ! when all earthly hopes have vanish'd,  
 And thy soul in anguish praying  
 Looks to God alone, then listen  
 To the voice from heaven saying—  
 Thy FATHER loves thee still !"

## CHAPTER XLVII.

THE COMING OF AGE OF "THE RELIQUARY."—"WHAT A COMICAL LOOKING FELLOW I MUST BE!!"—THE EDITOR PRESENTS HIS COMPLIMENTS.—"BAT, BAT."—CHRISTMAS WELCOME.—A NEW YEAR'S GREETING.—FIRM BELIEF IN PRAYER.—A LOVING, PRESSING, PLEADING INVITATION.—A DELIGHTFUL HOLIDAY, AND A SOLEMN PILGRIMAGE.—TEARS WIPED AWAY.



IN 1881 the twenty-first volume of Llewellynn Jewitt's quarterly journal was completed, and thus he wrote of it:

"For twenty-one consecutive years, as each March has come round, the pleasing and grateful task has devolved upon me of penning a few words by way of 'Introduction' to the volumes of my *Reliquary*, and of endeavouring to express—I fear all too feebly—my thanks to its friends and contributors for all the valuable aid they have rendered in its progress, and for the interest they have so unselfishly and flatteringly taken in its welfare. To this task I have always returned with increased and yet increasing zest; and that feeling is greatly heightened on the present occasion by the knowledge that my serial, for whose birth I alone was responsible, and over whose onward progress through advancing years I have watched with increasing and never-slumbering care, may now, by the completion of this its twenty-first volume, be said, in common parlance to have 'attained its majority,' and to have arrived at the 'honourable state of perfect manhood.' Its 'Coming of Age' is to me, as it is, I know, to its warmest friends and contributors, a matter of sincere satisfaction and congratulation, and I trust the future which is before it—whether that future be long or short—will be marked by at least an equal—nay, I hope, a *greater*—amount of usefulness than that which has characterised it in the past. Taking a retrospective glance from the day of its advent in 1860, to that of its majority in 1881, I see nothing to regret in its past life, nothing in its onward career with which fault can legitimately be found, nothing that could have been amended; and I look back down the long vista of years with a feeling of pride, knowing that, thanks to its contributors, it has grown under my hands, gained with its years, and done good service in the days it has numbered.

"I know of no other antiquarian journal—with the solitary exception of the venerable *Gentleman's* 'of other days'—that has lived

anything like the number of years *The Reliquary* has done; or has succeeded in amassing and rendering available to others so great a store of valuable, substantial, and important knowledge. I could count, not by ones, but by fives and tens, the names of antiquarian serials that have been projected, brought into the world, done good service while they lasted, but have prematurely dwindled away for want of proper support, and died all too soon for archæology, much to the regret, not only of their originators, but of the whole band of thinking men by whom they had been for a time upheld. Antiquarian publications, at the best of times, command only a limited circulation; but like those devoted to any other class of literature, without that proper meed of support existence is assuredly out of the question; and it is sad, truly sad, to reflect that, despite the most laborious and unflagging attention, best, most unselfish, and most disinterested motives of their promoters, apathetic feeling on the part of the reading public should throw a damp shroud over them and compass their death. Sad to think, while magazines of a sensational character, and those which pander to the depraved tastes of the 'fleshy school,' live and flourish—flourish because their roots are planted in soil rank with unwholesome carnage—others, of a solid and useful character, are allowed to die for want of support!"

In August of this same year I received the following:—"August 28th, 1881. . . . 'The better the day the better the deed,' so, surely, this being Sunday, and the 'best of all days,' the deed of writing to you . . . must be a good deed indeed. Thanks for yours this morning, which tells me how much you are enjoying your stay at Llangollen—a place you will be sure to revel in, for it is full of interesting matters and rich in associations. I don't know that I should have bothered you with a letter to-day, only that you have been at Plas Newydd, and I thought before you left the spot I would send you the 'counterfeit presentments' of the two old 'Ladies of Llangollen,' which might interest you. While you were visiting *their* old home we were differently employed, for we were at Winster—all four of us—examining the new fragment of humanity recently brought to light there by the newly married couple. It is, as usually, a remarkably nice, superior looking baby. Not one of those comical things whose faces look like roasted apples, and whose noses and ears are undistinguishable one from the other, and eyes and mouths equally so; but it has really well pronounced features, and is a baby to be proud of—and they *are* proud of it, I can tell you. Some say it's like Ben; others that it's exactly like Ben's father; others that it's the very image of Curly; others, of Ted; and C—— [the doctor] told us all yesterday *he* considers it to be extremely like me!! Good gracious! If it *is*, what a comical looking fellow I must be!!"

"September 13th, 1881. . . . We have thorough September now—very good autumnal weather—and, I should think, good for all things. Indeed I believe all weather sent us, whatever it is, is *best*, but we are so conceited, we think *we* know better than He who sends it. I had a clerical relative—a parson cousin—all the way from New York, here



to see us yesterday. We had not seen him for above twenty years, and his coming yesterday was entirely unexpected. He returns to the States—he and his wife—to-day. Like me, he has had snow-storms settling on his beard and head since we last met. He is the youngest son, by the way, of my father's only sister. As in a carpet bag you can always cram in a lot at the last, I must ram down somewhere in this corner of my paper a bushel or two of dear love from us all."

On the 2nd December he varied his style of writing by sending me the following on the regular official printed *Reliquary* memorandum paper: "The Editor presents his compliments to Mr. and the Misses Goss, and begs to say that the last time he saw Mr. Jewitt, the enclosed was his address. And he thinks he heard him, or some members of his family, giving expression to their surprise and disappointment at not hearing from Stoke. He believes he may add that Mr. J. and family are all well."

"December 6th, 1881. . . . You *sha'n't* say I don't write directly I hear from you—so here goes! I was—so were we all—glad to hear from you this a.m. We have none of us been much favoured with letters from Stoke of late, so those this morning were trebly welcome. We are looking forward to your visit with intense pleasure, and really hope and trust—by the bye, did you see the eclipse last night? I *never* saw a finer one, or with a grander sky—we may have fine weather for your visit. You must let us know this time—by the way, did you have any snow last week?—really what train you *will* come by, so that, if we can, we may meet you in Derby, and not have the misfortune of coming to meet one fixed train, and then find you had come by one a fortnight earlier, as you did last time! The Bat you had a 'visitation' from must have been a precocious fellow—or wench—to have 'come out' as it did. But, evidently,

The Bat he would a wooing go  
Whether the season was fit or no,

and he must have thought you had been inveighing his ladylove by repeating the old bat-call—

Bat, Bat,  
Come into my Hat,

to take up her residence in your tile, and hence he went batting his batty wings round your head. But are you sure it was a real live animal? Or was it the bat of a Field Cricket thrown up from the entomological Cricket Field in token of a victory? You ask what it all means? Well, I should say one of two things. Either it was the 'shadow' of the 'coming event' of your inventing a great improvement in the art of Bat-printing, or it pre-saged a visit you are happily going to pay to one who 'pre' her marriage *was* a 'Sage.' I heartily congratulate you that it was not a 'brick-bat' that was flying about your head! All as usual here, and all looking anxiously forward to your coming."

I now remember the circumstance that at noon on a bright sunny December day a bat made circles round my hat as I was walking out at Rode Heath.

Here again is the unabated Christmas welcome, as impressive and emphatic as ever; it is dated December 20th, 1881. "Thanks for your letter this morning. We are looking forward to Saturday in great state of pleasurable excitement at the prospect of seeing you all. If we are able, any of us, to be in Derby to meet you, we will be 'under the clock' at 3 50. If we are not there you may rely upon it we have been compelled through sheer necessity to forego the pleasure, and you will come, and we will meet you at Duffield Station. We SHALL be 'under the clock' at Derby Station at 3 50, unless something unforeseen happens, and we are looking forward to a very jolly time with you all. But we CANNOT let you go back on the 27th. We have made a whole round of arrangements for you to stay, at all events, till the day after New Year's Day. So you MUST, if you please, try to arrange accordingly. You MUST stay a week, at all events. We have had folks here quite unexpectedly to-day, so I have been compelled to put off writing to the last moment, and to scamp my letter at last!"

Here is the expression of his loving heart on "New Year's Day, 1882. . . . I cannot let the first day of a new year pass without a line to *you* of all others, of hearty and loving greeting. I only wish you were *here*, instead of there, that we might shake you by the hand and wish you 'God's speed' and every blessing in the year that has broken upon us. We watched the New Year in, bare-headed, and out of doors, and you and yours were not forgotten in our silent prayers, or in our spoken wishes." The letter was a very long and very affectionate one; here is another paragraph from it: "I *know* that all things are for the best, and that trials are for our good; that all things come right in the end if we only honestly, courageously, and conscientiously *strive* for the right; and I have firm belief in the efficacy of Prayer in helping and strengthening and blessing those efforts, and bringing about the desired end."

Inexorable time in its steady course brings Vol. XXII. of Llewellynn Jewitt's journal to its completion, and he writes:

"In the future—so long as I am spared to carry on the publication—*The Reliquary* shall not flag in interest, and I trust with the continued help of contributors, and by the occasional judicious introduction of new features, to make it even more acceptable to its readers than it hitherto may have been. Twenty-two years! not quite a third of my own age, and yet we are literally growing old together! But as years increase I can honestly say my love for the study of archæology in all its branches, which *The Reliquary* upholds, grows, if possible, more ardent; and I feel that, if spared yet a few years longer, much remains to be done, which I trust to accomplish through its pages. Again, and again, I thank my friends and contributors for all their help in the past, and beg them, one and all, to continue their aid in the future."

I give the following entire, flattery and all, because *that* is so evidently mere kind jocularly. These letters of invitation but fairly show his earnest hospitality, his pleasantly persevering persuasion, the

warm heartiness of his friendship—so precious to possess—and the eager joy with which he contrived pleasure for others :

“August 15th, 1882. . . . I know you are always ready to do any kind, good, Christian action, and to confer benefits and favours whenever you can—which is always—and so I write this to you ‘on behalf of the assembled multitude’ to ask you to do *us* a favour—and we know your goodness of heart so well, that we feel it to be an accomplished fact before we ask. Well, after that preface here comes the matter itself. We are intending (D.V.) to have one of our own old-fashioned nice little *al fresco* outings and feeds next Wednesday, and we have, for remembrance of ‘auld lang syne’ you know, fixed to have it at Cratcliffe Rocks and Birchover, taking Winster in the way to pick up the ‘Brittle’ folks on the ‘Bank,’ and so all have a jolly day once more together. Dinner on the rocks at Cratcliffe ; tea on the Roo Tor Rocks at Birchover. Ted will have holidays next week, hence our fixings. Now this is all on condition that *you and the two girls*—a thousand pardons ! I mean the brace of young ladies—*come and join us*. *With* you, it will be enjoyment ; *without* you, misery. So I know you will please us by all coming. We have arranged everything ; done everything, and settled everything ; and all *you* have to do is to say ‘yes’ and all of you come. And you *MUST*, for the *resolution* has been carried *nem. con.* and *we* are awfully *resolute*. Just one word ‘Yes’ from you ; and ‘I will’ from each of the young ladies, and all will be bright and jolly.”

I wrote asking to be excused, delightful as was the prospect, being very busy and very weary, but accepted the invitation for my daughters, which brought by return the following, dated August 17th, and written on the old Winster notepaper with “Winster Hall” erased by the pen, and “The Hollies” substituted : “No, my dear Mr. Goss, IT WON’T DO AT ALL ! and we won’t stand it ! We *mean* to have you all three, and we *WILL* have you ! There ! Nonsense apart, we *can’t* and *won’t* let you off. The little outing is all that is needed to set you up, and I am quite sure a sniff of Cratcliffe air and an inhalation of that of Birchover, and a sight of the old scenes *will set you up*, and you will bless your lucky stars you came. Now look here—or, rather, at the top of the other side of this paper, and let the old heading of ‘Winster Hall’—‘Liberty Hall’ you know—serve as a talisman to bring you ; for though ‘the walls thereof know us no more,’ the same hearts beat within us as beat there, and you will find *us* just as ever. We *MUST* have you all three there as of old, just once again, for if you don’t come *this* time, I don’t believe we shall ever again all meet together in that once dear and happy place. It is our *special wish* once more all to be there together—THE LAST TIME, I verily believe, we ever can be—and you won’t be so cruel, will you ? —as to disappoint us and sadden us, and wet-blanket our day’s enjoyment that we have planned for you ? No, *no*, NO Mr. Goss, it is not *in* you to be so cruel, and so we shall yet hope and *expect* to see the trio on Monday or Tuesday—Saturday, day after to-morrow, if possible—for certain. Mrs. Jewitt says ‘Tell Mr. Goss from me that I am

sure coming will do him good and set him up,' and she says she will not accept any denial. I am sure you CAN manage it, and I am sure you will go back better, happier, and stronger, bodily and mentally, for the change. So COME. Only let us know the train you will come by, that's all. Our party is made up specially for you three, so there can be none without you." And this loving and lovely pleading is not finished yet. How precious is the recollection of all this love now. Why he gave such to me I cannot tell. Reader, I care not what egotism there may seem in the insertion of these letters. I offer no apology for thus exhibiting these models of eloquent loving pleadings of my dear friend, straight from his noble heart, showing that he loved his neighbour as himself. He continues on another supplemental scrap, "Mrs. Jewitt says I am to be sure to tell you, from her, that she is sure the little change will set you up; and she says she trusts you will come, and if you can stay a few days *after* the gipsy party you shall be as quiet as you like, do as you like, and rest as much as you like, so she begs you WILL come. We want all three of you specially. All come on Monday, but if *all* cannot, why those come on Monday who can, and the rest on Tuesday—but in any case you MUST all be here on Tuesday for our Bohemian outing on Wednesday—we start early on Wednesday morning."

"August 19th. A heart full of heart-felt thanks for your kind promise for all three of you to come to us for our happy meeting on Wednesday. We are *thankful, positively and unreservedly* THANKFUL that you will come to us, for we long to have you. We opened your letter in trepidation, read it with delight, and experienced a feeling of thankfulness I cannot describe. . . . We shall now, without fear of disappointment, look out for all three of you on Tuesday—and all we shall want to know is by what train you will come, that we may meet you. Thank you again and again for saying *you* will come, and both your darlings. Nothing will now be wanting to make our gipsy party all we wish it."

As usual, this proved a most delightful holiday; but, as usual, I made no notes. The circumstance that most impressed my memory was the usual brief visit to Winster churchyard—the solemn pilgrimage to the grave of young Llewellynn, and the memorial stone of young Herbert. We stood around the grave in silence, with bared heads, as we had often done before. Presently the solemn silence was broken by the sobs of the most tender of mothers, weeping for her children, because it seemed at the moment to her tear-blinded eyes that "they were not." Then her no less sorrowing, loving husband put his arm about her and kissed her, and said: "Darling, they are happy; and remember who you have still spared to you." And she was no longer the Rachel who would not be comforted. The sobbing ceased, the tears were wiped away; and she no longer thought of her children as dead, the one in the dark grave before her, and the other in the ocean-grave beneath the Southern Cross; but as the living happy habitants of one of the many mansions prepared for the final Reunion.



## CHAPTER XLVIII.

LLEWELLYNN JEWITT'S SIXTY-SEVENTH BIRTHDAY.—A NOVEL CHRISTMAS INVITATION.—A VERY LOVING PRESSING ONE.—BY THE SAD SEA WAVE.—THE WEIGHT OF SUNSHINE.—DAILY WORK.—JOYOUS WELCOMES.—GREAT FLOODS.—DELIGHTFUL MEETING AT CHEADLE.



HERE is a letter worthy of preservation for its funniness alone, but more so for showing Llewellynn Jewitt's fixed idea that life meant hard work, even the latter score years of eighty-seven, if granted to him. And, certainly, his literary projects already then conceived would have required that further period of close application for their accomplishment. But if spared in full vigour for another twenty years, his projects would have increased with his years, and he would have been ready at the end of that term with an equally forcible plea for another score :

"November 24th, 1882. Many thanks, my dear Mr. Goss, for your many good wishes on this my sixty-seventh birthday (How make you *that* out?) To tell you the truth I feel terribly overwhelmed with the showers of good wishes that have been raining—no *pouring* down upon me all this blessed morning. Thank *you*—thank the whole lot of you, individually and collectively, for remembering the poor little event of the anniversary of a wretched helpless little mite as I *was* sixty-six years ago—coming into the world—and for sending good wishes to such an old and worthless piece of lumber as these sixty-six years have made me. I DID NOT send the prospectus to get you to sign it, but only to show you I was not yet quite idle, but was going on with some of my literary work. I should like twenty years more hard work at things I have projected—but even then they would not half of them be done! Love from all to all. T—— is suffering terribly with tooth-ache, B—— with aches musical, the old lady with aches bonal, and I with aches temperal (temporal as well), so 'we are a merry family, we are, we are,' as the song has it. Write a little oftener, pray—and please 'make believe' very hard that this scrawl is a letter from me."

Here is a variation of the invitation for Christmas: "November 29th, 1882. Dear Sir,—On the other side I have pleasure in handing you a small order, to which I feel sure you will, as usual, give your kind and careful attention.—I have the honour to remain, dear sir, your faithful servant, LLEWELLYNN JEWITT."

The order on the other side is: "One life-size full-length figure of W. H. Goss; one ditto ditto of G. G.; one ditto ditto of A. G. To be forwarded by passenger train, North Staffordshire Railway to Derby, thence by Midland to Duffield Station, on the 23rd December, carriage paid, and marked 'Care—Perishable.' Direction label enclosed to prevent error in transit."

But the first-named item was very sad and weary and indisposed for Christmas festivities, and excuses were made for it, due despatch of the other two figures being promised; then, after more letters, came this loving pleading:

"December 11th, 1882. . . . We were truly truly truly grieved to see you write in so sad and weary a strain in your last. Don't you think you are making a mistake by going down to a lonely spot while you are out of spirits? 'By the *sad* sea wave' is surely not the place to carry melancholy feelings to, or to get rid of them at. No, no, my dear Mr. Goss, depend upon it the seaside with its murmur, its monotony, its sadness, and its constant tale of wailings and wretched endings, is no place for *you* to go to. *You* want quiet of a different kind—not solitary, but *warm-hearted quiet*—quiet that will let you write to your heart's content, but will at the same time surround you with loving feelings. NOT boisterous festivity, but quiet happiness in a loving circle. You are not fit to go to the lonely seaside, and the lonely seaside is not the place for you. Is your mind *quite* made up? Is it one of the Mede and Persian cases? Or cannot you change? Take my word for it—the word of one to whom *your* comfort and happiness are *dear*—that if you go to the solitary seaside this Christmas you will have committed a grave mistake. If you come here you shall *write*—talk—do anything you like, and not be pestered with boisterous merry-making. I too like and long for quiet. Cannot we have it, and let the youngsters 'do the festive' as they will? All send dear love to you. And wanting yet to hear again from you, I am, as ever, your affectionate and *true* friend in all I advise or do. LL. JEWITT. Adio!"

How different is the effect of the voice of the sea waves in different ears. Llewellynn Jewitt's objection to the sound is touching. To him its murmur was sadness and "a constant tale of wailings and wretched endings." It had been so to him ever since the sea had become the grave of his DEAR HERBERT. To others its gentle murmur is never-tiring music, aiding thought, and giving inspiration; while in its loud fury it is like the roused active power and majesty of a God, and when mingled with the thunder from above is the grandest of all sublime sounds. Thus it is to me.

After the two figures had been sent to Duffield and duly returned to me, I appear to have been writing nonsense in acknowledging receipt, for I find this:

"You say a gleam of sunshine is worth its weight in gold. But how could you compute its weight? If the sun is the source of 'light' and sunshine is '*light*' itself, what would be its *weight*?"

Verily *I* know not—only *I* suppose it would be what the sporting folks designate some jockeys—‘*light-weight*.’ Anyhow your purse would not be much the *lighter* for the gold you would have to pay, would it? All as usual here, only duller now your young folks have deserted us.”

The following letter confirms my statement that Llewellynn Jewitt’s general happiness depended upon the amount of work he was able to get through his head and his hands; and it also shows the remarkable length of his general day’s work, although his hour of rising was not so early now as it used to be:

“Duffield, March 4th, 1883. . . . I owe you one letter, and one thousand apologies for so long remaining in your debt in that particular. I will pay the letter, and get credit (if I can) for the apologies; for how to make them I don’t know! And what to write about I am quite at a loss! We lead such very uneventful lives down here that I have nothing to describe, and less to descant upon. My daily round is too monotonous to give subject of comment. My Library fire being laid always overnight, I get up at half-past six or seven in the morning, at once light the fire, settle down to my writing, and never leave it except at feeding times, till evening, when I bring my writing down to the Dining-room, and scribble away at the dining-table till eleven or so. All I can say is that what I write has to tell its own tale, for I am not going to tell it here! All are pretty well, and all glad at last to have some fine weather. This winter has, however, been one *I* don’t find fault with, for it has been so mild that it has suited me, and I think I have been better *this* winter than I have for several previous, so I AM quite thankful, for I have been able to work early and late, and not been so laid up as I have sometimes been. I have been nowhere—I have never even been to Derby since the day before your daughters came—before Xmas—till yesterday—more than two months! and I don’t think even the length of our village half a dozen times during that time. And how are you? and how are you all? and what are you engaged upon? and what doing? Am I not impertinent in asking such a lot of inquisitive questions? And—when shall we see you? It seems an age since we *had* that pleasure. Don’t take this as a specimen of what a letter OUGHT to be, but of what to avoid in writing one, and believe me in terrible grief at not being able to write a better,” etc.

There will not be many more Introductions to his quarterly journal from his pen, so let us see what he says in the twenty-third volume:

“Once more, for the twenty-third time, I have the gratification of meeting my friends and contributors, as it were face to face, and, while offering to them, one and all, the hearty right-hand grip of ‘old, old, very old’ friendship, with a loving ‘God-speed’ to each in their various walks of life, giving them the very heartiest, warmest, and most earnest thanks for all the kindness and help that now for nearly a quarter of a century they have uniformly shown towards *The Reliquary*, whose pages they have so constantly and so vigorously enriched.

"I look back with pardonable pride on the twenty-three yearly volumes that now range themselves side by side on the shelf, and I feel that their contents, in soundness, importance, interest, and value take the highest rank in the field of archæological literature. It is due to my contributors to say this, and the consciousness that such is the case will, I scarcely need add, be an ever-present incentive to me to keep up its interest, and fully maintain the high position it has worked out for itself. The contents of the past twenty-three volumes show what *has* been done, and will, I trust, be a sufficient guarantee for what *will*, under God's blessing, so long as I am spared, and so long as the contributors lend their aid, be done in the dim uncertain future that lies before us."

Here is a model of a letter of joyous welcome, written large: "July 30th, 1883. . . . Thanks—a trillion of thanks—for your most welcome telegram with the joyful news that you are all three of you going to gladden us with your company to-morrow. We have, all of us, been in a state of 'dancing joy' ever since your telegram came, and I write this very hurried line FROM ALL to say how glad we are, and how anxiously we shall look for your arrival. We will meet the train at our station to-morrow—Tuesday—evening. Give our best love to the two young ladies, and tell them how joyfully excited we all are, and with what delight we shall welcome them and you." This was his way of making one—or three—*feel* welcome.

Here is one more instance of his beautiful loving Christmas welcome: "December 14th, 1883. . . . Your letter promising to spend Xmas with us, as of old, gave us intense pleasure, and we are looking forward to the advent of yourself and daughters with pleasurable anxiety; and we trust we shall be able to make your visit a happy one to you, as I am sure it will be to us to have you once again. As Saturday is an 'early closing' day, Sunday a '*dies non*,' and Monday Xmas Eve, it will be jolly if you will *all* of you come on SATURDAY—so just drop a line to say what train, and we shall be delighted. And pray do so arrange beforehand as to make your stay as long as you can. All as usual here, only for the additional excitement of the hope of seeing you so soon," etc.

But a sudden keen sorrow intervened, causing me to relinquish the visit; in consequence of which came the following lines of entreaty and solace, exhibiting touchingly the goodness and nobleness of his heart, and the force of his loving friendship; it is dated "Duffield, St. Thomas' Day, 1883. . . . Your letter has indeed come as a thunderbolt upon us this morning, and you have our full hearts' sympathy with you in your trouble, and our prayers that all may end well and be for the best in every way. *We* know—no one more acutely—what it is to have a darling son away at sea, and what the heart-achings and anxieties are that day and night were ever present with us, and we can, therefore, very fully feel with you and for you in this trial, but, my dear Mr. Goss, be assured of this, that it is the will of Him who guides and rules us all with unerring wisdom and goodness, that 'this thing should be,' and therefore



(though we may not in a moment see it) it *is best* and *for the best*. And we must remember that the same All-wise Power that watches over us on land, and that has watched over your darling boy while *he* was on land, will watch over him just the same at sea, and in His own good time will, if He think fit, bring him safely back to you. I pray you to look on it in this light and to believe—as *I firmly do*—that all is for the best. This has ever been the one main feature in my creed, and I know it to be right, in my inmost conscience. . . . Depend upon it, it *is*, and *will be*, all for the best; and remember, I entreat you, that there is a *bright* side to every event; a blessing in every trial; a comfort behind every sorrow; and a calmness and repose after storm and tempest of the mind. . . . Our prayers are with him and with you all, that all may be well with him, and every blessing attend him. And now, my dear Mr. Goss, one word as to your own good self. Don't let this trouble weigh you down, but rather let it raise you above present anxieties; and, instead of hiding yourself from tried friends, come here that we may commune together, and do our best to lighten your trouble. If you feel that you *can* come you will find that you are coming to hearts that feel for you, and that will do all they can to bear with you your sorrow, and to alleviate it. All unite in dearest love and in loving sympathy, a sympathy pure, strong, and, I hope availing in lightening your own grief. Ever, my dear Mr. Goss, most affectionately yours, LLEWELLYNN JEWITT." Such is the sincere avowal of his faith in a benign Providence, and such the expression of his heartfelt, touching, and precious friendship.

I well remember when once stopping at The Hollies, after having retired to bed, hearing the clang of buckets and the sound of voices down in the street below. It was Saturday night, and I thought how needlessly late the women were in washing the paving stones in front of their houses. I slept and awoke, and they were still at it, and I thought "You Duffielders *are* duffers to be working this late." I slept and woke again, and they were at it still. "How sleep deceives us as to the passage of time," I pondered, "it seems as if I had been sleeping for hours instead of the few minutes it must have been, for they are still washing the pavement in the street below, and gossiping over their work." I slept again, and when I awoke they were still at it; but day was dawning, and I got up and looked down through the window, when, lo!—was I dreaming still?—what I took for the street was a river, upon whose very edge The Hollies was reared. Below appeared to be the waters of Venice, but they were the waters of the Ecclesbourne—not flowing in that little river's course however. They had flooded the streets of Duffield instead of hastening direct to the Derwent. Here is Llewellynn Jewitt's graphic description of the results of a subsequent flood:

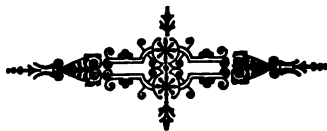
"Duffield, February 3rd, 1884. . . . You and the young ladies ought to have been here on Friday night and yesterday, for we had the deepest and 'biggest' flood ever known here. The street is completely washed up, and there are pits in it seven or eight feet deep. The water, in the night, came right up over the steps and part

way up the path to our door. In the middle of the street it was considerably more than four feet—in fact nearly five feet—deep. At the little house opposite to ours the water was actually a good way up the window, so that it was many stairs high inside. Ours is the only house in the whole street that escaped having it inside. At S——'s, J——'s, and all the others, it was a foot or two deep in all the lower rooms, and has played the deuce with the carpets and furniture. Even at the G——'s, the dining and drawing rooms were under water—carpets and all. At the Park—Hon. O'G——'s, the carpets are a foot deep in mud, and all his pigs, and favourite dog, are drowned. His big doors, which, you remember, were washed down before, were again washed down, and I saw one of them go sailing past our house—it went past the Baptist Chapel, and the other, no one knows where it is! [These were ponderous folding gates of a carriage-way.] His wall just above our coach-house was washed down, and filled the street, and the river came right down the Wirksworth Road. G—— at the post-office just opposite us, has had two pigs drowned, and a score or more others were also drowned, as well as a horse, and big trees came sailing down like scraps of paper. You never saw—at least I never did—such havoc as it has made. How thankful we are that our house is elevated above the others, and so escaped it, for it is wretched to see rooms like S——'s, and all the others, and when they will get right is a question not easily answered," etc. Observing the little Ecclesbourne at ordinary times, one would consider it impossible that the tiny stream could be roused to such mischievous fury and force. Its invasion of Duffield on this occasion reminds one of the invading fury of Scamander when it pursued Achilles on the Trojan plain, but the Duffield deluge is more interesting still, as being strict fact, while the other is but poetic romance. And this deluge of Duffield proved more than a nine day's wonder. It took a longer time than that to get rid of the dirt and damp, and to repair the damage.

On the 18th February, 1884, the North Staffordshire Field Naturalist and Archæological Society held an evening meeting at Cheadle, the first of its evening meetings ever held in that town, and Llewellynn Jewitt and his wife met us there, they stopping the night at the house of their friends Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Smith. The people of Cheadle received us with great cordiality, and not only was the large room of the meeting gaily beflagged and bannered, but so was the street. The exhibition was remarkably good and varied, and Llewellynn Jewitt had enriched it by bringing with him a good selection of antiquities to place upon the tables. He had also written a paper to be read at the meeting entitled, "The Seventeenth Century Traders' Tokens of Staffordshire, with special reference to those of Cheadle and Neighbourhood," but he was far from well, and the paper was read for him by his friend and host Mr. T. J. Smith, and was received with applause. After the meeting we adjourned together to the Inn to gossip until it was time for the Stoke carriages to start.

On February 24th, 1884, he advised me of their safe return to

Duffield, and said: "I think the little outing, which was a most enjoyable one, did both of us good. The little change, though so very short, I am sure was beneficial, and had we been able to have been away three or four nights instead of one, it would have been better still. But I was obliged to get back to my pen and ink, and am thankful I was able to steal just those few hours to meet you all once more. I never enjoyed a little visit more at any time, and it seems to do us good to catch a sight of you and to once again grasp your hands. I enjoyed the meeting and everything else—and the cosy little 'family gathering' round the inn fire was delightful. I wonder if other impromptu fireside gatherings are in store for us? I feared almost, a fortnight ago, that I should be 'gathered' somewhere else very soon. I am better, however, and the little change, after the doctor's extreme care, certainly has been good for me. But I am very weak yet, and not myself at all. The meeting was an *enormous success*. All the Cheadleans were delighted with the success of their efforts—and they *had* worked hard. Everybody seemed *so* pleased next day, and I am sure your holding your meeting there will be productive of much lasting good. The Exhibition—(I left all my things there for it) on Friday night, I hear to-day, was considered quite a boon to the people of Cheadle. The room was crowded, and some of my friends there at intervals described, or descanted upon, the different botanical, natural history, and other classes in the room, and exhibited the microscopes, etc., so the people—all admitted free, of course—were charmed and instructed at the same time. I wish I could have staid to see the folks all there on the Friday evening—but of course I could not. I enquired at Blythe Bridge and found you had all gone off right from there. The station-master told me they kept the train back a few minutes for your party."



## CHAPTER XLIX.

LLEWELLYNN JEWITT'S SOCRATIC WISDOM.—VISIT TO THE ISLE OF MAN, WHERE HE IS RECEIVED WITH MUCH HONOUR.—HIS SPEECH AT THE LITTLE PARADISE OF BALLAMOAR.—DISCOVERY OF A UNIQUE GOLD COIN.—LLEWELLYNN JEWITT'S SPEECH AT DOUGLAS.—RICH RESULTS OF THE VISIT.



THE following letter from Llewellynn Jewitt of May 20th, 1884, anticipates our excursion to the Isle of Man, which furnished rich matter for *The Reliquary*, and also shows that Llewellynn Jewitt had fully attained the Socratic wisdom :

"It is indeed most kind of you to write as you have done as to my joining your I. of M. excursion. But please don't take it for granted that I shall be able to give myself that pleasure. It must, if you please, remain an open question, as I said in my last letter. If I *can* I *will*, but I dare not say, yet, that I shall be able. And, to tell you the truth, your letters have rather produced an internal ague and made me shake inwardly, because I fear if I should perchance be able to go, there will be far more expected of me than I shall have ability to fulfil. I am a poor hand at all matters nowadays, and only live to *learn*—certainly *not* to lead or teach. To tell you truth, *the older I get*—and I am a regular Methuselah now—the *LESS I seem to know*—for the more one thinks and the more years of experience one has, the more there seems to be to learn, and the more intensely one feels one's own littleness and ignorance. I should 'shake in my shoes' and feel oppressed and depressed if I were to be looked upon as anything more than a gazer and a listener. I must not write more now, for in the midst of such a world of beauties as you are located in [Bournemouth] you won't want to read any ink-spilled paper," etc.

Thus we see that Llewellynn Jewitt was thoroughly imbued with the Socratic maxim, that "A wise man knows that he knows nothing." Only he did not account himself wise in attaining that knowledge. How amusing it is to such to hear a young lady, on leaving school, observe with satisfaction and simple credence, in regard to her knowledge and her accomplishments, "I am now finished." She who knows literally nothing, but does not even know that, and, therefore, has not yet even put her pretty little foot on the mere threshold of the true Academy.

The excursion was that of the North Staffordshire Field Naturalist and Archæological Society, and Llewellynn Jewitt and his wife did manage to do us the honour to go with us. They had never visited the Island before, although he had written about some of its antiquities in *The Reliquary*, which rendered their personal inspection all the more interesting to him. Wherever we went throughout the Island we were received with emphatic courtesy and hospitality, and our daily movements were specially chronicled in the principal newspapers. Llewellynn Jewitt especially received honour wherever we went, the Manx antiquaries being numerous, and his journal well known in the land. In a place so rich in monuments and traditions of antiquity, most of the educated inhabitants naturally acquire an interest in archæology. It is very catching in a small community.

*The Isle of Man Times* in speaking of our visit, and the chiefs of the party, said: "First comes the learned antiquary and historian, Mr. Llewellynn Jewitt, F.S.A., editor of *The Reliquary*, the author of several well-known and important antiquarian works, and, most interesting fact of all, for many years past one of the few honorary members of the Manx Society. Though not a member of the North Staffordshire Society, Mr. Jewitt has a thorough knowledge of its work in the field of labour it has chosen, and so far marked his sense of the position to which it has attained, by consenting, on invitation, to accompany its members on this their first visit to the Isle of Man. In this the Society has an honour conferred, and it is only right to state that they look upon it as such." The same newspaper at the close of its very lengthy report of our first day's tour in the Island, said: "The party arrived in Douglas shortly after eight, the whole drive of about forty miles having been concluded without accident of any kind. One and all were delighted with their outing and what they had seen, and Mr. Jewitt, whose opinion we sought, readily admitted that the Runic monuments were perfectly marvellous—that the bridge within the grounds of Rushen Abbey, to which he paid a special visit, was one of the finest he had ever seen—in short that he had never beheld so much to interest one in one day, and that his sojourn had been one successive charm from the time he had landed on the previous evening. Certainly, from so distinguished a visitor, this is a very valuable recommendation for the Island."

During the tour of the third day we visited the beautiful grounds of Mr. William Farrant, at Ballamoar. I know of no place in the United Kingdom where the landscape is so tropical-looking as in this little paradise, which is sheltered from all chilling winds by a thick girdle of firs. Here were actually palms, and other such trees flourishing in the open air, and bursting into flower. Llewellynn Jewitt seconded the vote of thanks to the proprietor, which was moved as we were about to leave, saying: "I have very great pleasure indeed in seconding the motion. I don't know that I have ever seen in England, or anywhere else, a place equal to this. It devolves upon me to thank him very heartily for allowing us to intrude upon him to-day. I don't know that there is any other place

where we could be at the same time in our own climate, and yet, to judge from the landscape, also in the tropics. We have received Mr. Farrant's hospitality, which is of a hearty liberality peculiar to the Isle of Man. The Island is rich in antiquarian matters that few other places possess. We find it rich also in other respects. I trust that Mr. and Mrs. Farrant will live for many years to enjoy the beauties of the spot in which they reside."

Among the places visited by us on the fourth day was Christ Church, Maughold, where the Rev. S. N. Harrison showed us a gold coin which had just been found in digging in the churchyard. Llewellynn Jewitt took an impression of it in wax, and promised to report upon it.

At a final meeting held at Douglas before leaving the Island, several votes of thanks were passed. The meeting was composed not only of the members of the North Staffordshire Society, but also of the Manx Society, who had joined us in the excursions. One duty fell to Llewellynn Jewitt, who said:

"When you have heard the resolution I have to propose you will agree with me when I say that the most difficult part of this company's duty has been assigned to me. It is to propose the best thanks, not only of the North Staffordshire Society, but of all present, to the number of friends who have received us. We have to thank all who have been so kind as to show us their places, and to extend hospitality to us. I don't know how to do it. Pretty well acquainted as I am with the English language, I only wish I was equally well acquainted with the Manx language; because I believe in the English tongue no words can be found to express our thanks. The Manx, with their beautiful ideas, could do it much better than we can. We came here invading the country, and were received with kindness. Grounds have been thrown open to us, and we have spent most enjoyable times. I must ask you to join me in thanking our friends in the order in which we have taken our journeys. You will remember the delightful visit we had to Castleton on the first day, and how kindly Mr. Jeffcott, the High Bailiff of Castleton, and Mr. Keene, the governor of Castle Rushen, showed us everything of interest. Then at Peel we had Colonel Anderson. We also received extreme attention at the Foxdale lead mines from Captain Kitto. Not only everything was done to interest us, but choice specimens of the different minerals found there were presented to members of the Societies—mementos which will be treasured by everyone. Then at Jurby and Ballaugh we had the Rev. William Kermode, the father of the gentleman who has been with us in our excursions. Him I beg personally to thank for the attention I have received from him. The Rev. William Kermode, president of the Isle of Man Natural History and Antiquarian Society, took an immense deal of trouble for us, as all will remember. Then there was the Lord Bishop of Sodor and Man, with his sister Miss Hill, who were kindness itself to us, as they are to everyone. Our cordial thanks ought to be transferred to the Bishop, through Miss Hill, for allowing us to visit Bishop's Court

—a charming place, and a great treat—and for his liberal hospitality to us while there. Then there is Mr. William Farrant, we were at his delightful grounds, and in his house. Mr. and Mrs. Farrant deserve our best thanks, for a more delightful place to those who love arboriculture could not be found anywhere. At Maughold we had the Rev. S. N. Harrison, whom we were delighted to have among us. The great Laxey Mining Company were kind enough to offer us facilities for going over their mines; but, unfortunately, time would not permit. As a general body the clergy of the Island have been most kind in meeting us, and in telling us what they knew about their immediate localities. I don't think I need say one word in recommendation of the resolution I have to propose, because your own hearts will tell you it is due to them. It will be a pleasant thing to thank them very heartily for all they have done for us. (Applause.) I believe that in leaving the Island we shall say with the poet:

'Isle of beauty, fare thee well.'

The first result of this memorable visit, outside the Island, was a set of notes from the pen of Llewellynn Jewitt, thus referred to by him in a letter to me: "July 23rd, 1884. . . . I promised you I would draw up some few notes on some of the Crosses, &c., &c., which we saw in the Isle of Man, for use, if thought well, as a supplementary note to the North Staffordshire Field Club Report of the meeting, and I have done so, and here it is! I am afraid it is a poor meagre affair, and that I have spun it out to an awful length. But if any part of it will be of use pray do what you like with it. Perhaps you can cull a few useful lines from it. In one or two places it is hardly completed—but to tell you the truth I have not read it over. As I wrote it, so it is. I shall, amended and illustrated, give it in *The Reliquary* as well, as I want to do all I can to make return for everybody's kindness. . . . The reason I have really made it so long was because I wanted to show you that I noted more mentally than I did pencilly. Tell me it reaches you, and if it will be of any use. And if any scraps of it are printed, let me see them for correction. Of course, what I now send is not for the Isle of Man Society—but for *you* and your North Staffordshire Society," etc.

These notes were afterwards enlarged, as promised above, and made a series of learned and interesting papers in his journal, entitled: "Passing Notes on some of the Sculptured Stone Crosses, and other Remains of Past Ages in the Isle of Man," profusely illustrated with engravings. At the conclusion of the series he formed the whole into one continuous work, repaged, and had printed "Fifty Copies for Private Distribution only." Of these he sent me a copy, with an inscription too flattering—or, rather, too affectionately kind—to reproduce here; and besides several copies inscribed to my special friends who were of the party, he sent me twenty more of the fifty, with the following note: "The Hollies, Duffield, Derby, February 14th, 1885—the day sacred to that foolish old saint, St. Valentine. . . . After all this delay, which could not be helped—I have only this morning got the little brochures from the printers—I send on at

once to you those about which I gave you a little hint when we were last at Stoke. Kindly accept the one I have written on. . . . I send you also twenty others, and leave you entirely to please your own good self what you do with them. Some of your friends of the N. S. F. C. might like a copy . . . but you know best. I hope you will like the little pamphlet," etc. Those who possess the copies will surely like them and treasure them now.

In this pamphlet Llewellynn Jewitt redeemed his promise to report upon the gold coin found at Maughold. His remarks are too lengthy for transcription here in full, but I will give extracts; he says: "Three other matters connected with our delightful and interesting sojourn on the Island remain to be noted. These are the fortunate and opportune discovery of a valuable coin, consequent upon our visit to Maughold; the equally fortuitous digging up of some mediæval paving tiles in the ruins of Rushen Abbey (also consequent upon our visit); and the examination I was afterwards enabled to make of a bog-oak Canoe or Boat, which had been discovered and exhumed at Ballakaighen.

"The discovery of the coin was in this wise. In the churchyard of Kirk Maughold exist unmistakable indications of earthwork and foundations of some very ancient structure. To ascertain the nature of these remarkable indications, the Rev. Stephen N. Harrison made a series of small excavations preparatory to our visit, in order that opinions might be elicited as to their age and original intention. The result of these 'diggings' was that the remains of early interments, both by inhumation and by cremation, were here and there brought to light, as were also fragments of pottery. In one of these excavations lay the gold coin I am about to describe, covered up by, and surrounded on all sides with a number of white pebbles arranged in a small heap, near to the remains of the ancient underground walling.

"A momentary glance at the coin, as shown to me in the churchyard, was sufficient to assure me of the newness of the type, and of its extreme interest; and having been permitted to bring away a wax impression for careful examination, the hurried visit of the party was brought to an end, and I left the spot with regret, and not without a longing desire 'strong upon me' to remain and see the excavations continued, and a thorough and searching examination of the place carried out.

"The coin, which is in a magnificent state of preservation, is of gold, weighing sixty-eight grains, and is of Louis le Debonaire (814-840), son of Charlemagne, and is a new and hitherto unpublished type. I submitted it to our highest numismatic authority, my friend Mr. John Evans, F.R.S., President of the Numismatic Society, and his observations upon it I with pleasure incorporate in these notes."

I refer those who wish to peruse these elaborate observations to *The Reliquary*, Vol. XXV., p. 169. The editor expresses the opinion that the coin may have been brought to the Isle of Man by some Viking settlers. His first of this series of papers, which is on the stone crosses of the Island, he thus concludes:



"I cannot close this part of my paper, in which I have endeavoured to throw together some few notes upon such of the ancient crosses as came under my notice in the Isle of Man, without adding a word of praise and of warning—*praise* to the Manx people for the care they have taken of these treasures of early art which have come down to them as precious heirlooms from long past ages, and from ancestors who lived and fought and died for their land: warning, against danger that may arise from wanton injury by those who are alien to the Island, and only come there as holiday-makers and folly-seekers.

"I will venture to affirm that no genuine Manxman—so high an opinion have I formed of them during my visit, and so much direct evidence have I seen of the care that is taken—would wilfully and knowingly damage any of these singular and valuable remains of antiquity, which they love and cherish as precious heirlooms left to them for conservation by their most distant ancestors, venerate for their age and for the names and symbolisms they bear, and reverence with an almost superstitious awe. If harm does come to them beyond that of fair wear and tear of time and weather, it will not be at the hands of Manx people, but at those of the 'trippers,' excursionists and holiday-seekers, who infest the Island, and bring into it demoralisation and injury.

"The crosses I have been describing, and innumerable other objects of antiquity, indigenous to, and spread about on, the Island, are a precious charge left to the safe-keeping of the people, and for whose preservation every native should feel personally responsible. They are landmarks in the history of the Island, links in the great unbreakable chain that binds the past with the present and future, and direct messages from those who have gone before, to us of the present day, and to those countless and unknown generations by whom we are to be succeeded. We receive them simply as stewards, and it is our bounden duty to see that they shall pass on, uninjured, into the hands of those by whom we of the present day shall be followed.

"The relics of long-past centuries spread over the Island are the work of the direct ancestors of the people who still inhabit it, and record the deaths, and in some instances the occupations and family connections, of those in whose memory they were so lovingly placed.

"They are messages and records *of* the dead, *from* the dead, and demand care and preservation at the hands of the living of every class, and in every locality."

Proceeding from his notes on the Crosses, Llewellynn Jewitt next speaks of the Stone Circles. I remember our climb to the Stone Circle on the Meayll, and how he stood in its midst looking upon it and the encompassing scenery with enthusiastic admiration. With the same cherished recollection he afterwards thus wrote at his leisure in his study at The Hollies:

"First and foremost amongst these is the grand, and, I may say, so far as my experience goes, almost unique, circle on the mountain called 'Meayll,' in the parish of Rushen. The situation of this

remarkable burial-place is wild and imposing in the extreme. Indeed to use the words 'sublimely grand' would not be too much in describing the position chosen by the primitive inhabitants as a last resting-place for those who were near and dear to them, and whom in death they honoured, as in life they had loved.

"The point upon which this circle lies, rising, as it does, between four and five hundred feet above the level of the sea, was upon the occasion of our interesting visit, attained by a most fatiguing uphill, laborious, tramp among tangled gorse bushes, intermingled with the tough stems of lovely heather, and the short and sturdy shrubby little plants of the bilberry, intermixed with soft grasses, delicate mosses, and flowering plants."

How this reminds one of his brother Orlando's holiday ascent to the similarly clothed and stone circled moors of Derbyshire, when his brother Llewellynn was a cradled baby at Kimberworth. Llewellynn Jewitt continues :

"But when the top was, once attained, and the whole scene burst on the view, all idea of fatigue was at an end, and the eye, which had so far been occupied in picking the way, felt an instinctive relief, and fairly revelled in the wondrous scene spread out before it. Here at our feet lay the circle of stone cists, in which a couple of thousand or more years ago were deposited the bodies of the faithful dead, fragments of whose remains doubtless still lie exactly where the loving hands of their sorrowing friends had placed them. There, in the far off distance, was the broad expanse of ocean merging into, and becoming, through no horizon line being visible, part and parcel of the sky itself ; here, far down below, that same ocean, tremulous with motion, and of a colour vieing in clearness and beauty with heaven's own blue—there the rocky coast with its myriads of sea-birds, and its numberless white-toned fisherman's cottages ; here the most delicious of verdure and a perfect plant jungle of nature's own forming ; and there, standing out clear in the sea, rising up boldly from the eternal waters by which they are surrounded, the apparently inaccessible Calf of Man and the Chicken's Rock—dark, sombre, and solemn in their solitariness and majesty.

"Surely the people who chose this spot for the last resting-place of their loved ones must have been imbued with the most sublime of ideas, actuated by the highest and noblest of motives, and impelled by the most elevated of thoughts and aspirations ! Here, on the highest point of the mountain, clothed in all its natural beauty of verdure, was the chosen spot of earth in which the dead should be laid, and there, right out into the dim and far off distance, the sea, which, while they lived, had been not only their pride, but also their prolific hunting-ground for daily food, and across which ships would sail, bearing friends from afar, who should see on their approach the elevated funeral mound ; and above and around was the canopy of heaven into whose unknown regions the souls of their departed dear ones would enter," etc.



## CHAPTER L.

LLEWELLYNN JEWITT'S OPINION OF SENSATIONAL NOVELS.—HIS MODESTY.—HIS CHIVALROUS DEFENCE OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.—INQUISITIVENESS AND BULLYISM AMONG LITTLE FISHES.—ANOTHER CHRISTMAS WELCOME.



ON the return from the Isle of Man, Llewellynn Jewitt and his wife spent a few happy days with me at Stoke—happy days for us, I mean; yes, and happy for them also—and it was during this visit that a neighbour asked him what he thought of Hugh Conway's "Called Back," which he had not read, but promised to read, and report upon it. As it may safely be said that never before was so much time spent by English men and women, and boys and girls, in reading sensational literature as at the present time, I will give his report from a letter dated July 14th, 1884: "If you remember, Mrs. ——— begged me very specially to read a book entitled 'Called Back,' and tell her what I thought of it. I never, as you know, spend time over books of that class; but, nevertheless, I have, as I promised, glanced through it; and, if you see her, you may tell her the plot of the story seems tolerably well laid; that the positions in it are startling and abundant; that it is surely sensational enough to satisfy any morbid cravings; and that it is, in every part, unreal, impossible, exaggerated, and wild. As to its hero, I quite agree with the words of his old servant on page 187—'Master Gilbert, you're a bigger fool than I thought you were.' And I fear those who spend much time over reading such books almost deserve the same to be said of them! After all these years I have utterly failed to find that any permanent good comes to the reader of sensational literature. The *writer* makes a profit, and the publisher ditto—but what does the reader gain? Tell me, my dear Mr. Goss, for *I* know not."

The following shows his modesty on learning that a slight well-merited compliment had been paid to him in connection with the Isle of Man: "August 17th, 1884. . . . Many thanks for your most welcome and jolly letter this morning, which we were very very pleased to receive. . . . It's no use mincing the matter. I do, in my heart, feel that I am NOT worthy such a compliment being paid to me. I only wish I was. It's enough to make a fellow vain—but it won't have that effect on me, but will only make me feel myself smaller than ever. . . . The coin is being engraved, and will be

noticed in the French *Revue Numismatique*, as well as in *Reliquary* and *Numismatic Chronicle*. It is a *gem*—unique—and unpublished. You shall have the engraving, when done, for my 'Notes' in your North Staffordshire Transactions, if you like. By-the-bye those 'Notes' will have to be amended here before being read—for they are, I am afraid, somewhat crude. I hope what I shall ultimately work them up to will please you and our Manx friends. Yes! indeed it would be truly delightful again to be back in the Isle of Man. If we could only feel that we had been asleep for the last few weeks, and then wake up and find ourselves in our old quarters, it would be 'heavenly'! But such a blessing as that visit is one that can happen only once in a life, and that once only to a very few chosen people. It can never be hoped that *two* such treats can be in store for *us*. For *you* and yours I pray they may be innumerable—for you are young and hale and hearty, and made for enjoyment, physical and mental. *We* are, on the other hand, old, and are a drag on those who are kind enough to go out with us, because we can't do as young strong folks can. I always feel that when I am asked to go out with any of you, if I go I am a drag; and if I *don't* a disappointment! Is it not so? [Dear me, No! Never a drag.] Still, I honestly confess I *am* living in hope of once again seeing the Isle of Man, and once again shaking hands with the kind good folks there, who so very pleasantly put up with me and did so much to make the visit enjoyable. It was the greatest piece of enjoyment I ever had in my life, for certainly *no* visit I have ever paid to any place 'in all my born days' was a tenth part so enjoyable and happy. It was delight in its truest and most intense sense." The remainder of this lengthy epistle is on domestic subjects, but there is one sentence worthy of preservation here which may turn the balance of parental decision in favour of many a treat to many a young girl for ages to come. His daughter has been away from home on a most enjoyable visit, and he says: "You will be surprised when I tell you that B— is *still at C—*!" Permission for a still further prolongation of the visit is thus asked: "' . . . so shall you be able to spare me till next Saturday?'—Of course we shall spare her, for girls deserve all the pleasure that can be given them," is his answer to me.

I have received from my beloved friend—Llewellynn Jewitt's son, just in time for interpolation here, but too late for the last chapter, a copy of interesting matter just discovered by him, written by his father after the return from the Isle of Man. It is interesting in proving that Llewellynn Jewitt intended to write a book, with illustrations, narrating every detail of the Isle of Man holiday, and that he actually started the undertaking. At the top of the first page considerable space is left, with the note "View—photo. of The Hollies." Then comes the following:

"On Thursday, June 12th, 1884, we—that is my dear wife and myself—left home by the 12 17 train, leaving Derby at 1 55, and arriving at Stoke-upon-Trent at 3 5, where we were met at the Station by our good friend Mr. Goss, and, leaving the bulk of our luggage at

the Station, walked with him through the town (meeting his bright young son Victor on the way) to his residence, Bank House. Here, having had from all the heartiest of hearty receptions, we spent a most enjoyable evening and retired early to bed to invigorate and prepare us for next day's journey." After this there are two pages of space left, with the note "Views of Stoke-on-Trent, two pp.," and another space with the note "View of Bank House." Then follows: "Next morning, Friday, June 13th, 1884, we left immediately after breakfast, in a fly, for the Station—Mr. and Miss Goss and our two selves—and left there in a saloon carriage, with a goodly party of the North Staffordshire Naturalists' Field Club and Archæological Society, at 9 58, arriving at Liverpool (Lime Street Terminus) at 11 50. We were at once driven through the town to the Landing Stage, and got our luggage and ourselves aboard.

"The drive through Liverpool intensified the ever-present saddest of all sad memories of our darling Herbert. It was the first time we had gone there since his ship the 'Shackamaxon' came home without him, leaving him buried in the sea, and the passing of the Hotel (the 'Victoria') where we used to remain with him, the sight of other places and buildings we had been to together, and the appearance of the Landing Stage, Docks, and river, brought back forcibly, and sadly, every circumstance of his departure and return on each of his various voyages, and above all, the last time, when we met the ship to learn the particulars of his sudden death, and of the accident which in one instant deprived him of life, ourselves of one of the best and noblest and most estimable of sons, and his brother officers and shipmates of a warm-hearted, loving, and generous friend." A large blank volume was prepared for this work, but it was never proceeded with farther for want of time, like the neglected diaries.

I will now finish this chapter and my memoranda for the year 1884, together.

I have shown that Llewellynn Jewitt found it difficult to bring his chivalrous mind to the conclusion that a lady could ever be in the wrong, and it is no wonder that he warmly defended the memory of poor Mary, Queen of Scots. In the twenty-fifth volume of his *Reliquary*, page 86, he wrote:

"Three hundred years ago from this very day on which I write these words, September 2nd, 1584, the unfortunate, cruelly-used, much-maligned, and deeply-to-be-pitied Mary, Queen of Scots, who, on the previous day, had, for the last time, left one place of her captivity, Sheffield Manor, wended her weary way over the moorlands and along the roadways, and at length arrived at Wingfield Manor, another of the prison-houses she had from time to time been doomed to enter. The present autumn and winter are, therefore, the exact tercentenary of the close of her captivity in Derbyshire, from whence within a few brief weeks of her last arrival she was removed, strongly guarded, and led on stage by stage, by her keepers and their armed men, on her way to Tutbury, Chartley, Fotheringay, and the scaffold, to end her misery and her life together at the hands of the headsman,

by whom at one fell blow she was decapitated—her gentle blood, then so ruthlessly spilled, leaving an indelible stain on an otherwise fair page of England's history, and on the lives and fame of all who had compassed, decreed, or aided in carrying out, so barbarous and illstarred a state murder.

"It seemed to me fitting and meet that such a tercentenary should not be passed over without some record being made and some notice taken of its occurrence. I have therefore thrown together a few particulars relating to the last period of her captivity at Wingfield Manor, in the hope that they may be found at all events of passing interest to my readers. . . .

"The first stay of the imprisoned monarch at Wingfield Manor was for one night, Wednesday, the 3rd of February, 1569, when she was being conveyed, as a strongly guarded prisoner, by the Earl of Shrewsbury, on the way from Bolton Castle to the stronghold of Tutbury; the previous night having been spent at Mr. Foljambe's house, near Chesterfield, and the following one passed at Derby. The next time was in the following April, the Earl having received on the 14th of the previous month, after much urgent solicitation, authority to remove his prisoner from Tutbury to this very building. . . . Here the Queen remained for about six months. . . . Here it was that she was for the first time made acquainted with Chatsworth, being carried thither in a litter, while the Manor House could be thoroughly cleansed.

"Her occupations were of the most faultless kind; her industry never ending. . . . 'I asked her Grace,' wrote White, a messenger of Queen Elizabeth's, 'since the weather did cut off all exercises abroad, how she passed the time within? She said that all the day she wrought with her needle, and that the diversity of the colours made the work seem less tedious, and continued so long at it, till very pain made her to give over; and with that she laid her hand upon her left side, and complained of an old grief newly increased there.' . . .

On her way from Sheffield to Wingfield for the last time she held conversation with Somers, the nephew of her custodian, Sir Ralph Sadler, who says in the *Talk between the Scottish Queen and me riding from Sheffield to Wingfield, 2nd September, 1584*, "She asked me whether I thought she would escape from hence or no, if she might. I answered plainly, I believed she would; for it is natural for everything to seek liberty that is kept in strict subjection. 'No, by my troth,' quoth she, 'you are deceived in me, for my heart is so great that I had rather die in this sort with honour, than run away with shame.' I said I would be sorry to see the trial. Then she asked me, if she were at liberty with the Queen's Majesty's favour, whither I thought she would go. 'I think,' quoth I, 'Madam, you would go to your own in Scotland, as it is good reason, and command there.' 'It is true,' quoth she, 'I would rather go thither indeed, but only to see my son, and to give him good counsel.'" . . . Llewellynn Jewitt continues:

"On the 13th of January, Mary, Queen of Scots, was removed from Wingfield Manor for the last time, and, strongly guarded, taken to Derby for the first night, and so on to Tutbury Castle the next day; from whence, ere long, she was again removed to Chartley, and so on to Fotheringay.

"Like a cat playing with a wounded mouse before she at last eats it, Queen Elizabeth, for eighteen years, played with the destiny of her miserable captive, and at length, when her jealousies had had full bent, and she became tired of the cruel game, she, shortly after the removal from Wingfield, put her to a shameful death by beheading.

"To the Earl of Shrewsbury, as Earl Marshal of England, who for all those years, until her last removal to Wingfield Manor, had been her keeper, was addressed the Commission which ordered the helpless captive to be executed; and was sent to him by a 'Mr. Robert Beale whom your L. knoweth to be honest, wise and trustye' to Orton Longueville, near Huntingdon, where the Earl was then staying, and the letter which accompanied it is now, happily, preserved at Longleat. It commences, 'The Council to the Earl of Shrewsbury, 3rd Feb.,' and is addressed 'To our vearly good lord the Erle of Shrewsbury, Erle Marshall of England.' The Earl's endorsement upon the letter itself, recording its receipt and his immediate fulfilment of the sentence, is brief, curt, business-like, and cold-blooded in the extreme. It is worded thus: 'Broughte by Mr. Beale with the Comysion ye vjth of Februrary 1586 at Orton Longvile: with him came Sir Drew Drewrye, and the vijth day went to Fotheringham, and the viij of Februarie 86 executed the Scotts Quene according to my said Comysion. Mr. Androwes the Shereff of Northamp-sheere I sent to bring her downe to execution, and so I charged him with her both lyvinge and with her dead corpes.' The axe thus did its unholy work, and the record of the murder, which had been carried out without any feelings of compunction, was made with no more sentiment than would have been that of the meanest and most ordinary daily transaction.

"Her pure spirit was thus set free, and the same blow of the headsmen's axe that gave that spirit the liberty to return unsullied to its Maker, left an indelible stain of blood upon the otherwise fair fame of Elizabeth, and on the annals of her reign.

"The victim's Latin prayer, composed by her own royal self, was fervently repeated by her immediately before her execution, while kneeling on the scaffold, and with it, translated and paraphrased, I close these remarks:

"In this last solemn and tremendous hour,  
My Lord, my Saviour, I invoke Thy power.  
In these sad pangs of anguish and of death,  
Receive, O Lord, Thy suppliant's parting breath.  
Before Thy hallow'd Cross she prostrate lies—  
O hear her prayers, commiserate her sighs!  
Extend Thy arms of mercy and of love,  
And bear me to Thy peaceful realms above.

"The Hollies, Duffield, Derby."

While staying at Penmaenmawr at the close of September, in which month he wrote of Queen Mary, I observed on the beach one sunny Sunday morning a little pool left by the tide, containing captive a number of small fishes. And it was curious to observe that each time my youngest daughter put the tip of her finger into the water, the little fishes darted towards it instead of from it, but were invariably chased away by the largest of their number, who himself then turned back to examine the finger-tip. This happened several times at several parts of the margin of the little pool. I was struck with this display of both inquisitiveness and bullyism among the little fishes, and, in writing to Llewellynn Jewitt mentioned the circumstance. He replied :

"October 2nd, 1884. . . . I was delighted to get your cheerful and cheering letter from your seaside resort, and to find you and your darlings are enjoying so thoroughly the beauties of nature, and studying 'bullying' and 'stones' so pleasantly and profitably. It shows how attractive your daughters must be, even to their finger-ends, for even the small-fry of the sea to be gathering round admiring them. But, *beware* ; it has rather a 'fishy' look with it when a big bully drives a host of infatuated admirers away that he may show himself off to better advantage. By the sad sea waves, the fish were made the slaves—evidently of your youngest daughter ; but, from what you say they would not be much of a catch after all ! . . . I am not going to inflict a long letter upon you, for I am sure you have enough to interest you and to enjoy, without my scribble. So I'll e'en let my Pen-mean-more than it has room to write on this piece of paper, and only say, I am," etc. Still the "*sad*" sea waves.

The last and final in any series of events is generally attended with more emphatic interest when it is *known* to be the last, either prospectively or retrospectively. This is Llewellynn Jewitt's last joyous hospitable letter of anticipation of my last Christmas visit to Duffield, although there was another invitation, without the visit :

"December 17th, 1884. . . . Your letter this morning brought quite a gleam of joy into the house, and made our hearts right glad within us. We ARE glad you are coming to see us, and we beg you will make your stay as long as you possibly can. Send us word what train you will get to Derby by, and the probability is that somebody will meet you there—either 'under the clock' as of old, or elsewhere. With regard to *The Reliquary*, let me know what you are short of, and if a set *can* be made up for anybody, it shall be for *you*. Some of the earlier ones have been 'out of print' for years, and are much sought after and picked up whenever chance offers. *Your set shall* 'by hook or by crook' be made up when I hear of your deficiencies—so pray do let me know. We are so glad you are coming that 'I can't express my gallows self,' as I once heard a fellow say. The doctor says Mrs. Jewitt is better—she *is* better, and I pray may continue so. We keep her as quietly restful as we can. It is a long time—eight or nine weeks—to have been taking physick, is it not ?' etc.

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## CHAPTER LI.

LLEWELLYNN JEWITT'S INTENSE ANXIETY ABOUT HIS WIFE'S ILLNESS.  
 —THE THREATENING CLOUD PASSING OVER.—LOVING LETTERS.—  
 HIS LAST "INTRODUCTION" TO "THE RELIQUARY."—BRIGHT  
 SUNSHINE AGAIN.—REMARKABLE EGGS BY A REMARKABLE HEN.  
 —THE WICKED MAGICIAN AND THE ROC'S EGG.



EARLY in 1885 the health of Mrs. Jewitt failed considerably, causing her loving husband most intense anxiety. For many weeks his letters were letters of sorrow, now and then mingled with hope, and sometimes with despair. On February 26th he wrote:

" . . . My hands as well as mind have been so unceasingly occupied through Mrs. Jewitt's illness, that I could not write as I would have wished. She has been, I assure you, more ill, and is yet, than you can possibly conceive, and it has only been by incessant watching and care that she has been kept alive. To-day, I am grieved to say, she is not so well again, and the progress we felt we were making to get her on towards being out of danger, seems to have retreated, and she is utterly prostrate again. I hope to send you better news in my next. I am so thankful to say she has taken the Liquid Food regularly, and I think *that* has had most to do with keeping her alive. It *was* kind of you to send the bottle, and it came just 'in the nick of time,' and has lasted until what was ordered from Heath's, of London, came. It came this morning from them, and very glad am I to have got it. I shall never forget your kindness in sending it by such a loving and loved 'special messenger.' You can imagine what a joy it has been to my darling wife to have G—— with her. Many a time in her illness she has said 'I wish G—— was here,' or 'Do you think G—— will come to see me?' and so on. And when she *did* come it was indeed a comfort to her, and she seems, and *is*, as thankful as any loving heart can be." I give this quotation to exhibit the beauty of their loving gratitude for the very smallest attentions—small indeed compared to their own loving attention of the past, all unrequited. This will be better understood when I state that this same 'special messenger' which I had sent was at one time herself most affectionately tended and nursed by Mrs. Jewitt, personally, up at Winster Hall, during a period of thirteen weeks of indisposition and convalescence.

Here is part of a later letter of sorrow, somewhat mingled with hope: "She cannot move at all yet, but lies, as she has now for a

fortnight, in a thoroughly prostrate state, and is never left for a moment night or day. But it *is* a comfort to see her gaining a *little* strength, and we are now hoping for the best. The Liquid Food, I am sure has done her *much good*, and helped her on wonderfully. I am quite thankful to have had it. I cannot write much to-night—indeed this is written on my knee, in the bedroom, so pray excuse more,” etc.

After this, letter after letter was more and more hopeful until this cloud, which hung so threateningly over The Hollies, gradually and slowly disappeared for a brief while. And only for a brief while there was joy again in this loving circle.

Here is another example of his joyous welcome to The Hollies just at this time, and of his gratitude for the new gleam of domestic sunshine: “Right glad are we all at the prospect of seeing you and Miss Florence next Saturday, and trust you will let nothing put off that pleasure. We shall fully expect you both, and look forward to your advent with delight. Now, as you wish also to take your young treasure to Matlock, *this* is how Mrs. Jewitt and myself and all of us have settled it. You come to us on Saturday and stay till Monday. On Monday go to Matlock, and then, for as long as you can, come back to us. Saturday and Sunday you *must* be at The Hollies, and, *perhaps*, on Monday we might, some of us, run over to Matlock with you! I am so thankful to say you will (p.v.) find Mrs. Jewitt pretty much, in looks and in spirits, her own old dear self, but *weak*—very much too weak—yet, oh! but it is a blessing to have her about again among us,” etc. Then again, respecting the same visit: “You must, if you please, so arrange as to come back to *us* on the Tuesday, and stay, at all events, another night or two with us. It will be so delightful, and such happiness to us all, to have you here. Do try and so arrange it before you leave home, that you can make a longer stay here with us. Mrs. Jewitt has been out this afternoon for the first time for an hour’s drive, and has enjoyed it immensely. I hope it will do her good. Looking forward with intense pleasure to seeing you on Saturday,” etc. Such expressions of affectionate friendship, as well as of domestic love, although sacredly private utterances, are fitly held forth to the light, for the admiration and emulation of mankind.

Now comes Llewellynn Jewitt’s last Introduction to *The Reliquary*, although one more volume appeared in due course:

“ . . . Its Hundred Numbers have each, on the average, contained some fifteen original papers upon antiquarian, historical, topographical, genealogical or other kindred subjects, besides a large number of minor notes of a similar character, so that at the least a couple of thousand articles, each one of great value, and representing an unprecedented amount of learning and research in preparation, have through its medium, been given to the world. To those Hundred Quarterly Numbers and their contents I point with excusable pride, and with a feeling that in them a great and good work has, thanks to

my gifted contributors, who have worked so earnestly and so well, been successfully carried out. To them, therefore, I tender my most grateful thanks, and in so doing beg their continued aid in order that *The Reliquary* may still go on, as I intend it to do so long as I am spared to conduct it, and enabled to maintain its high and proud position as the leading Antiquarian Journal of the age.

"With regard to illustrations, I have also reason to feel some degree of satisfaction. The number I have been enabled to give in the course of the five-and-twenty yearly volumes already completed has been very considerable—counting no less than six hundred and fifty-one plates, and one thousand six hundred wood engravings. The greater part of these have been done expressly for the work at a cost that is perhaps rather too startling to be pleasant now to contemplate; but which have added immeasurably to the interest, usefulness, and beauty of my Journal.

"Having said thus much as to the past Quarter of a Century's labours, it only remains for me to say that with the continued help of my kind and able contributors, and I hope, with an increased and ever-increasing number of subscribers, *The Reliquary* will, so long as health and strength are spared me, continue on in its old course, improving, I hope, with age, and gathering in its contents much that is useful, much that is valuable, and much that, but for it, would never be placed on record.

"I started it when past middle life, and the five-and-twenty years of its existence have added that much to my own age, and carried me on to close upon the 'allotted span of life.' As an old man now I look upon the volumes with pride and gratitude, and in so saying I would venture to express a hope that should it not be destined to live after my time is over, it may be at least permitted that we pass away together," etc.

LLEWELLYNN JEWITT.

"The Hollies, Duffield, Derby, March 31st, 1885."

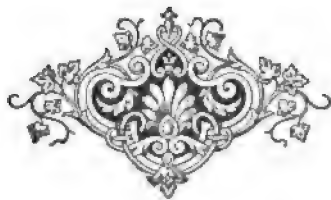
Dated June 8th, 1885, I received the following note accompanying the present mentioned therein: ". . . Here is a 'drollery' for you as a naturalist!! These nine eggs (with some others equally as small, or even less) were all laid by a common barn-door hen belonging to my son, in May last (1885). They range, as you will see, from  $\frac{5}{8}$ ths of an inch long, upwards. Before she began to lay these absurdities she had produced some proper full-sized eggs, and then began to reduce them!"

On the 23rd of the same month I received by post two more wee eggs by the same hen, and these were smaller still, measuring respectively  $\frac{7}{16}$ ths and  $\frac{5}{16}$ ths longest diameter. On the 27th July, same year, I received another egg, by the same hen, of ordinary size— $2\frac{1}{8}$ th inches, and later on a collection of nine more, of varying smallness. I have seen this extraordinary hen at The Hollies. She was very fussy, and I was told by somebody standing by that she took all the morning to lay one of these miniature eggs, and all the

afternoon to cackle about it. With the second despatch of two I received this letter from Llewellynn Jewitt—I had observed that I valued the curious gift more than I should an earning of twenty pounds: “Here are two more eggs for you to add to your collection!—laid within the last two days by the same old hen as the others. She improves as she goes on, and I expect you’ll be having some from us as small as pins’ heads soon! If those you have already are, as you say, worth £20, these, greater curiosities still, will be worth as much!! If that’s the value Ted shall order the hen to keep on laying them. What’s the hen herself worth? We once read of a fellow with a goose that laid golden eggs (in a fable, of course), and the end of it was that it was killed and cut open to get all at once. I opine that this wretched little fool of a hen would not be more profitable if she were cut open than was that goose. Anyhow these two eggs are great—no, *little*, very little—curiosities, and certainly not worth boiling for breakfast. They would have to be taken as pills!” They are only the size of small pills.

I have fixed all these eggs in a small case under glass, in the form of a crescent, or horse-shoe, the smaller ones tapering off to the tips of the horns of the crescent. It is an old, very old, superstition, that it is unlucky to keep eggs in a house. It is certainly an equally ancient superstition—probably more so—that the crescent or horse-shoe figure brings good luck to a house. Here have I, quite unintentionally, devised a means to neutralize both the evil and the good, which may be useful to the superstitious who love to collect eggs, and at whose service I place the idea. It is curious that the superstition about eggs belongs to the east as well as the west, and was probably brought to the latter from the former. Who does not remember that when the African Magician, Junior, tried to compass the destruction of Aladdin’s Palace and its occupants, he, in the disguise of Fatima the Holy Woman, advised the princess Badroulboudour that the one thing wanting to complete the beauty of the wonderful palace, and especially its hall with the twenty-four windows, was the egg of a roc suspended from the centre of the dome. And the princess said “Tell me, good mother, what kind of bird a roc is, and where the egg of one could be found.” “Princess,” replied the feigned Fatima, “the roc is a bird of a prodigious size which inhabits the summit of Mount Caucasus; and the architect who designed your palace can procure you a roc’s egg.” It will be remembered that when Aladdin returned home in the evening from his hunting, his wife the good princess Badroulboudour mentioned the subject to him, and thinking to take to herself the credit of the suggested roc’s egg, she said: “I thought, as you did, that our palace was the most superb, the most beautiful, and the most completely decorated of all the buildings in the whole world. I will tell you, however, what has come into my head on thoroughly examining the hall of the twenty-four windows. Do you not think with me that if a roc’s egg were suspended from the centre of the dome, it would greatly improve the effect?” “It is enough, my princess,” replied Aladdin, “that you think the absence of a roc’s egg a defect. You shall find, by the diligence with which I am going

to repair this omission, that there is nothing I will not do for love of you." Then, leaving the princess, he went straight to the hall of the twenty-four windows, and taking out of his bosom the wonderful lamp, he rubbed it to summon the genie, who immediately appeared before him. "O genie," said Aladdin, a roc's egg should be suspended from the centre of this dome in order to make it perfect ; I command you, in the name of the lamp which I hold, to get this defect rectified." Aladdin had scarcely done speaking when the genie uttered a scream that shook the hall, and declared that had the suggestion come from himself, instead of from another—the disguised magician—it would have caused the destruction of the palace and its inmates.- As it happened, they all escaped, except the Junior African Magician, whom Aladdin slew for the dangerous trick he had played him.



## CHAPTER LII.

TWO PLEASANT THINGS, WIFE'S RECOVERY AND ROYAL PENSION.—  
 LORD IDDESLEIGH.—“A VERY PERFECT GENTLE KNIGHT.”—“AT  
 REST.”—THE DONKEY'S THISTLES.—“THIS OLD—DEAR OLD PLACE.”  
 —A HAPPY HOLIDAY AT RHYL.—THE “TROUSERS” MAN, AND HIS  
 PERFORMING DOGS.—HOME AGAIN AND SETTLING DOWN TO WORK.



BEFORE plunging into the record of Llewellynn Jewitt's last, greatest, and overwhelming sorrow, and giving the closing scene of this volume, let us enjoy with him to the utmost the brief period of sunshine which has again burst upon him in the temporary restoration of his darling wife's health. Here is a joyous letter from him : “Duffield, July 12th, 1885. . . . Your journey must indeed have been a most delightful and enjoyable one ; but I don't envy you the sensation of ‘shooting the rapids.’ I should have been afraid that I was shooting Styx under the guidance of Charon instead of making my way over rapids leading to enjoyment such as you found. Nevertheless in such good company as yours and that of your party, I should perhaps have managed to swallow (or, at all events, *appeared* to do so) my fear, and have enjoyed it with the rest of you. Right glad am I that you had such a jolly time of it ; and right glad am I that I was *not* there, to be a drag on the enjoyment—which I fear I should have been, especially on the ‘rapids’—of others. I have two pleasant things to say to you ! Isn't *that* something ? First, Mrs. Jewitt is getting on famously, so much so that I got her across to the tennis-ground last evening, and there she sat enjoying the fresh air for an hour. It is the first time she has set foot in the street since January. You will, I am sure, be glad to hear how well she is now getting on. I hope, through fine weather, she will be able to get out more and more daily. The next pleasant thing I want to tell you is that I have had a remarkably pleasing communication from H.M. Treasury, telling me that a royal warrant has been issued, conferring on me a Civil List pension, in recognition of my literary labours, etc. Is it not pleasant to have this royal recognition granted ? And have I not *reason* to be pleased ? I opine that I *have*, and that I fully appreciate it. I thought that I would at once tell *you* this pleasant news. I don't know of any other news to send you, for in all other ways we are as we were, and so probably shall remain till the end of the chapter. With dear love to you all from the assembled multitude here—which multitude is the ‘Company’ of Jewitt, ‘Limited’ to four individuals—I am, as ever,” etc., “LLEWELLYNN JEWITT.”

He attributed this pension to the kindly thoughtful influence of Lord Iddesleigh.

Alas, that the good Earl will never read this book, which he fully intended and expected to do. On the 12th of January, 1887, the world was startled and deeply grieved at the news of the sudden death of this most widely and best beloved of all English statesmen, and only a few hours before he had been thinking and speaking of Llewellynn Jewitt and this his Memorial. It was on Sunday, the 9th of January, that his Countess in writing to me said, speaking of Llewellynn Jewitt: "Lord Iddesleigh remembers something about him, but not the circumstance to which you allude. He probably will when he sees the Memorial. With our united best wishes for the opening year, for you and all around you, believe me," etc. How little did the gentle and happy Countess Cecilia at that moment think what tremendous sorrow was creeping so near to herself! On the succeeding Wednesday suddenly died that most gentle and most noble Knight, her husband, and a world's sympathy was extended to this sorrow-stricken Lady. I do not believe that the death of any statesman ever evoked so universal an expression of love, admiration, and sorrow, as the sudden passing away of this "very perfect gentle Knight." The "In Memoriam" card is before me, and I am glad that the mention of Lord Iddesleigh's name has given me the thought to adorn Llewellynn Jewitt's Memorial with this beautiful Memorial of one whom he so highly respected and loved:

"The Right Honourable the Earl of Iddesleigh, G.C.B., born October 27th, 1818, died January 12th, 1887. 'Christi crux est mea lux.'" This was his appropriate, because appreciated, armorial motto; and these are the most appropriate and beautiful stanzas which follow:

### "At Rest.

"—He bore without abuse  
The grand old name of gentleman."  
*Tennyson.*

"Too knightly-tempered for the press  
Of foray rude and faction-fight,  
Too high of heart to snatch success  
'Midst brawlers reckless of the right;  
He held his hand, or stood aside  
In patient calm and silent pride.

The fierce intemperate thrusting-on  
Of low ambition he disdained;  
A braggart's mail he would not don,  
Nor wield a sword that shame had stained.  
He knew not hate's unholy glow,  
Nor ever struck a felon blow.

'A very perfect gentle knight'  
In fields whence chivalry had fled,  
He lived in honour's clearest light,  
He lies with England's noblest dead.  
Flouted and thrust aside, his life  
Shamed those who passed him in the strife.

Because unselfish, just, serene,  
 His own advantage he forbore ;  
 Because too mild for faction's spleen,  
 No friend he mocked, no foeman tore ;  
 In wrath, by victory unassuaged,  
 The baser sort against him raged.

Their ravings cannot reach him now.  
 Who dares dispraise him, with the seal  
 Of Death's swift touch on that worn brow ?  
 A generous foe, a comrade leal,  
 He lies, the knight of stainless crest,  
 Honoured, lamented, and at rest."

Truly Llewellynn Jewitt was a man after the good Lord Iddesleigh's own heart.

The day after the date of Llewellynn Jewitt's last-quoted letter to me, he wrote to our friend Mr. Hall the following: "The Hollies, Duffield, Derby, July 13th, '85. My dear Mr. Hall,—I am sure you will rejoice with me when I tell you the pleasant news that I have an intimation from H. M. Treasury that the Queen has been pleased to confer a Civil List pension upon me. . . . We have had a sad time of it latterly, and I have had no heart to write to you. My dear wife has been very ill ever since September last year. About Xmas she got better, but in January was seized with a terrible illness, and is yet unable to walk without help. For nine weeks she was confined to her bed, and we had little or no hope of saving her. By God's blessing she *was* saved, and is progressing now very nicely, but she will never, I fear, be able to get about again as of old. And how are *you*, my dear Mr. Hall? I hear *of* you, but not *from* you, but I *should* like, now and then, to see your loved handwriting again. Pray, when you can, do write to me. I have much to do to-day in writing letters, and but little time to do that much in, so I pray you pardon my not sending a longer letter, and with true thanks, believe me to be, my dear Mr. Hall, affectionately yours, as ever,

"S. C. Hall, Esq., F.S.A.

"LLEWELLYNN JEWITT."

Replying to my congratulations on the grant of the royal pension, Llewellynn Jewitt wrote joyously: ". . . It is indeed most good of you to write such hearty good wishes to me on the pension matter, and I am truly thankful to you for all the kind things you have said in your letter. The number of letters I have had from kind friends, all offering me congratulations, is almost overwhelming in the profusion of good wishes that are offered to me. Thank *you* very much for your kind letter. The grant is indeed most gratifying to me, as showing that what little I have, by God's blessing, been able to do for literature, archæology, and art, has met approval in the highest places, and has led to so honourable a distinction. And have not the farmers and everybody else reason to be grateful to the higher than highest quarters for the blessings this weather is bringing to the earth? Surely they cannot grumble *this* season as to hay, or crops, or 'fruits of the earth.' It is splendid weather here. Yesterday, for a wonder, I had to go to Derby, and took B—— with me. Not having been out of the village, or, indeed, hardly out of the house,



for so long, I was surprised to see how grand the country was looking, and deliciously good the hay seemed on all sides. I almost wished—so tempting did it look—that I had been a spanking thorough-bred horse, instead of the lowly donkey that I am, that I might enjoy so sweet a meal as the new-mown seemed to offer, and that was lying so temptingly spread on every side. You see I am old and toothless, and the thistles that are the donkey's proverbial portion are sometimes not so tender as they might be—or so 'toothsome'—but let that pass. I had written thus far by 6 o'clock this morning, and had to break off to take in my letters—which always come from 6 to 6 15 in the early morning—and was glad to see one from *you*. It is indeed very kind of your friend Mr. Skene to write his good wishes. Will you please thank him from me. I appreciate his kind wishes very highly. I am still much exercised in my mind as to what to do, or what to say about Rhyl. It would in many—nay *all*—ways be very delightful, and might, and I feel sure *would*, do good to my God-sent wife. But how to compass it, or *when*, in case we could, is enough to exercise a fellow's mind, is it not?"

Rare treat for me! he *did* compass it, and we spent our fourteen days August holidays together at Rhyl. But, before starting, I had one more letter from him, from Winster, instead of Duffield: ". . . We have just arrived here at this old—dear old place, and as I could not write before I left home, I hastily pencil a line to tell you so. I have brought Mrs. Jewitt here, just for this one night, so as to inure her to travelling, that she may be able all the better to undertake her journey on Monday. She is wonderfully well, and has managed her journey up here capitally. It *is* a treat to get her out again, and she has enjoyed the ride very much. We shall return home to-morrow. We just came for one night—the *first night* we shall have spent in Winster since we left it six years ago!"

Many of the Rhyl visitors and inhabitants who may read this book will remember seeing frequently on the Parade and Pier and in the streets of that salubrious town, during the lovely days of the latter part of July and early part of August, 1885, the erect and stately figure, the dignified and benign countenance, and long white beard, so constantly attendant upon a bath chair, containing the object of the great sacred love of his life—well again then, and supremely happy, but too feeble to walk abroad. It was interesting to observe how the aged and learned sage, and his beloved wife—who was herself, however, more sage in her girlhood than ever after, with all the beautiful wisdom of her matronhood—thoroughly enjoyed all the simple entertainments that golden Rhyl presented for their amusement. They became quite as little children there, and liberally patronized Punch and Judy, the niggers, the ventriloquist, the concerts, and the man with the baggy trousers, who commanded the performing dogs. One of the feats of one of the dogs was to harness himself to a little cart, by voluntarily putting his head, without assistance, into a collar attached to straps, and drawing the cart about within the circle of gazers. This suggested itself to Llewellynn Jewitt afterwards

as a simile in one of his letters, as will be seen. The time spent at Rhyl passed very happily with all of our party; and on the way back a halt of several more happy days was made at my Stoke house. The following is from a long and joyous letter written to me by Llewellynn Jewitt, on the evening of the day of their return home—August 15th, 1885: "Here we are once more in our own home, after the most enjoyable and enjoyed visit of our lives, and I at once 'set to' to write a line or two to you to let you know we are all right. . . . Ted and Beatrice met us at the station with the carriage, and we got home by half-past six, and found the *house* and the cat and the dog all pleased to see us, and here they are—the one enclosing us and the other two rubbing against us—while I write."

Although he had declared many years before that he did not like little dogs, "with their fleas and ways," he was very much attached to his daughter's big black dog "Rough," and to the domestic black "Titty"—whom I remembered as an old favourite twelve or thirteen years previously up at Winster Hall—and they loved him in return with all the cat and dog love they were capable of.

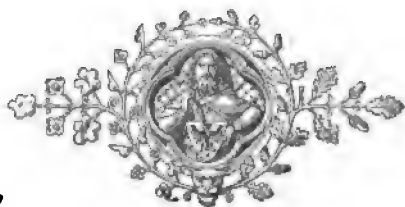
Five days later I received another letter from him, accompanied with a present of an excellent patent cork-screw, thus referred to: "Mrs. Jewitt thought—so did I, for we generally think the same thing at the same moment, and act accordingly—that you should have a *cork-screw like ours*; so I sent off for one, and it has come to hand by this morning's mail, and here it is! Please do Mrs. Jewitt the kindness to accept it. May it draw thousands of corks, and may each one of those corks be the precursor of bumpers of happiness to you and to all who belong to you. Do you know I hardly feel settled down into everyday life yet, after so long and so enjoyable a holiday! I think I am half a vagabond at heart, and can't shake myself into my harness again, yet, as I ought to do! Ah, well! the 'trousers-man's' dog on the Parade managed very cleverly to wriggle *himself* into his harness, and to get the collar round his neck—so I am not going to be beaten by *him*, and am gradually wriggling *myself* into *my* straps and collars, ready to draw the carriage of every-day work once more. No news to send—so I'll send none."

Thus the sun of his life's happiness was again shining brightly for a brief while, with its present joy and its purple vista of hope. Here is another expression of his merry mood. He had sent me copies of two photographic groups of our party taken at his suggestion on the golden sands, while the wind was blowing and the sand flying about, causing us to "make faces;" and in a later letter he says, after having been "wondering whether" about several matters: "And another thing I am, as usual, 'wondering,' and that is what you think of the 'wonderful' photos. taken on the sands! They cause no end of amusement here for Ted and Beat. and us two old folks. But we all agree that yours is the best of all the portraits in the group. It is quite a pleasant reminiscence of an impromptu grouping, under exceptionally queer circumstances. Such a group was certainly never taken before,

and, equally certainly, under all aspects of wind, sand, and fun, never will be taken again!"

While the sun of his happiness was yet shining he wrote the following letter to Mr. Hall: "The Hollies, Duffield, Derby, October 1st, '85. My dear Mr. Hall,—The receipt of your truly kind congratulation was indeed a joy to me this morning—for it is indeed a treat to me to yet see *your* handwriting among my letters, and I am truly thankful you are still spared in health to gladden your friends by written words—would that we were near enough to you to *hear* instead of read those words, and to see you once again. We have had a sad time of it for the last twelve months, through Mrs. Jewitt's long-continued and almost fatal illness, but I thank God she is now gradually gaining strength. She is, however, still too feeble to get about without help. I often hear from, and see, our mutual friend Mr. Goss and his family. One of his daughters has been with us some months this summer, and is always a joy to us when here. We have splendid autumnal weather here just now—but cold and frosty. With our united and very warmest remembrances, ever your affectionate friend, LLEWELLYNN JEWITT.

"Beatrice and Edwin both ask to be remembered most kindly to you—they are the only two we have left at home!!"



## CHAPTER LIII.

THE DARK CLOUDS GATHER AGAIN.—“WATCHING, WATCHING, WATCHING.”—“NO ROOM FOR HOPE.”—“THY WILL BE DONE.”—CALMLY PASSING AWAY.—THE TEAR-COMPELLING TELEGRAM.



NLY a few weeks after the return from Rhyl the dark clouds began to gather again over The Hollies. In a letter dated October 20th, Llewellynn Jewitt wrote: “Unfortunately Mrs. Jewitt has had an awkward return of her illness and is scarcely able to sit up,” etc. Then mentioning a circumstance which had given her pleasure, he fondly exclaims: “I am *so* glad, it is nice to give *her* pleasure; indeed, it really seems, and is God’s own truth, that to give her pleasure and make her happy are all one cares to live for. And now she is again so very weak, she needs everybody’s help, and everybody is delighted to give it to her. Oh! my dear Mr. Goss, even *you* don’t know what a true blessing she is, or how much her true worth is shown in everything. She is worthy of everybody’s love and care, and I pray she may soon be better again.”

The constant watching and attendance upon her night and day, which he now resumed and continued to the end, reminds me of one of his early poems, inspired under similar circumstances, but in the days of their early wedded life. It is this:

## “VIGIL.

“Watching, watching, watching,  
When far spent is the night;  
And watching, watching, watching,  
Until the morning’s light.  
Anxious each moment her breathing to hear,  
A prey to the deepest, most exquisite fear:  
Earth holds but One in these transports of grief,  
For whom from on high I pray for relief.  
Weeping and praying, praying and weeping,  
Oh! the strict vigil, my bosom is keeping.

Watching, watching, watching,  
At daybreak and evening and night;  
And watching, watching, watching,  
By the noontide’s broad daylight:  
Fearing each moment her dear life is fleeting—  
Oh! the mad’ning thought that her heart has ceased beating;  
Pale is her cheek, and closed is her eye,  
Her lips too are cold, and livid, and dry.  
Weeping and praying, praying and weeping,  
Oh! the strict vigil my bosom is keeping.

Watching, watching, watching,  
 When the midnight oil is spent,  
 And watching, watching, watching,  
 Meekly o'er her bent ;  
 Watching for each sign of life's returning ray,  
 Praying a change may come o'er her by break of day.  
 Watch also ye angels, whose presence I feel,  
 O surely ye come on the errand to heal !  
 Oh ! happy and sure is the feeling ye give  
 That the great God of Heaven has said *She shall live !*"

So it had been several times before ; but, alas ! it was not so now, and a little later on he wrote : "There seems to be no room for hope of her recovery, and all that can be done is to try to keep her alive as long as, with God's blessing, we are able to. It is sad, sad news for you to hear, but oh ! far sadder for me to write." Is it asked, Why these quotations ? Does not the reader see that his heart is breaking ? And I know she was worthy of all this great love ; and should not her worth and sickness and death be recorded in *his* memoir ? I present him now in the midst of his greatest calamity—which will overwhelm him !

Llewellynn Jewitt's position now reminds one of that of Felicia Hemans when, sitting beside the death-bed of her mother, she wrote in her anguish :

"Father ! that in the olive-shade,  
 When the dark hours came on,  
 Did'st with a breath of heavenly aid,  
 Strengthen Thy Son :  
 Oh ! by the anguish of that night,  
 Send us down blest relief,  
 Or to the chastened let Thy might  
 Hallow this grief !  
 And Thou that, when the starry sky  
 Saw the dread strife begun,  
 Did'st teach adoring Faith to cry,  
 'Thy will be done' :  
 By Thy meek spirit, Thou, of all  
 We that have mourned, the Chief,  
 Thou Saviour ! if the stroke *must* fall,  
 Hallow this grief !"

The stroke did fall, and Felicia Hemans in writing of her mother's sickness and death might have been exactly describing that of Llewellynn Jewitt's beloved wife : "Such life in this life can never be replaced. But we have cause to bless God for the recollections she has left us—for the cheerful submission to His will displayed throughout her long sufferings, and the deep tranquility of her last hours. After a night of pain and sickness, during which my sister and I had watched beside her, she fell into a slumber which we were so far from imagining to be the *last*, that we congratulated ourselves on its happy stillness, and yet with an unutterable yearning to hear her voice again, looked for the time of her waking. That time never came—she passed away from us in the very sleep which we had fondly trusted might revive her exhausted strength. Oh ! the feeling that all is

indeed over! that you have no more need to mix the cup of medicine, to tread softly, to hush the busy sounds of the household! But I will not dwell on these things. I will endeavour to look beyond. She was of the pure in heart, who are sure to see God; and this is a holy consolation. . . ."

Yet in the midst of this his greatest sorrow and anxiety Llewellynn Jewitt's sympathy for others was ever unabated. On hearing of the recovery of his friend William Smith, the historian, from a severe illness, he wrote him most warm congratulations on December 14th, 1885, when he himself was in the midst of his most intense anxiety, and night and day labour, in attendance upon his wife. After much expression of sympathy, he says: "I am thankful from the bottom of my heart that you have recovered, and I pray you may have no recurrence of the malady. You must let your brains rest, and all will be well with you. May the coming season, in which you are looking forward to being surrounded by all your family, *find* you in the best of health and spirits, and *leave* you 'in sure and certain hope' of a long future of happiness. May God be with you all, on that and on all other seasons, and bless your circle. Our Christmas cannot but be a sad one, for Mrs. Jewitt's health seems to have quite departed, and we cannot but feel that she is slowly but surely passing away from us. The doctors give us no hope—but I DO hope, nevertheless, that she may yet be spared to us some time longer. When Christmas Day comes (for that is our Wedding Day) we shall, if she be spared till then, have lived happily together for forty-seven years, and after all that time it *is* hard to see her sinking, and to feel helpless in saving her, or in giving her strength. My heart, however, rebels against despair, and I yet hope we may be blest with her loving presence some length of time further. . . ."

And thus, a few days later, he wrote to Mr. Hall: "The Hollies, Duffield, Derby, New Year's Eve, 1885. My dear Mr. Hall,—This greeting will reach you from a sad and anxious house, and from a heart that feels scarcely able to write. But the old year shall not, in midst of our trouble, be allowed to pass away without my sending you a word or two, to wish you, and to pray for you, every happiness and comfort in the year now dawning upon us, and may you live to see many others come and go—each one a fresh Argosy of enjoyment to you. You will be grieved to hear that my dear wife is grievously ill, and that the doctors give me no hope of her recovery. . . . With constant watching and care we hope, through God's goodness, to be able to keep her with us yet some time longer, but the prospect of the coming end is gloomy. . . . I hope, my dear Mr. Hall, that all is well with you, and that you are enjoying good health and every blessing. I am, as ever, your attached friend, LLEWELLYNN JEWITT."

This is from one of his letters to me. " . . . Don't think it negligent of me in not writing to you for so long [it was very few days], for really I *cannot* write letters or anything else. I have literally done no writing, and let everything go to the wall for weeks

past, and begin to doubt whether I shall ever be able to pull myself together again, or to do anything evermore. You don't know, and can't know, the trouble and anxiety we are in, or the terrible strain this anxiety is to me—and I pray you may never know it. Mrs. Jewitt is in a very critical state, and we cannot tell from hour to hour whether she will remain with us longer. Now and then she seems to be actually leaving us, and then rallies a little and gives us hope, only to be followed by another sinking. The doctors, both of them, tell us it is but a matter of brief time, depending not on medicine. She is marvellously low, yet vitally strong between times, and *so* good and patient through it all. . . . I don't know what to say to you, but I *want* to say that if you would like again, once more, to see her, I think it might please you to run over, and I am sure it would be a comfort to her and to us all. I *know* it would *not* be nice for you to come to so sad a house, with such a heavy cloud hanging over us, and I do not ask you. I only say, if you feel you would like to see her, come; but I fear it would be painful to *you*, and it might be to her. Anyhow, I feel I ought to say what I have," etc., etc. For several weeks longer this most excellent lady lingered on, with wonderful patience and power of calm endurance of suffering, utter unselfishness, and perfect unconcern at the evident nearness of death, for which she was so well prepared. It was thus that I found her at my last sad visit, when she spoke as calmly of death as of an earthly visit of life; but I would not believe that she was so near her end. She had recovered before from a similar prostration, and I persisted in believing that she would recover again. And her husband, even yet, in the midst of his despair, clung at times to the same hope. One day, towards the end, he wrote me a very loving message from her dictation, to which she added "Tell him I should like to have seen him once again before I die." Then he breaks out, "Oh! Mr. Goss, it *is* sad and heart-breaking to think of parting with so true and good and loving and noble a wife as I have been blest with; and I hope yet that God in his goodness may bless the means we are taking, and spare her to us."

At length, on the morning of the 4th of March, 1886, came the tear-compelling telegram which is now before me—"Passed from earth to heaven at 9 20, calmly and peacefully."



## CHAPTER LIV.

TOUCHING SCENES.—“A SURPRISE.”—THE EVE OF THE FUNERAL.—THE PROCESSION FROM DUFFIELD TO WINSTER.—“OUR FRIENDS IN PARADISE.”—“LET WIVES AND LOVERS NOTE.”—LLEWELLYNN JEWITT’S DESOLATION.—HE CANNOT BE COMFORTED.—HIS VISION OF HIS WIFE.—HIS LAST WORDS OF BLESSING.—HIS HAPPY DEATH.



LLEWELLYNN JEWITT’S wife had herself, with the utmost calmness, pre-arranged every detail of her funeral, and expressed her wishes as to who should be bearers, pall-bearers, and followers, and the day succeeding her death my part was indicated in the following letter from her sorrow-stricken husband:

“Duffield, March 5th, 1886. . . . My heart is too full to write a letter to you to-night, but I *must* thank you for your telegram and letter, which are a great comfort to me, and to us all. My darling often, and very earnestly, expressed a wish that *you* should be one of the pall-bearers at her funeral, and I not only promised her I would myself ask you, but that I felt sure you would gladly gratify this loving wish of hers. I write, therefore, to ask you to be sure to be with us, and I trust you will be able to do so,” etc. “*Please* DO come—we shall be so grateful to you. I cannot write more, so, with love,” etc.

Of course, I most sorrowfully promised to comply with this loving wish, and had this acknowledgment by return: “Thank you, thank you a thousand times, my dear Mr. Goss, for your promise to come to us in our trouble to-morrow.” For days he would not realize the thought that the gentle spirit had actually passed away. He wrote: “I know I am sending her love and blessing, as much as if she had not been called away from us—for she is still present with us in spirit, and her spirit will ever still, as of old, guide our lives.”

These words bring to my mind a curious and beautiful manuscript poem, which I have found among the Hall papers. It is unsigned, and I sent it back to Mr. Hall for recognition; but he has returned it, endorsed—“I do not know who is the writer of this remarkable poem.” It is so suited to the scene before us that it might have been written for insertion here; for these two, although approaching old age, were as bride and bridegroom to the last. It is entitled:



## "A SURPRISE."

"'She is dead,' they said to him, 'come away,  
Kiss her, and leave her—thy love is clay.'

They smoothed her tresses of dark brown hair,  
On her forehead of stone they laid it fair

Over her eyes, which gazed too much  
They drew the lids with a gentle touch.

With a tender touch they closed up well  
The sweet thin lips that had secrets to tell.

About her brows and beautiful face  
They tied her veil and marriage lace,

And drew on her white feet her white silk shoes—  
Which were the whitest no eye could choose.

And over her bosom they crossed her hands—  
'Come away!' they said. Still there he stands.

And then there was silence, and nothing then  
But the silence, and scents of eglantine

And jasmine and roses and rosemary,  
And they said, 'As a lady should lie, lies she.'

And they held their breath as they left the room,  
With a shudder to glance at its stillness and gloom.

But he who loved her too well to dread  
The sweet, the stately, the beautiful dead—

He lit his lamp, and took the key  
And turned it—alone again, he and she ;

He and she, but she would not speak,  
Though he kissed the old place in the quiet cheek ;

He and she, yet she would not smile,  
Though he called her the name she loved erewhile ;

He and she, still she did not move  
To any one passionate whisper of love.

Then he said 'Cold lips, and breast without breath  
Is there no voice, no language of death ?

Dumb to the ear, and still to the sense,  
But to heart and to soul distinct—intense ?

See, now, I listen with soul, not ear—  
What was the secret of dying, Dear ?

Was it the infinite wonder of all,  
That you ever could let life's flower fall ?

Or was it a greater marvel to feel  
The perfect calm o'er the agony steal ?

Was the miracle greatest to find how deep  
Beyond all dreams, sank downwards that sleep ?

Did life roll back its record, Dear ?  
And show, as they say it does, past things clear ?

And was it the innermost part of the bliss  
To find out, so, what a wisdom Love is ?

Oh perfect dead ! Oh dead most dear !  
I hold the breath of my soul to hear.

I listen as deep as to horrible hell,  
As high as to Heaven! and you do not tell.

There must be pleasure in dying, Sweet,  
To make you so placid from head to feet.

I would tell you, Darling, if I were dead  
And your hot tears on my brow were shed,

I would say, though the angel of death had laid  
His sword on my lips to keep it unsaid!

You should not ask vainly, with streaming eyes  
Which of all deaths was the chiefest surprise?—

The very strangest and suddenest thing  
Of all the surprises that dying must bring?’

Ah foolish world! Oh! most kind dead,  
Though she told him, who will believe it was said?

Who will believe that he heard her say  
With the sweet soft voice, in the dear old way,

‘The utmost wonder is this—I hear  
And see you, and love you, and kiss you, Dear;

And I am your angel who was your bride;  
And, know, that, though dead, I have never died!’”

And in such a faith Llewellynn Jewitt wrote of his beloved, withdrawing his gaze from her to write, “I know I am sending her love and blessing, as much as if she had not been called away from us—for she is still present with us in spirit, and her spirit will ever still, as of old, guide our lives.”

During the eve of the funeral he was constantly in and out of the death-chamber, where she lay all encompassed and sprinkled with choice flowers, and every time he rejoined us he had something to say of her beauty. “She is more and more beautiful!” “Her face is the face of an angel!” “Her expression as she lies there becomes more and more angelic.” The final comment that I heard him utter that night was—“I really believe I can see a halo shining from her sweet face!” Then he said, falteringly, “I think I shall pack up my traps and go after her,” when his children were immediately at his chair with affectionate reproaches; and he roused himself, and was again a man whose heart was divided between Heaven and earth—between the dear ones who had gone before, and those dear ones who remained with him. Any praise, or expressed admiration, or mention of deed of goodness, of the loved one, seemed most to soothe and please him that night. On the morrow, the 9th of March, when the mournful procession passed from Duffield through Belper to Matlock, I thought of young Fairholt’s walk over the same ground, in which it is possible that his new young friend, Llewellynn Jewitt, accompanied him part of the way. But now, how changed the scene! The ground was thickly covered with snow, and the hills stood out in white relief against the leaden sky, and there was famine among the ground game, who had been driven to strip the bark off the trees. And on we drove, from Matlock through Via Gellia, and over the hills, a journey of nearly twenty miles, to the grave of young

Llewellynn at Winster. I have already stated that I have seen the fond mother weeping at that grave in the churchyard there, when we visited it from Duffield as a shrine, and stood around with bared heads—father, brother, and friend—weeping for her children because they were not, as it seemed. But she has found them now: and it was the turn of others that day to weep at the twice hallowed spot. Never was a lady more worthy of her husband's family motto nor of such great love as his. For the sake of the children who were left to him, and for their sakes only, Llewellynn Jewitt tried to rally from the effects of this great blow, and from the prostration resulting from his long attendance night and day upon his beloved one, but he never succeeded. It was touching to find, later on—after he had rejoined her—these words, written by him in the Bishop of Lichfield's beautiful book, "Our Friends in Paradise, or Sanctorum Dulcis Memoria"—"My much loved, nobly loving, and now sainted wife, the light and soul of my life for fifty years, Elizabeth Jewitt, passed away from earth to heaven at twenty-seven minutes past nine, on the morning of this day (March 4, 1886), and left me desolate. . . . Earth never knew a better, brighter, purer, or more noble woman; and Heaven cannot contain one more meet for its everlasting peace and holy bliss."

Let wives and lovers note that it was because she was so *truly* all this, that his love for her was so strong and so enduring.

Then lower down on the page against March 6th, he writes: "My darling wife's birthday. Born in 1820, she would, had she been spared two days longer, have entered on her 67th year this day." Surely I shall not weary in repeating some of the last tender utterances of this good man, conceived while his mind was still filled with the light of the Heavenward trail of his angel's flight, yet so full of sadness at the separation. "Will you accept," he says, writing to one of my daughters, "as a birthday card, the accompanying portrait of one who loved you and cared for you, and who, Heaven knows, was most worthy of your love in return? Had she been alive *Her* good wishes and *Her* blessing would have been sent to you. . . . Heartily and prayerfully I wish you not only many happy returns of this your birthday, but of every other day in the whole cycle of the year, and as your days increase, so for evermore, in the same ratio, may your happiness grow and become more and more perfect." Thus in the midst of his overwhelming sorrow, his thoughts were for the happiness of others; and so his whole life had beamed with blessing and goodwill to those about him wherever he went. This is from a letter to me of April 14th: "I am thankful to say that *bodily* I am better than I have been, but my *mental* illness is not one that can ever be got over. My desolation seems greater and greater, indeed, as days and days pass on, and I more than ever realize the utter loneliness her removal has left me in. My three blessed youngsters—Beatrice, Edwin, and Georgie—are all in all that they could or can be to me; and it is a true God's blessing that they are so; but despite their loving attention I *am* lonely, desolate, and sad

I am doing my best for *their* sakes, to get round, and hope I may be better yet. I have a deal before me to do, if I be spared to do it, and I must set about it as soon as possible, and get on bit by bit as I can. I have not been out since the day of our sad errand to Winster. Dear love to you all." Later, several days' march nearer reunion, he wrote: "Day by day, and hour by hour, I feel my desolation and loneliness, and want of *Her* loving companionship, counsel, help, and comfort, more and more. How I am to bear the future I don't know; but God will, I feel sure, give me strength to bear what He in His wisdom, has put upon me. You have no idea how the interest in many things seems to have departed with my darling, and how irksome even the thought of my collections is to me now. I have much planned out to do, and must *try* to do it, for it would be grievous to leave the world with *some* of my work undone, but I can never do all I have planned, and I must (if spared, which I doubt) content myself by completing some great works I have entered upon. These I must strain every nerve to do. . . . I have not yet been able to get out—never since we all were at Winster on that sad, sad day, when we left there, behind us, the solace, comfort, and blessing of my whole life. With best love to you all, and praying God's choicest blessings may be with you all for ever," etc., etc. His subsequent letters were in the same sorrowing, blessing spirit, and there is one before me written immediately after the funeral, to a friend to whom he claimed to be indebted. But it is declared, and I know it to be true, and I am authorized to say, that this friend was largely indebted to Llewellynn Jewitt in the exchange of courtesies extending over many years. That friend and his children were guests at Winster and at The Hollies certainly fourteen days for every day of return visits, and received fourteen times the amount of kindness for every act of kindness they had the opportunity to extend. Yet listen to this outpouring of beautiful and touching, but undue thankfulness: "I want to write a word or two to you, and I feel that I *ought* to and *must* write, but as yet I am in truth scarcely able to do so. I want to try to thank you for all the many many thoughtful kindnesses and the thousand and one affectionate attentions you have always during the many years of her life that you have known her, shown to my darling and sainted wife. *She* fully appreciated—no one more fully and truly—every kindness, every attention, and every act of thoughtfulness shown her, and she was always grateful at heart for everything; and I wish to let you know that my feeling is that of *double* thankfulness—thankful in *Her* name and because *She* was; and thankful in my own that she, who was so worthy of kindness, should have received so many proofs of it at your hands. Her heart was large and filled with only that that was pure and good and blessed, and my heart feels towards those who were kind to her as her own did. Please therefore take these as the thanks of *Her* who is now for ever silent, and of myself who, may be, may not be permitted to write many more letters. I cannot write more, but I felt I must just in some way thank you for all the kindnesses shown to her—and the helps those kindnesses have been by change

of scene and air, and in a thousand other ways, to her health and enjoyment, and I pray you believe me, I *feel* my thankfulness far more than I know how to express. . . . I cannot write a longer letter, so, with dear love," etc.

Only a truly noble, generous, unselfish nature, could thus forget and ignore countless benefits conferred by himself upon his friend, and only remember—to greatly magnify—the inferior courtesies of which he and his dear wife had been the united object. It was only because his motto was so fitly *Non Sibi* and his title so worthily *Generosus*, that he could write thus, with the opening gates of eternity dimly in sight.

His last letter to me was dated May 21st, sent by morning post, after which he went to Derby with his children, where it was thought he must have taken cold. He grew daily more unwell until on Tuesday, the 1st of June, I hastened to his bedside in alarm. He seized both my hands most lovingly, and held them in his grasp for a long time. He tried for some minutes to express himself in words, but he could not put them together to be intelligible. The predominant word was "beautiful," and I thought he must be trying to tell me of some vision he had seen of his wife. After a while he dozed off, and only then did his loving grasp relax. Later in the day, on taking leave of him, I promised to return in a few days, and as he seemed better after a refreshing sleep, and his speech was improved, I was hopeful, and expressed the hope that he would be able to walk out with me in the green fields and lanes, and gain health from the balmy summer air, which had been so late in coming this season. But no, his next walk out was not to be with my aid, nor in the green fields and lanes of lovely Derbyshire; but with another, in the more lovely walks of Heaven. The next day his power of speech completely returned, and continued to the last.

While he lay thus helpless it was remarkable to note how his mind evidently retained its activity and could not be restrained by physical weakness. And this was especially noticeable when he was dozing. Then he often seemed to be labouring with a mental pen, which his physical hand seemed to grasp and guide, and there would be a general muscular rigidity or strain while the imaginary work was being done. After which, with a sort of sigh of relief, there would be a general muscular relaxation, and he would make a motion with his hands as if sweeping the materials aside for awhile, and taking to real rest. His was often the delightful feeling of happy well-earned rest at the close of the day, after duty fully and well done, and this feeling he seems to have enjoyed, even on his death-bed. When he awoke from some of these dreams of work he expressed satisfaction at having got on so well with his writing, and the hallucination was so strong that he seemed bewildered at the disappearance of his manuscript sheets.

On Thursday, the 3rd of June, he declared to one of his daughters that his wife had paid him a visit shortly after daylight. She had come to go walking with him, was very grieved that he was so unwell, but she would wait for him until he would be able to go. He described

her as looking lovely, and dwelt much upon that. His daughter replied, "What a beautiful dream!" "Dream?" he exclaimed, "It was not a dream at all! she has been here with me sitting in that chair. I was perfectly awake when I saw her. She had come to go a walk with me."—In the walks of Heaven and the paths of the gardens of Paradise! On the 4th he knew well that his hour of departure was at hand. He expected to be taken that day and called his children about him, and blessed them individually and fervently, and those who were absent he mentioned by name and blessed, and also a friend whom he loved and who loved him. His mind and his voice were clear, and he bade his children ever to remain lovingly united, and to put their trust in the merciful and bountiful God who had been his shield and help all through life. He said he should have been happy to have remained with them for awhile longer, but he was equally happy to go to the other dear ones whom he was about to join. After this he slept again, and his son Edwin, who was his loving attendant night and day, declares that at times his father's face assumed a smiling radiance as though he had been in the enjoyment of some beautiful vision. On this, his last day, he had no thought for himself, no anxiety about his future, no doubt, no fear of death; but he evinced active anxiety that his children in their attendance upon him should suffer no discomfort, and insisted upon their taking rest and refreshment. Some of them were thus absent resting when, between four and five o'clock in the morning of the 5th of June, he roused up and seemed surprised to find himself still on earth. He had expected to have been called away earlier. He requested his son to awake the sleepers immediately, and in a few minutes they were all at his bedside again. He grasped each by the hand again and bade each kiss him, and again in a distinct voice said, "Put your trust in God, as I have done all my life, and He will always keep you and bless you." He then again said to his son, grasping his hand, "God bless you, good-bye Ted," and the same to each one present, naming each; again he blessed the absent friend whom he loved, and who loved him, and his name was the last word he uttered. Thus with his last breath he prayed for others, not himself: he still had no anxiety about his own future, no doubt, no fear of death. And when he had thus spoken, with that radiance again upon his countenance his spirit immediately passed away.

Where are the sting and the victory of Death and the Grave in such a passing from earth to Heaven as this?

And what is the meaning of this sudden brightness—this smile, which can only be of joy—so often observed as the last expression of those whose end is peace, at the very moment of the soul's departure? Is it because of the light shining through the opening Gate of Eternal Bliss, and the joy of the entering upon the threshold of the new home in God's Paradise? Perhaps it is, for—

"What heart can know  
The bliss when life is done?"

Again we are reminded of Felicia Hemans, lady of sorrow and

spirit divine, of whose death-scene her sister wrote: "The dark and silent chamber seemed illuminated by light from above, and cheered with songs of angels; and she would say that, in her intervals of freedom from pain, no poetry could express, nor imagination conceive, the visions of blessedness that flitted across her fancy," and on her monument are the terminal lines:

"They that have seen thy look in death,  
No more may fear to die."

And so, not only was Llewellynn Jewitt's countenance bright with this blessedness at his last moment, but, during his previous intervals of sleep, his watching son had observed the same happy expression.

We have seen that this good man seemed to flinch from the idea of "shooting the rapids" of a river of the earth. We have also now seen how fearlessly and triumphantly he shot the rapids of the river of Death.

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Again, on the ninth of June, the solemn cavalcade winds through the lovely valley of the Derwent, along that route which young Fairholt traversed and described; through the now sweet and smiling Via Gellia, and over the hills to that Churchyard at Winster. And there, at that grave over which the fond mother used to weep for her children; at which her heart-broken husband had so recently stood in anguish at the loss of her; there, exactly three months later, strong men unused to tears stand and weep the loss of that noble model of a friend, a father, and a husband. It is now a *thrice* hallowed shrine, at which in ages to come the touching story of these true and constant lovers will be told. But in our sorrow there is comfort, as a friend\* has eloquently expressed it, saying, "I was inexpressibly touched by the sad news of Mr. Jewitt's death; touched none the less that the strong love which had bridged over the great gulf during the last three months should have triumphed over the material separation he bewailed, and brought them together again. Those who love him cannot rejoice at losing him, and I feel deeply for you, who in him have lost so much; but he would not have had it otherwise himself; and true humanity can rejoice with them that do rejoice, though it may feel itself stricken by the very occasion of their joy."

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"They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided."

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At the time of Llewellynn Jewitt's death his old friend Samuel Carter Hall was staying at Bath, from which place he wrote me: "12th June, 1886. . . . Your letter, just received, did indeed give me a shock. It has sorely saddened me: notwithstanding that a good man has been removed from earth to Heaven, and has been

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\* Rev. George W. Skene, M.A., Rector of Barthomley.

greeted and welcomed there by his beloved wife, the mother of his children: and is, with her, the guardian angel now of those who remain on earth. I had no idea that my dear friend was ill—seriously ill that is to say: and was utterly unprepared for the mournful intelligence you have communicated to me. Yet why should I call it ‘mournful?’ I envy him—far from calling his removal a loss: although he will be grieved for by many who yet remain on earth. I shall see him soon: for although I am greatly better as to physical health than I have been, I am bending under the weight of years—four score and seven! Half of that time, nearly, I have been proud and happy to call Llewellynn Jewitt my friend. He was emphatically a good man; a man who possessed a vast amount of rare knowledge, employed continually and invariably for the instruction and benefit of all human kind as well as to the honour and glory of God! My separation from him will be far more brief than it has been during the past few years. I do not know who of his family remain and are at home in Derbyshire; but I will ask you to convey to them assurances of tenderly affectionate regard. For me, I am in good health, and have many blessings for which to thank an abundantly merciful God. I pray you accept for yourself and your daughters assurances of my affectionate regard.—Your faithful friend,  
S. C. HALL.”

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*The Times*, in giving a sketch of Llewellynn Jewitt's life and labours, said: “Archæology has lost one of its most devoted workers.”





## APPENDIX.

## APPENDIX.

*The Death, Cremation, and Interment of Patroclus and Hector.*

FROM THE ILIAD OF HOMER.

*Promised on Pages 300 & 359.*

## PART THE FIRST.

ANTIOCHUS BRINGS TO ACHILLES TIDINGS OF THE DEATH OF PATROCLUS, AND THE LOSS OF ACHILLES' LENT ARMOUR.—ACHILLES' VIOLENT GRIEF.—HIS GODDESS-MOTHER THETIS RISES FROM THE OCEAN TO COMFORT HIM.—THE BODY OF PATROCLUS BROUGHT INTO ACHILLES' TENT AND LAID OUT.—THETIS APPLIES TO KING VULCAN FOR A NEW SUIT OF ARMOUR.—HER RECEPTION AND SUCCESS.—ACHILLES AND AGAMEMNON RECONCILED.—TEARS SHED FOR PATROCLUS.—HECTOR SLAIN AND HIS BODY DISHONoured BY ACHILLES.—A GREAT SACRIFICE AND FUNERAL FEAST.—THE GHOST OF PATROCLUS APPEARS TO ACHILLES, AND THEY CONVERSE TOGETHER.—WOOD BROUGHT FROM MOUNT IDA FOR THE FUNERAL PYRE.—THE FUNERAL PROCESSION.—DEDICATION OF HAIR.—THE ERECTION OF THE PYRE.—ANOTHER GREAT SACRIFICE.—THE PYRE LIGHTED.—BOREAS AND ZEPHYRUS ASSIST.—THE BONES OF PATROCLUS GATHERED AND PLACED IN ACHILLES' GOLDEN URN.—GAMES IN HONOUR OF THE DEAD.



ACHILLES, the swift of foot, noblest of all the Greeks, Goddess-born son of Peleus, still angry at the slight put upon him by the Commander-in-chief, Agamemnon, king of men, in demanding from him the beautiful captive Briseis, was idly watching the distant battle between the Greeks and Trojans. He had given permission to his dear friend Patroclus, the best-beloved of all his myrmidons, to go forth to this battle to drive back the Trojans, who were attempting to set fire to the Grecian fleet; and he had lent Patroclus his own arms and armour for the occasion. But Achilles had especially charged his friend on no account to join combat with tall Hector.

While watching the battle, he perceived that the Trojans pressed the long-haired Greeks very closely, and appeared to prevail against them, and he was seized with a fear and presentiment that Patroclus might be slain. While praying to the Gods to preserve him from such a

grief, he was approached by Antilochus, who was also surnamed the swift of foot, bringing bitter tidings from the scene of the battle. Shedding hot tears, he said: "Alas! great son of Peleus, O that it were not my unhappy fate to bring thee tidings of woe, nor thine to hear! Patroclus is slain; and now the contest is for his naked body, which has already been stripped of its sun-bright mail by crest-tossing Hector."

Although half-expected, this blow was terrible to Achilles. Agony was stamped upon his brow, and a great moan burst from his lips. He stooped, and with both hands gathered up the dust and pressed it upon his head and countenance, and so marred his beauty. His tall figure then sank to the earth, not in a swoon, but with limbs relaxed by uncontrollable grief; and he tore his hair, and spared not his costly robes.

The terrible sounds of grief which burst from him brought forth in haste from the tents, with loud screams, all the fair captives which both Achilles and Patroclus had taken during the war; and they wailed loudly, and beat their fair bosoms, and many of them fell to the earth with relaxed limbs at the sight of Achilles' woe.

Antilochus, still weeping, seized the hands of Achilles, to prevent him from inflicting self-injury with his sword.

Now his dreadful moans reached the quick ear of his Goddess-mother Thetis, the silver-footed Queen, where she held court at her father's palace of sparkling crystal, coral, and pearl, far away beneath the ocean; and followed by her train of Nereides, Goddesses of the sea, she quickly ascended to the earth, all weeping, to learn what ailed her son.

She found him reclining and moaning on the strand near his ships, and taking his dear head in her hands she mingled her tears with his as she asked: "Why weep you thus, sweet son? Tell me thy cause of grief."

To whom her son, the swift of foot, replied: "Dear mother, I have no more joy! Patroclus, whom more than all my best-beloved friends I loved, is slain. Him have I lost who was dear to me as my own soul: and from his dear corpse Hector hath stript those beauteous wondrous arms, the gift of the Gods to my father at thy bridal. Now shalt thou never see me return home from this war. Nor would I wish to live longer in the light of day, nor ever again to move among my fellow-men, except to lay stout Hector low with my spear: for his life must pay for the slaughter of Patroclus!"

With abundant tears Thetis replied that indeed her dear son's days were numbered, for, alas! he would not long survive his victory over the great Hector. And Achilles rejoined, with passionate grief renewed: "Would I might die this hour! Why should I live, who, when my dear comrade was in jeopardy, lifted no hand to help him? Far from his native land on this strange soil he fell, calling on me in vain to ward the blow!"

After further moaning and bewailing, the Goddess-mother, Thetis

of the flowing robe, left him that she might go and obtain from King Vulcan a new suit of armour in place of that which had just been lost.

Meantime, its winner, crest-tossing Hector, the great son of Priam King of Troy, still strode over the body of Patroclus, in defiance of the mightiest of the Greeks; like a fierce lion, hunger-pinched, over its prey. Even the two mighty Ajaces combined failed to drive Hector back.

And now Achilles, the swift of foot, inspired by Heaven to rescue the body of his friend, roused, and, although unarmed, rushed towards the scene of the strife, shouting in a loud voice, which was heard like the sound of a trumpet. His well-known voice struck terror to the hearts of the Trojans, whose steeds even, seized with alarm, took to flight, and bore their drivers back from before the Greeks, who inflicted loss on the retiring foe.

Thus the battle ended, and they placed the body of Patroclus on a bier, and the chiefs stood around stricken with sorrow. Among them was Achilles, who again shed hot tears as he gazed upon his dear friend lying pierced with gaping wounds inflicted with the sharp brass—whom he himself had sent forth to the battle with horses and chariots, never to hail him back alive.

The body being conveyed to Achilles' tent, there he all night bemoaned the loss of his dear friend with tears and groans, and with his mighty hands spread upon the dear cold bosom. His myrmidons stood around sharing the sorrow of their chief; to whom he uttered this lamentation: "Vain, alas! was the promise I gave to brave old Menœtius to console him for the absence of his dear Patroclus—to bring back to Opus his gallant boy, laden with honours and rich with his share of the spoil of captured Troy! Jove approves not all that man designs; and fate decrees that here on this plain we shall each redder the soil with our blood. But since—Patroclus!—I outlive thee, I will not celebrate thy funeral rites until I have slain thy slayer, haughty Hector, and brought his arms and his head to thee. And on thy pyre I will sacrifice, in vengeance of thy death, twelve noble sons of Troy. Meantime lie thou here, and over thee shall deep-bosomed dames weep night and day." Then the myrmidons at the behest of their sorrowing God-like chief, heated water in a great three-footed cauldron of brass, and washed away the clotted gore from the dear form of Patroclus; then anointed it with oil, and filled the wounds with fragrant ointment nine years old. They then wrapped the body from head to feet in pure white linen and laid it upon a couch, and covered it with a fair white pall. And here all night Achilles watched and mourned, and around stood the myrmidons of the chief, swift of foot, with tears bemoaning the death of Patroclus.

Now the silver-footed Goddess having dismissed her train of attendants back to her father's ocean-palace of crystal coral and pearl, sped straight to high Olympus, the abode of the Gods, and to the immortal house of King Vulcan, the most resplendent of all the celestial habitations, constructed all of polished brass by the Great Artificer himself, its vast dome glowing like a great bright star. His

wife Aglaia, one of the Graces, seeing Thetis coming, advanced with joy to meet her, and grasped her hand, saying: "Thetis of the flowing robe, kindly welcome, thou highly-honoured much-loved guest! It is long since thou hast thus honoured this our house. Come thou in."

Then the lovely Charity—for so also was she called—led Thetis into the hall, to a high silver-studded throne beautifully wrought, and placing a footstool at her feet, she called to Vulcan that sea-born Thetis was there.

Vulcan was at his forge, completing twenty wondrous tripods of bronze and gold for the adornment of the walls of his great hall, and hearing the beloved name of Thetis announced, he with joy put aside his work, washed, and donned his kingly robes. Then the lame God, with the aid of his staff, wended forth to greet his visitor, and passing to a gorgeous chair by her side he took her hand fondly, and said: "Say, beloved and honoured Thetis of the flowing robe, to what wish do we owe the honour of this visit to our house? Whatever is in the power of Vulcan he will accomplish for thee, dear fair-haired Goddess of the sea."

Then tears burst from the eyes of Thetis of the lovely locks, and she poured out her sorrows into the ear of Vulcan, complaining of the treatment she had received from Jove, the Ruler of the starry skies, in compelling her to wed Peleus, a mortal, then allowing her to endure so much grief in the fate of her God-like son Achilles. Then she told King Vulcan all about the quarrel between her son the swift of foot, and Agamemnon King of men, respecting the possession of Briseïs the beautiful captive, and of the battle of the Scæan Gates, in which Patroclus, after having slain twenty-seven adversaries with his own hand, was attacked by Apollo with sunstroke, and while thus dazed was slain by Hector, who stripped him of his arms and armour, the borrowed arms and armour of her son Achilles. "Therefore I come a suppliant at thy knees, thou artist-God, that thou wilt prepare for my son, swift of foot, to early death condemned"—she said, with tears—"the boon of bright helm and ample shield, and greaves with silver ankle-pieces bound, and strong corslet, to replace the divine arms which Patroclus lost to the Trojan—Patroclus his dear faithful friend for the loss of whom my son, overwhelmed with grief, now lies prostrate on the earth." To whom the heavenly Artificer replied: "Take comfort. Let not thy motherly heart fear for his loss of arms. Would that I could as surely save him from fate's stroke of death, as I can promise thee that he shall possess such arms of strength, as for beauty and splendour shall be dazzling to behold." Then the divine artist left her and hastened to his forge, where with twenty blasts at once directed to the fire he melted the stubborn copper, adding tin, silver, and precious gold. Out of the bronze thus compounded he created, as only a God could create, the needed arms. First the shield, elaborately embossed with numerous scenes in perfect art, inlaid with gold and brightly gleaming; then the breast-plate dazzling as a flame of fire; then the strong helmet richly wrought, surmounted with a crest of gold; and, lastly, well fitting greaves of tin. All these

the divine Artificer soon presented to Achilles' Goddess-mother, who sped with them like a falcon swiftly down from Olympus to broad Hellespont's strand to her God-like son.

Him she found as we last left him, hanging over the dear body of Patroclus in bitter grief, surrounded by his mourning myrmidons, and seizing his hand fondly she said: "Dear Son, however mighty may be our grief for the dead, since Heaven doomed his fall, let us submit; and do thou leave him, to receive these arms sent to thee by Vulcan, such as never before were worn by mortal warrior." As she spoke the silver-footed Goddess placed the arms before her son, and they rang with a clear bell-like sound—and they were glorious in device and so sunbright that the myrmidons averted their gaze with awe; but as the son of Peleus gazed upon them their brightness kindled his spirit, and his eyes flashed like lightning beneath his manly brows as he seized the glorious gift. When he had well perused the details of the divine sculpture, and the excellent beauty of the general device, he said: "Dear mother mine, these arms in themselves bear witness that they are the work of the God. No mortal could prepare mail of such rich display. I will don them anon."

Then followed the reconciliation between Achilles and Agamemnon, by the latter's restoration of Briseis the beautiful captive, to the great joy of the long-haired, well-greaved warriors of Greece.

And when the beautiful captive Briseis, like unto golden Venus, was restored to Achilles, and beheld the body of Patroclus lacerated with the sharp spear, she threw herself about him weeping loudly, and tore her breast and fair countenance. Then she, fair as the Goddesses, weeping, said: "O Patroclus! dear to my wretched soul, when I departed from my tent I left thee alive; but now, returning, I find thee dead, O chieftain of the people! Thus with me evil succeeds evil. The hero to whom my father and my mother gave me, I saw pierced with the sharp brass before the city, and three beloved brothers also were slain. But thou did'st not suffer me to weep when swift Achilles slew my husband, and laid waste the city of divine Mynes, promising that I should become the wedded wife of noble Achilles, leading me in the ships to Phthia, to prepare the nuptial feast among the myrmidons. Therefore do I lament thy death, who was ever gentle." Thus she lamented, weeping. And the other women also made lamentation, pretending it was for Patroclus, but, in reality, each wept on account of her own misfortunes.

Achilles, after the reconciliation with Agamemnon, in his desire to meet crest-tossing Hector, suggested that the Grecian host should be immediately advanced to do battle with the Trojans; but Ulysses the prudent ruled that they must first strengthen themselves for the day's conflict, with the morning meal, to which the son of Thetis reluctantly yielded. But when the chiefs thronged about the God-like hero, urging him to eat, he refused, saying: "I pray you if you would show your love, dear friends, ask me not now with food or drink to appease hunger or thirst, while this bitter grief weighs heavily upon my soul. I will fast entirely until the setting sun, and can endure it." Then,

weeping, he exclaimed, looking upon the body of Patroclus: "O, how oft hast thou, my dearest ill-fated friend, the best of all that I ever loved on earth—how often hast thou ordered the banquet in this tent with ministering zeal when the Greeks were eagerly preparing to advance against the horse-subduing Trojans! And now liest thou there, gashed with the spear, while I for the love of thee recoil from all food. For now is my greatest calamity upon me. Not the death of my aged father Peleus, who mourns me absent warring in that hateful Helen's cause; nor of my young God-like son Neoptolemus, could overwhelm me thus with sorrow!" In sympathy with this great grief the old warrior chieftains around him wept also.

It is recorded that Almighty Jove beholding this scene from high Olympus, was touched also, and said to his daughter Pallas: "My child, see where Achilles sits in sorrow by the high-prowed ships, mourning his slain comrade, and refusing all food with which the other Greeks recruit their strength. Haste thee, and lest he faint with hunger, instil nectar and delightful ambrosia into his breast." Then Pallas, like a long-winged falcon, swooped through the clear sky to Achilles, invisible, and instilled into his breast nectar and delightful ambrosia to maintain his strength.

Now the Greeks, streaming out from their ships refreshed, were ready to march against the Trojan camp, a brazen glare of polished helmets, bossy shields, and breastplates, and spears of ash tipped with barbed bronze. In the midst was Achilles, arrayed in his dazzling arms, impatient of the battle, and of the encounter with haughty, crest-tossing Hector. But the helm of Achilles now put into the shade that of the great son of Priam. Fresh from the hands of Vulcan it shone like a star, with a waving gleaming crest of four plumes of hairs of gold. So ponderous was Achilles' spear that not one of all the Greeks beside himself could brandish it. It had been a present from the Centaur Chiron to Achilles' father Peleus. Thus armed Achilles ascended to his chariot, where Automedon and Alcimus, his charioteers, held the reins of his far-famed steeds Xanthus and Balius, the noble progeny of swift Podargus. When all was ready the God-like chief shouted his war cry and urged his fiery steeds to the front.

It is not my purpose to follow Homer in the great battle which ensued. Suffice it to say that the noblest of all the Greeks, Achilles, swift of foot, went forth and slew great crest-tossing Hector, the noblest of all the Trojans, and thus, so far, avenged the death of his dear Patroclus. He also seized and took with him captive for the sacrifice, twelve noble youths of Troy. In revenge for the dishonour done to the body of his friend, Achilles, after recovering his lost armour, pierced each foot of his victim between the heel and ankle, and bound the body thereby to his chariot with thongs of leather, leaving the noble head to drag in the dust, as he drove back towards his tents on the strand of the Hellespont.

And as they went his myrmidons sang a glad *pæan* of victory with loud voices which rose above the thunder of the chariots. The other

sections of the victorious Grecian army returned to their ships, but Achilles desired his myrmidons not to loose their horses from the chariots until they had performed a solemn ceremony due to the corpse of their friend. Three times they drove in procession round the body, singing a solemn dirge with tears streaming from their eyes, so that the sands and the armour of the men were wetted with tears. Then Achilles alighted from his chariot, and spreading his blood-stained hands upon the cold breast of his dear comrade said: "All hail, Patroclus, hear me where thou art in the realm of Pluto! Lo, I have performed my promise to thee that the corpse of Hector, dragged hither, should be the food of dogs; and that in further vengeance for thy death twelve noble youths of Troy should be slain by my hand before thy funeral pyre."

He then flung the sorely dishonoured body of Hector, all soiled with dust, beside the couch, and while his myrmidons doffed their armour, and released the horses from their chariots, and then rested on the strand near their ships, Achilles made a great sacrifice. Many white bulls, sheep, goats, and white-tusked swine, rich in fat, were slaughtered; so that blood was poured very freely around the corpse of Patroclus. Then giving directions for the preparation of the funeral feast, he reluctantly consented to accompany some of the kings of Greece to the tent of Agamemnon, still fiercely angry and sorrowful at the death of his friend. And when they had entered the tent of the Commander-in-chief the King commanded his heralds to place a huge tripod upon the fire, and to endeavour to prevail upon the weary hero to wash and refresh his blood-stained limbs. To which Achilles with a great oath replied: "No! by Jove the Supreme God, I swear that my head shall not be cleansed with water until I have seen the body of Patroclus placed upon the funeral pyre, and piled his grave-mound, and cut my votive hair; for never can another woe like this ever pierce my heart. But let us now observe the mournful funeral feast. And do thou, great Agamemnon, King of men, at early dawn send forth thy strong people to the forest to bring thence to the camp a store of fuel for the pyre; and do thou provide what else may be proper for the passage of the dead to the realms of night. And when the all-devouring fire has consumed our mighty dead, then let the war proceed."

When the ample funeral feast was finished, and all others had repaired to rest, Achilles, still restless, cast himself upon the shore near where the waves were beating with incessant sound, and there he continued his lament for the dead in bitter groans. At length the sound of the waves acted as a lullaby, and, being greatly fatigued, he dozed off into a gentle sleep. Then, behold, there suddenly appeared before him in his sleep the mournful shade of Patroclus. He appeared exactly as in his former reality—tall, and with beauteous eyes and voice, and in the very garb he was wont to wear. And bending over the head of his dear sleeping comrade, he thus spake: "Dost thou sleep, Achilles, and forget thy friend, of whom when alive thou wast so mindful ever? Arise, and hasten forward my funeral rites that I



may pass through the gates of Hades. For now, when I approach the bank of the fateful river I am driven back; and shunned by the spirits of the departed, forlorn and sad I wander alone about the ample-gated realm of Hades. But give me first thy hand once more, and but this once, that I may weep upon it. For never more shall I return to thee from Hades when my body has been consumed by the flames of the pyre. Never more shall we two, apart from all our comrades, take sweet counsel together; but far shall I be from thee whom I love! held by stern death, which is the common lot of all men. Thou too, Achilles, although so God-like in thy might, art doomed to fall before the walls of Troy. And now, my true friend, I have but one last request to make: I pray thee, O divine chief, that at the last our bones may rest together, as from our youth we have been united from that day when my father Menœtius brought me to thy father's house for protection from Opus where by mischance of hot temper I had unhappily slain Amphidamas in a boys' quarrel over the dice. Me thy noble father Peleus received into his house, and there I grew up well nurtured with kindly care, thy attendant friend and true comrade. So let not our bones be parted after death, but let them rest together in that two-handled golden urn which thy Goddess-mother hath provided and given thee."

To which Achilles, the swift of foot answered: "And is it thou, beloved being, once more returned to my sight? Oh rest assured that all I know of thy will shall be strictly accomplished. But come thou nearer, thou more than brother, and let us have one last brief weeping embrace together." And as Achilles spoke he stretched forth his arms to embrace his friend, but in vain, for there was no substance, and with a wail of sorrowful farewell, the spirit of Patroclus sank into the earth. Then up sprang Achilles to his feet, and wrang his hands together, and cried out to his myrmidons who lay about him on the plain: "O Heaven, then it is true that in the realms below there roam unsubstantial spirits and spectres! This night hath the shade of Patroclus stood at my side weeping, and telling me his dear wishes. It seemed exactly himself—tall in stature, with his beauteous mildly beaming eye, and his own dear voice." Then his comrades renewed their lamentations until the rosy-fingered morning shone upon the body of Patroclus, and straight, by command of Agamemnon, went forth men and mules into the forest, under the command of Meriones, the servant of valour-loving Idomeneus. They took with them sharp axes and rope in abundance, and went on till they came to the foot of Ida, the mountain of sweet gushing springs, where was a forest of noble oaks. Of these they cut down with the keen edged brass sufficient to fully load not only the mules, but as much as each man also could drag away to the plain.

All this timber they piled in order upon the beach on a spot selected by Achilles, where he designed the lofty mound should arise to the memory of his dear friend and of himself. When this was done and while the general army of the Greeks were seated in masses round about, Achilles ordered his myrmidons to don their armour,

and the horsemen to mount their chariots to form the funeral procession. And now the comrades of the dead Patroclus covered his body with contributions of hair which they had cut from their heads, and the procession started from the tent of Achilles towards the pyre. First solemnly moved the chariots, then a great host of footmen, with the body carried on a bier in their midst. Immediately behind the bier walked Achilles, weeping and supporting in his hands the dear head of Patroclus, his noble friend, to the tomb. When they had reached the appointed spot they set down the body, and piled up the oaken pyre beside it. Then a fresh thought occurred to the distressed Achilles, and standing behind the pyre he cut off his yellow hair, which had been allowed to grow in rich profusion to be reserved as a sacrifice to Sperchius, the river of his native land, on his safe return from the Trojan war. Then sorrowfully looking over the dark-blue sea towards his native land, he said : "Sperchius ! all in vain was the prayer of my father Peleus to thee when he vowed that on my safe return to him this hair should be dedicated to thee, together with a solemn hecatomb ; and that holy hands should offer to thy fountains, which rise in the shades of holy bowers, fifty unblemished rams. Since thou hast not heeded his prayer and his vow, and I shall never again see my dear native land, I now place the honour of my head on the bier of my beloved Patroclus." So saying he placed the locks in the cold hand of his comrade, at the sight of which act the general grief broke out afresh in loud wailing. And thus they would have mourned until sunset had not Achilles requested Agamemnon to dismiss the general soldiers from their watching, retaining only those who should erect the pyre, and the chiefs to assist at the further ceremonial of the cremation. The pile of oaken fuel they raised to a great height, in the form of a pyramid, one hundred feet long at the base on each side of the square, and placed the body in the centre of the summit, upon its bier. Then they slew a great many sheep and oxen, of which Achilles gathered all the fat and piled it upon the body of his friend from head to foot, placing the skinned carcasses round about it. Then he placed upon the bier sundry jars of honey and fragrant oils. Then four powerful horses fell groaning and were placed upon the pyre. Then of the nine dogs who used to be fed at their master's board, he slew two upon the pyre. Lastly he slew with the brass, as a sacrifice of vengeance to the shade of his friend, the twelve noble Trojan youths whom he had taken captive and reserved for the occasion according to his oath, and these also he placed upon the pyre. He then applied fire to the great pyramid of wood and flesh, and groaning, said : "Now, hail, O Patroclus, hear me in the dwellings of Hades ! All that I vowed to thee I now perform, and twelve brave youths of Troy shall burn with thee. But Hector the son of royal Priam shall have no honour of fire, but shall be food for dogs !" Such was the threat of Achilles, but not the will of Heaven. For although the body was left exposed to the blazing sun and the ravenous dogs, it was miraculously preserved from both, and being divinely overspread with roseate ambrosial oil, remained untouched and uncorrupted.

The kindling of the fire proving very slow, Achilles prayed for the winds to arise, and vowed sacrifices, and poured forth libations from a golden goblet. Then Boreas and Zephyrus, the north and the west winds, both arose in fury, and falling upon the funeral pyre, the crackling flames arose with a loud roar, and all night long burned fiercely. And all night long, at intervals, Achilles with a double-cupped vessel, poured the purple wine forth upon the earth, in libations, drawing it from a golden goblet, with piteous cries calling upon the shade of Patroclus. As a father mourns in consuming the bones of a tenderly beloved young son taken in his early beauty, so Achilles mourned over the consuming remains of his friend, sometimes lying prostrate beside the pyre, then with slow step pacing around it, weeping and wailing. But when the star of Lucifer appeared, the bright harbinger of saffron-robed morning, then the flames began to sink, and the fires to pale, and the winds ceased and a soothing calm prevailed. Then as Achilles lay weeping at a distance from the embers of the pyre he dozed off into a gentle sleep, exhausted with sorrowing. But soon he was awaked by the tramp and noise of those Greeks who had arisen and followed Agamemnon to the scene of the burning; and sitting up he reminded the King of men that according to custom the embers should now be quenched with wine, and the bones of Patroclus carefully collected, adding: "And it will not be difficult to distinguish them, for in the midst he lay, and around him at the extremities will be found the calcined bones of animals and men commixed. Let us enclose the bones of Patroclus in the golden urn between a double layer of fat, and let them there remain until mine be commingled with his. Meantime build over the urn a mound not over lofty. The Greeks who survive me can erect it high and wide when the interment is completed by the addition of my remains to the urn."

And they quenched the wide-spread glowing embers with ruddy wine; and with tears the comrades of Patroclus collected his whitened bones, and wrapping them in double layers of fat, placed them in the golden urn. Then they carried the urn into the tent of Achilles, and covered it with fair white linen. Next, under the guidance of Achilles they cut a circle around the remains of the pyre, and laid strong foundations and heaped up earth to pile the mound. Then the God-like son of Peleus bestirred himself to prepare for the funeral games which would occupy the remainder of the day. From his tents and his ships he brought forth the various prizes to be contended for by the kings and princes of Greece, in honour of the memory of Patroclus. For the victors at the chariot-racing there were a fair female captive, well skilled in household duties, a large two-handled tripod, a mare in foal, a bright cauldron, two talents of gold, and a double vessel untouched by the fire; at the boxing, a hardy mule and a two-handled cup; at the wrestling, a great tripod of the value of twelve oxen, and a woman skilled in household work, valued at four oxen; at the foot-racing, a silver bowl containing six measures, of marvellous Sidonian workmanship, which had been paid to Patroclus for the ransom of Prince Lycaon, son of Priam King of Troy, a fat steer and half a talent

of gold ; at the combat with spears, a ponderous spear, helmet, and shield, taken by Patroclus from Sarpedon ; at hurling the quoit, a ponderous iron quoit itself was the prize, which once belonged to mighty Eëtion whom Achilles slew ; at archery, ten double-edged axes of iron and ten single-edged hatchets of the same metal, and well-tempered iron for making arrow-heads ; and finally, at throwing the javelin, a ponderous spear, and a new bright cauldron, worth an ox adorned with flowers.

The games being ended with the close of day, the Grecians dispersed to their supper and their rest. But no rest could Achilles find, although he tried to obtain it on his couch. He could not sleep, and, waking, could think of nothing but his dear lost companion. All his gentle and loving deeds of the past came freshly to memory ; and all his deeds of vigour and courage, and the battles they had fought side by side, and perils they had overcome together ; and the tears would flow freely. At length weary of his couch, he arose and walked objectless and despairingly along the shore, and saw the morning dawning up from the ocean. Then seeing the body of Hector lying there exposed, his anger was aroused, and he harnessed his horses to his chariot, again fastened the heels of the corpse to the latter, and dragged the remains of great Hector, now fallen so low, three times through the dust round the unfinished tomb of Patroclus. He then left the body again all soiled on the plain and returned to his tent.



## PART THE SECOND.

THE CORPSE OF HECTOR MIRACULOUSLY PRESERVED.—THE BITTER WRATH OF ACHILLES.—IRIS DESCENDS FROM OLYMPUS TO THE OCEAN WITH A MESSAGE FROM JOVE TO THETIS.—ACHILLES COMMANDED BY JOVE TO DELIVER THE BODY OF HECTOR TO KING PRIAM FOR A RANSOM.—THE MOURNING FOR HECTOR AT THE TROJAN COURT.—THE SELECTION OF THE RANSOM.—THE JOURNEY OF PRIAM TO ACHILLES' TENT.—THE INTERVIEW.—THE SUPPER.—HERMES THE GUARDIAN GOD.—PRINCESS CASSANDRA FROM A LOFTY TOWER OBSERVES HER FATHER PRIAM'S RETURN.—SHE AROUSES THE SLEEPING CITY.—THE RECEPTION.—THE DIRGES OF THE PRINCESSES.—THE CREMATION OF HECTOR.—HIS BONES PLACED IN A GOLDEN URN.—HIS MOUND.—CONVERSE OF THE GHOSTS OF ACHILLES AND AGAMEMNON IN THE MEADOW OF ASPHODEL.



**D**EANTIME the corpse of Hector was still miraculously preserved from corruption, from the appetites of hungry dogs and vultures, and even from laceration by the vile treatment of Achilles, when he dragged it, tied to his chariot, roughly over the ground around the tomb of Patroclus. It was the custom in those days for the leaders of mankind to set great value upon the assurance that after death their bodies would be honoured with the funeral rites, including the sacrifices and the games, and their bones inurned under a mound. Thus in the angry parley which preceded the fatal combat between Achilles and Hector, the latter was so anxious to be secured from the dishonour to which his remains were afterwards subjected, that he desired to make a compact with Achilles that whoever fell, his body should merely be stripped of its armour, and left upon the field without foul usage, to be recovered by its friends. To which Achilles fiercely replied: "Hector, thou hateful! talk not to me of compacts. There can be no more compact between thee and me than between men and lions, or wolves and lambs!" And when Hector was overcome by the Pelian lance, and lay prone in the dust at the feet of his conqueror, the latter, to add bitterness to death, said: "By dogs and vultures shall thy flesh be torn, while the body of thy victim is being graced with funeral rites by the Greeks." To which crest-tossing Hector piteously replied, while his life was fast ebbing from the great wound in his neck: "Oh, cast me not beside thy ships, to be torn by Grecian dogs! By thy soul, by thy knees, by thy mother and thy father, I beseech thee, Achilles! My honoured father and my

mother will ransom my body with abundant stores of brass and of gold. Take ransom, Achilles, that the men and dames of Troy may weep over my bier, and yield me the honours of the funeral pyre!" But the wrathful Achilles was unappeased even by victory and this prayer of his dying foe. "Supplicate me not by my knees, vile dog!" he exclaimed, "and speak not of my parents. My hatred to thee is such that I could almost tear and eat thy flesh with my own teeth! He lives not who can save thee from the dogs. Even though hoary Priam, thy royal father, knelt before me, offering ten and twenty-fold ransom, and yet offered more, even thy weight in gold, not even then should thy queenly mother weeping lay thee out upon thy bier, and prepare thee for the flames. But dogs and carrion vultures shall feast upon thee!" Thus with added bitterness great Hector died.

But the Gods would not consent that the noble form of Hector should be dishonoured as his conqueror had so malignantly willed, but ordained that it should ultimately receive honours similar to those which the Greeks had conferred upon the remains of Patroclus. Consequently Iris, the wind-swift messenger of Jove, was sent from Olympus down to the depths of the dark blue sea, where, in a cavern, sat Thetis, surrounded by the Goddesses of the deep, weeping over the fate of her son Achilles, and thus addressed her: "Rouse thee, Thetis; Jove, the Lord of the Counsel of Heaven, summons thee." To whom the silver-footed Goddess replied: "What behest hath the mighty King of Heaven for me? My heart is heavy; blighted with sorrow I shun the company of the Gods. Yet will I go, for not in vain must Jove's command be given." Then round her limbs the tearful Goddess drew a robe of the deepest ocean-blue, and ascending, the wind-footed fleet Iris leading the way, they sprang straight up to Heaven. There they found the Gods ranged round omniscient Jove, beside whose throne Minerva made way for the Sea-Goddess, and there she sat. Then, with words of kindly grace, Juno, the chief Goddess of Heaven, held to the hand of Thetis a beautiful goblet of gold, from which the Ocean-Goddess drank refreshing nectar, and returned the cup. Then spoke the Father of the Gods, and of men, saying: "I know, Thetis, that thou art come to Olympian halls borne down with ceaseless sorrow. But I have summoned thee to bid thee go to thy son Achilles on an errand that will tend to his praise, for which thou wilt give me reverence and love. Tell him that all the Gods are angry, and I above all, at his unseemly violence, his mad rage, and his repeated ungracious insult to the body of Hector. Tell him to fear my wrath, and bend his wilful humour to my behest, and restore to Priam the body of his son. Meanwhile I will send Iris to Priam, to bid him go to the Grecian ships with such presents as may melt Achilles' heart, and obtain the ransom of Hector's body."

This command the silver-footed queen immediately obeyed, and found her son in his tent still sorrowing, with his myrmidons standing woefully around, while some were engaged in preparing the morning meal, for which a sheep had been slain. Then the Goddess-mother sat down beside her son, and gently placing her hand upon his

shoulder, told him the message of Jove. Which as soon as Achilles heard he said: "So be it. Let the old king bring his ransom, and take away his dead, if such be the will of Jove." Then the God-like son and Goddess-mother held loving and sad discourse for some time. Meanwhile Iris performed Jove's bidding, and sped with tempest swiftness to the palace of Priam, King of Troy—a house of wailing and woe. There she delivered Jove's message charging him to go to Achilles with a ransom, and with no other attendant than one herald to wait upon his steps—and he must be an old man—and to drive the mules and smoothly-rolling chariot for the reception of the body of Hector.

Then Priam, arising from the dust on which he had flung himself, gave commandment to his sons to yoke the mules to the smoothly-rolling chariot, and fix the wicker hamper upon it. He himself ascended to his treasure-chamber, high-roofed, and built of fragrant cedar, which was stored with countless riches; and calling his wife, Queen Hecuba, he told her what he was about to do. At this her rage against Achilles burst forth, and she wished she could have his inmost heart to devour it, in revenge for the death of her son Hector. She tried to dissuade her husband from placing himself in the power of cruel Achilles, but the old man said he was determined to go, adding: "Let me be slain by the hand of fierce Achilles, so that I once more hold my boy in my arms, and upon his body give vent to my sorrow."

Then raising the polished lids of the chests, he selected twelve single cloaks, and the same number of tapestried carpets, tunics, and splendid robes. Then he took ten talents of gold; two highly-burnished tripods; four goblets; then a cup of rare beauty and great value, which had been presented to him by the Thracians when he once went to their country as an ambassador. This he prized greatly, but he willingly included it in the ransom for the dear body of his son. Then the old man raved against the people about him, and against all the sons that were spared to him, especially the nine of them who were within hearing; and he testily declared that all of them put together that were living were not worth one Hector. And although they were all great and brave warriors he assailed them in his raving as "worthless sons, a shame and a scandal to him; vile survivors who dare not face the battle; liars, and vain dancing evil loons, renowned only in the choir and dance; base plunderers of lambs and kids," and such baseless charges did the querulous old man hurl at his sons, adding "Come now laggards! when will ye harness me the car, equipped for my start?"

Quickly the sons of Priam got ready the smoothly-rolling mule-wain, and fixed the wicker hamper. Then they piled upon the wain the rich ransom for the body of their brother. Their father's chariot also they brought forth, and his steeds which he was wont to feed with his own hand. At length the old king started, followed by his aged herald, and drove towards the camp of the Grecians. By the time they had just passed the lofty grave-mound of Ilus, and halted

the horses and mules to drink at the margin of the stream, darkness was beginning to creep over the earth, and they saw through the gloom a man approaching them, whom they judged to be an enemy and against whom they had no defence. Then were they seized with great fear, and hesitated whether to turn back as swiftly as they might. But before they had time to do so the man came up to them and taking the hand of Priam said : "Where, father, dost thou travel with horse and mule so richly laden in the still night, when others are sunk in sleep, and so near the camp of thine unrelenting foes ? Thou art not young thyself, and this old man, thy comrade, would be unable to defend thee from assault. Fear not me : I will not harm thee but protect thee, thinking I see in thy face a resemblance to my own dear father." The speaker was Hermes the Guardian-God, also called Mercury the Slayer of Argus, in disguise as a myrmidon of Achilles, sent by Jove to guide the old man with heavenly protection to the tent of Achilles. And after some further discourse and reassurances, the Guardian-God took the reins of Priam's steeds, and drove to the ship-towers and the trench of the Grecian camp, pushing aside the bolts and opening wide the gates while the guard were oppressed with a deep sleep produced by the Caduceus of the God. And when they reached the lofty tent of Achilles, which was a spacious structure of felled fir-trees, the roof being overlaid with rushes, in the centre of a spacious palisaded courtyard, they found the gateway guarded by a single bar of fir which it was hard work for three strong men to move, but which Achilles could open and close with ease. This massive bar the Guardian-God removed, and brought within the enclosure the car and wain with the rich gifts destined for the ransom. Then Hermes revealed himself to Priam as the Guardian-God, and bade him go into the tent and clasp the knees of Achilles, and beseech him for the sake of his father Peleus, of his fair-haired mother, and of his own child, to grant the body of Hector for a ransom. Then Hermes ascending to Heaven, Priam entered the tent and found Achilles just finishing his repast of food and wine, attended by two of his myrmidons while others sat apart. Then the old king embraced Achilles' knees, and kissed those hands so fearful in battle, which had slain so many of his sons during the war. All in the tent looked on wondering, and Achilles too was astonished to see the God-like Priam at his feet, who said : "Oh, think, great Achilles, of thy aged father, who might be exposed to harm with no protector near to save him. Yet he knows with joy that thou art living, while I mourn so many of my sons—so many of the fifty in which I rejoiced until the sons of Greece landed on my coast—that I seem to have none left me now, especially since Hector so lately fell by thy hand. And it is on his behalf that I am here now to make my prayer to thee, and to pay priceless ransom. Do thou, O Achilles, reverence the Gods, and for thy dear father's sake look down with pity upon me, who bear such grief as mortal never before endured, and stoop to kiss the hand that slew my son."

Achilles, generally so indifferent to the prayers and sufferings of a prostrate foe, was touched as the memory of his old father was thus



pathetically aroused. He took the old man's hand and gently put him aside, and they both wept—the prostrate King of Troy for his son, and Achilles at the thought of his dear old father, and also of his comrade Patroclus. And when he had awhile indulged his grief he arose, and with his hand raised the old king, and addressed him gently, thus :

“Alas ! poor sorrowful old man ; thou hast indeed suffered many evils. No common grief can be thine which nerves thee to brave the dangers of a hostile camp alone, and to face me the destroyer of so many of the best of thy sons. Thy courage is like iron. But sit thou here, and bury thy sorrow deep. Fretful tears yield no fruit ; so let cureless evils be endured with patience. The Gods have so spun the fates of mortal men that they shall endure sorrow upon sorrow, without possible avoidance or remedy. On each side of Jove's high throne there stands an urn containing gifts for men, one of good, and the other of evil. From each the Lord of Heaven distributes to every man, but to one more of good, and to another more of evil, for to most he mingles both. The wretch decreed to receive the ill unmixed is cursed indeed ; outcast both of Heaven and earth, his misery is complete. But the happiness of the happiest is never complete ; it is ever found to be sooner or later mixed with woe. Thou hast had thy large share of happiness, and art now afflicted with woe. But vain is thy sorrow for thy gallant son : thou can'st not raise him from the dead.”

To whom Priam, the God-like old man, replied : “Tell me not yet to sit down, O illustrious chief ! while Hector lies uncared for on the beach, deprived of obsequies. But let me quickly see the dear corpse, and do thou accept the priceless treasures that I have brought thee. Mayest thou enjoy these riches, and safely mayest thou sail to thy father. So shall thy pity and forbearance give me yet to live in the light of Heaven.”

To whom Achilles, swift of foot, sternly replied : “Incense me not, old man, by parleying about sailing from Troy ! The body of thy son I mean to give thee ; for here not long ago my Goddess-mother came with command from high Jove to that effect. And thee too, O Priam, some God must have conducted here, well I know ; for no mortal, even in adventurous youth, would dare to enter this camp, nor hope to evade the vigilance of the watch, nor could he remove the ponderous bar that bolts the doors of my court. But stir me not to anger in my grief lest I brook thee not, and so break mighty Jove's command.”

At this flash of anger the old king trembled and was silent, and Achilles hastened from the tent accompanied by the two myrmidons who administered to him—Automedon and Alcimus—the best esteemed of all his comrades now that Patroclus was no more. These unyoked the horses and the mules, and brought the old herald into the tent and bade him sit there ; while they unloaded the costly ransom, leaving, however, two of the rich robes and a tunic to clothe the corpse that it might be returned with honour to the old king. Then Achilles gave command to the female slaves to wash the body,

and anoint it with oil, and dress it in the tunic and robes out of sight of Priam. Which being done Achilles lifted the dead with his own hand on to a couch, which his followers lifted into the wain. Then, groaning, the mighty chief called upon the shade of his friend, saying : "O Patroclus ! be not wrath with me, but forgive me, that I restore the body of that God-like Hector to his father's arms for no mean ransom."

Then he returned to his carved couch in the tent, and addressing King Priam, said : "The body of thy son is ransomed and is already placed upon the wain, that thou mayest bear it home with thee as soon as there is sufficient morning light. Meantime we must not neglect food. Even the beautiful-haired Niobe, after wasting herself with sorrow at the vengeful slaughter of all her twelve fair children, refused not strengthening food. And now, O noble old man, must thou share the meal with us, and later on, when thou art returning to Troy, renew thy mourning for thy noble son, and bewail him at home with many tears."

Then immediately the chieftain himself slaughtered a white-fleeced sheep, which his comrades flayed and dressed and fastened to the spits for roasting. Automedon shared out the bread from beautiful baskets, and Achilles, when the roast was ready, shared out the meat. And when they had done eating and drinking, the old king gazed with wonder on the majestic and God-like form of his host ; while the latter equally admired the venerable Priam, and his eloquence of speech. When the meal was finished, and they were satisfied with gazing at each other, the Trojan king thus addressed his host : "O kingly descendant of Jove, I pray you let me now rest upon a couch until the rosy morning ; for truly I have not slept nor rested since the fall of gallant Hector, but day after day have wailed and paced, and rolled in the dust and straw of a cattle-shed. Nor have I until now tasted food, or drunk of soul-soothing wine."

Then Achilles gave command to his servants and maidens that two couches should be placed in the corridor, with fair blankets of purple wool, and to strew over them tapestried rugs and cloaks, which they, moving about with torches, soon performed ; and Achilles, before dismissing his guests to their rest, said in a good-humoured tone to the king : "Thou must needs sleep without, O revered old man, lest any of the Greek chieftains calling upon me during the night to hold counsel should espy Priam within the camp, and carry the tidings to Agamemnon, which might delay the ransom ! But tell me now how long it will take thee to solemnise the funeral rites of Hector, that I and my men may withhold from fighting during the interval."

To which Priam, the God-like old king replied : "Great will be our gratitude to thee, O Achilles, if thou wilt indeed stay the war while we perform the funeral rites. Thou knowest that we must fetch our wood from the mountain forest far from the city gates, which our people might well fear to do with the enemy around our walls. Nine days would we hold solemn wail for the dead ; on the tenth burn the body and hold the public funeral feast ; on the eleventh heap up the

The guardian of her wives and helpless children !  
 Now shall they be shortly borne over the sea,  
 And with them I and thou, my child, must follow,  
 The suffering victims of some tyrant master.  
 Unless instead some Greek, burning with vengeance  
 For the death in battle of father, brother, or son,  
 Slain by Hector, whose hand was very heavy in battle,  
 Should seize thee and dash thee from the tower.  
 The people weep for thee, dear Hector !  
 And thy dear parents bewail thee day and night ;  
 But mine is the greatest loss : to me is the bitterest grief,  
 That I was not near thee dying, to grasp thy hand,  
 And in my ear to catch thy last words,  
 To be treasured ever while I mourn for thee day and night !”

Thus the widow bemoaned her loss with many tears, and when she ceased there was a chorus of wailing from all the women. After awhile Hecuba, the mother of Hector, took up the lamentation, calling him her dearest son, beloved of the Gods during his lifetime, and even after death favoured by them in that his body had been preserved from corruption—

And now liest thou here all fresh and fair and dew-besprinkled,  
 Like one by Apollo newly slain with the keen gentle arrow  
 From his silver-sounding bow—a pangless death !

Thus the mother bemoaned her loss with many tears, and took some comfort, and when she ceased speaking there was again a chorus of wailing from all the women.

Then Helen, the paramour of Paris, and cause of the Trojan war, bewailed him, calling him brother, and dearest of brethren. And when she had finished, and the third chorus of wailing was ended, Priam gave command to the people to go forth without fear of the Greeks, who would not molest them, and bring to the city a good store of fuel. He then told them of the promise of Achilles that no attack should be made upon the Trojans until the twelfth morning after that of the recovery of the body of Hector. In obedience to this command, the people yoked oxen and mules to the wains, and for nine days were engaged in carrying wood to Troy. At the dawn of the tenth day they brought forth the remains of the glorious dead, and with tears placed it upon the summit of the well-built pyre, and applied the torch. The pyre burned all day and night, and at rosy morn the people assembled around the smoking embers, which they first quenched with red wine ; then the kindred of the deceased collected the white bones, with tears trickling down their manly cheeks. These they placed in a beautiful golden urn, over which they spread a finely woven purple pall. Then they placed it in a hollow and encased it round and above with blocks of hewn stone. Upon this they raised high the mound. After which they shared the solemn funeral feast in King Priam's palace. Such were the rites paid to the remains of glorious Hector.

Thus in the interments of Patroclus and of Hector we get a clear idea of the ancient ceremony of wailing for the dead, and of the

mode of cremation prevailing in the Age of Bronze, which was as handed down from the Ages of Stone. More remarkable record of Achilles' cruel wrath in battle, is the touching recollection of tender and persistent grief for the loss of his friend Patroclus, as I have already hinted, given this simple reading of the *Iliad*, in the volume devoted to the memory of Llewellynn Jones. It may add interest to the numerous fragments of urns, bronze, and other things which he with his own hands gathered many grave-mounds, and also to such relics generally. If some say that these ancient relics, deposited with all these tears and observances, ought never to be disturbed, but should remain *situ* as sacred memorials of the ancient dead, I reply that they ceased to be memorials. Not a single record or tradition now to show what Ancient of days any one of these mounds was to commemorate; and it is better to collect and preserve them in a museum than to leave them to become, under the levelling effects of time, lost vestiges of utterly lost memorials. No longer do the bards hand down from generation to generation names and deeds of ancient Celtic warriors who used to offer sacrifices to Baal on the high places of this land, and, later on, to the victor who succeeded him. It proved all a mistake that the valiant heroes reposed upon the cold mountains should have their battles accompanied by the harp in the hall of the feast, and the wafted on the free winds of the land, so long as ever regal should be crowned with snow.

From these two instances of interment by cremation in Homer, it seems probable that the cinerary urns of the great heroes of ancient Greece were generally of gold, and have since, like the golden vessels of the East, become rich finds to the barrow-explorers of the classic land. The sculptors who still sometimes crown grave-monuments with a figure partly enveloped in drapery, little think that they are so aptly representing the cinerary urn of antiquity—in Hector's urn here described as "a beautiful golden urn, over which they had thrown a finely woven purple pall," or that of Patroclus, when, having placed his bones, they "placed them in the golden urn. Then they placed the urn into the tent of Achilles, and covered it with fair white cloths."

The high estimation of the honour which attached to a grave-mound among the ancients, may also be gathered from Book XXIV. of the "*Odyssey*," where Homer gives a conversation between the souls of Achilles and of Agamemnon in the shady Meads of Asphodel in the realm of Pluto. Achilles had fallen in battle, and his grave-mound, containing the bones of his friend Patroclus, with his own in the same golden urn, was lofty at Sigeum on the coast of the Hellespont. But Agamemnon, the Generalissimo of the allies, having escaped the perils of the long war, returned safely and was there treacherously slain by the contrivance of Clytemnestra and his friend Ægisthus. The soul of Achilles, to this miserable death, thus addresses the soul of Agamemnon:

"O Atreides, it appeared that thou above all other heroes wast most beloved of God, seeing that thou wast the acknowledged chief of so many illustrious men in the land of the Trojans, where we Grecians suffered so much. But from the first thou wast predestined to suffer a pernicious fate. It would have been better for thee to have met thy death in the war at the hand of the Trojans, while yet at the height of thy glory : then would all the Grecians have made a tomb for thee, and thou wouldst have obtained great glory for thy son hereafter."

Then the soul of Atreides, as they were gossiping in this Meadow of Asphodel, told the soul of Achilles what had happened to his body after he had fallen in the battle, and all about the rites of his funeral, and the completion of his glorious grave-mound on the shore of the Hellespont, thus : "O God-like Achilles, thou who didst fall at Troy, surrounded by fallen Trojans, and by Grecians who were slain fighting for thee ; there didst thou lie extended in the dust, forgetful of horsemanship. But we fought on, and did not cease until Jove made us stop with a whirlwind of dust. Then we brought thee from the battle-field to thy tent near the ships, and cleansing thy beautiful body with warm water, and anointing it with ointment, we laid thee upon a couch ; and around thee the Grecians shed many hot tears, and cut their hair. And thy mother, knowing what had happened, came up from the sea with her immortal train ; and the sound of divine lamentations arose over the sea and affrighted the Grecians, who were about to rush to their hollow ships, when old Nestor shouted to them to fly not and fear not, for it was but the Goddess-mother of Achilles coming from the sea with her train of immortal Nymphs of the sea to behold her dead son. Then were the Grecians restrained in their fear. And around thee, with miserable lamentations, the daughters of the Old Man of the Sea busied themselves dressing thee in immortal garments. And all the nine Muses, with beautiful voices, responded to the lamentations with words so exciting that there was not one of the Grecians tearless. During seventeen days and nights immortal Gods and mortal men mourned thee, and on the eighteenth day we placed thee on the funeral pyre, and sacrificed many fat sheep and crooked-horned oxen. And thy body was consumed in the clothing of the Gods and with abundance of ointment and honey. And while your pile was burning, many Grecian heroes, both infantry and cavalry, marched around, clashing their arms with much clamour. And when the flame of Vulcan had at length consumed thy flesh, in the morning we collected thy white bones, O Achilles ; and thy mother gave us a golden urn, the gift of Bacchus, and the work of Divine Vulcan. In this were placed thy white bones, O illustrious Achilles, with those of Patroclus, mixed together. And then the army of the Grecians heaped up a large and noble barrow around them on the promontory of the wide Hellespont, visible afar off at sea to mariners of the present day and of generations to come. And thy mother, having prayed to the Gods, arranged the funeral games in thy honour, for the contention of the chieftains of the Grecians. Thou hast been at the burial of many heroes and kings, when young

men have girded and prepared for the contests But had'st thou seen these, the contests that the Goddess, silver-footed Thetis, made for thee, thou would'st have marvelled ; for thou wast very dear to the Gods. Thus after thy death thy name and excellent fame live for ever, O Achilles, amongst all men. But for me there was not this pleasure when I had brought the war to a close. For on my return God permitted my miserable destruction under the hands of Ægisthus and my pernicious wife."

I have several times been amazed at the limited dimensions which some antiquaries assign to the ancient funeral pyre when depicting the imaginary scene of cremation in the vicinity of a barrow. Homer gives a more just idea in describing that of Patroclus and the sacrifices. It seems very probable that the kindling of these great fires first accidentally taught our ancestors the art of making pottery, and also of smelting metals from their ores. When the funeral pyre happened to be erected on a plateau of clay, the effect of fire in changing the clay to a hard pottery substance could not escape observation. And when the plateau, or the wall of cliff beside it, happened to contain ores of metals, the metals would flow under the influence of the intense heat and of the deoxidizing charcoal. Thus it is probable that the custom of cremation, with its intense fires acting upon certain soils and rocks, initiated the venerable arts of the potter and of the smith.



## The Society of Noviomagians.

*Promised on Page 236.*

THE ORIGIN OF THE JOLLY THIRTEEN.—THE STORY BY THOMAS BENNOCH, THE POET LAUREATE.—DEDICATION TO THE LORD HIGH PRESIDENT.—THE STORY BY THE PATRIARCH.—ROACH SMITH ON LONDINIUM.—THE STORY BY A GUEST.—FAIRHOLT'S AGAIN.—NOVIOMAGIAN VISIT TO STONEHENGE.—THE NOVIOMAGIAN RECORDS.—A MODEST SIMPLE-MINDED CIVIL ENGINEER.—MOMENTOUS MINUTES.



Y sources of material for a notice of the Noviomagians will be private letters, conversations with Llewellynn Jewitt, Samuel Carter Hall's "Retrospect," Roach Smith's "Retrospections," and the poet Francis Bennoch's Note to his "Sir Ralph de Rayne and Lilian Grey." From all these we learn that while the Noviomagians are very learned, very exclusive, and very brilliant, they are also a very funny set of Fellows of the Society of Antiquaries of London. It appears that a number of jolly Antiquaries some time in 1828 agreed to visit Holwood, near Keston, in Kent, and have a dig on the site of an old Roman Station, which is supposed to be that of Noviomagus. Mr. Bennoch says: "About a quarter of a mile from the Roman Works called 'Cæsar's Camp' is a tumulus, known even at the present day as the 'War Bank,' and here the party commenced operations. They discovered the foundations of a temple and several ancient stone coffins, Roman remains, etc. These were described in a paper read before the Society of Antiquaries on the 27th November, 1828, by Mr. Alfred J. Kempe, followed by another paper by T. Crofton Croker." This digging party proved so happy an association of jolly good fellows of congenial tastes that they decided to form themselves into a convivial Club or Society, and hold monthly winter evening meetings in London, not so much for scientific work as for supper or dinner and merriment. But, to satisfy their antiquarian consciences, it was decided that each of the members should produce some piece of antiquity, or something of antiquarian interest, at the meeting, to be handed round and talked about after dinner or supper. They limited their number to thirteen, and that happy society of thirteen of the most learned, choice, and witty men of the century has lasted to this day. Mr. Bennoch says: "After a meeting of the Society of Antiquaries on the 11th December, 1828, a small party interested in the matter adjourned to Cork Street, Burlington Gardens, and a

society, 'to be called the Society of Noviomagus,' was then and there instituted. The following week, the same party being present, these were elected :

T. Crofton Croker .....	President.
A. J. Kempe .....	Vice-President.
Robert Lemon .....	Treasurer.
H. Brandreth .....	Poet Laureate.
W. H. Brooke .....	Principal Artist in Ordinary.
Robert Balmanno .....	Secretary, <i>pro. tem.</i>
John Rouse... ..	Usher of the Black Rod.

"Subsequently the following gentlemen were elected :

W. Jerdan .....	Father Confessor.
W. H. Rosser .....	Secretary.
J. Bowyer Nicholls .....	Typographer.
Rev. J. Lindsay .....	Chamberlain.
Sir William Betham .....	Genealogist.
J. R. Planché .....	Dramatist.
Thomas Saunders .....	Attorney-General.
W. J. Thoms .....	Notes and Queries.
William Wansey .....	The Fishmonger.
F. W. Fairholt.. ..	The Draughtsman.

"They met every Thursday evening, after leaving Somerset House, at some convenient place in the neighbourhood, to partake of a supper, which, in those primitive days, consisted of Welsh rarebits, potatoes and butter, Glenlivat whisky, lemons, and sugar ; and at the close of the session, a trip was arranged to Keston Cross and other places of interest. The present members [1872] are :

The Lord High President ..	S. C. Hall, F.S.A.
The Baronet .....	Sir F. G. Moon, Bart, F.S.A.
The Architect.....	George Godwin, F.S.A.
The Physician .....	Dr. Stevenson, F.S.A.
The American Minister ....	Henry Stevens, F.S.A.
The Sculptor .....	Joseph Durham, F.S.A.
The ex-Sheriff.....	Charles Hill, F.S.A.
The Librarian.....	Joshua W. Butterworth, F.S.A.
The Photographer .....	Dr. Hugh Diamond, F.S.A.
The Friar .....	Edwin H. Lawrence, F.S.A.
The Absentee.....	Charles Ratcliffe, F.S.A.
The Associate .....	Wm. Chaffers, (late) F.S.A.
Treasurer, Laureate, and Acting Secretary.... }	Francis Bennoch, F.S.A.

"Thirteen, the original number of members enrolled, continues a rule of the brotherhood." From this we learn that the first two lists of members, just given, were not all members at one time. The poem to which the above is part of "Note 1" is thus dedicated : "To the Lord High President and other members of the Noviomagian Brotherhood, this Legend is Dedicated, as a remembrance of their



visit to St. Albans, July, 1869, by their Laureate." The copy\* of the book before me is a presentation, with the autograph of the author, to Mrs. S. C. Hall, who has herself written her name in it; beneath which is written, since the death of Mrs. Hall: "I give it with great pleasure to my friend W. H. Goss—S. C. HALL."—Who, as seen above, is the Lord High President to whom it was dedicated.

In his "Retrospect" Mr. Hall says, after describing the origin of the society: "Thus a social club was formed, the only qualification for membership being, as it continues to be, that the candidate must be an F.S.A. He is elected by ballot; but—the society being constituted on the topsy-turvy principle—in order to admit to its honours there must be in the voting a preponderance of 'Noes.' The society has ever since 1828 met six times in each year to dine together—originally at Wood's Hotel, Portugal Street, now at the Freemasons' Tavern, Great Queen Street. Once a year—on the first Saturday in July—there is a 'country outing,' when ladies as well as gentlemen are guests. Thus have been visited Oxford, Cambridge, Canterbury, Winchester, Windsor, St. Albans, and a score of other attractive cities and places. A brief historical and antiquarian paper is read on such occasions by one of the members.

"On the death of Croker, William Wansey became President; in 1855 I succeeded Wansey, and on my retirement in 1881, B. W. Richardson, M.D., F.R.S., succeeded me. I had continued president, elected annually, during nearly twenty-five years. It is but natural that in writing of this social club in 1883, I should lament that its past is now indeed the past—rather than find food for cheerfulness in its present. Its happier associations are for me connected with the 'long ago.'

"My later visits to the society were saddened, as I marked the vacancies caused by the departure of old friends, and foreboded the time that was not far off when I too should leave earth, and a time that *has* come when I should leave a society with which I had been associated during forty years, and during twenty-five of the forty as its President.

"The society has always been in high favour with its guests, among whom have been included a large number of the men of mark of the century—authors, artists, professors of science, eminent travellers, inventors, antiquaries, distinguished soldiers and sailors. To give a list of them, if I had the means of doing so, would be to occupy several pages of this book. My principal duty was, at each meeting, to propose the health of the visitors, and to do so in terms that painted each in colours the very reverse of truth; for the governing and peculiar rule of the society is that a speaker shall say what he does not mean, and mean what he does not say. This rule gave rise to much 'fun,' as will be readily credited when it is considered who the guests of the society were, and often led to keen and happy contests of wit between assailant and assailed. As, however, the society duly

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\* "Sir Ralph de Rayne and Lilian Grey;" Strahan and Co, 56, Ludgate Hill, London, 1872.

remembers its origin, and does not consider the sole object of its existence to be that its members may make merry, it is a rule that each, at every meeting, shall produce some object of antiquarian interest, to be handed round, explained, and commented upon, after the dinner.

"The period of my fullest love and honour for the society must therefore be dated back some years. For a long period it was a fruitful source of enjoyment to me, and in taking leave of the subject of my connection with it, I can, at least, say this—that in resigning my seat to Dr. Richardson, I was succeeded in office by a man of all others I would have selected for that honour. May he hold it as long as I did—nearly a quarter of a century.

"Alas! in carrying back my thoughts to the days of my earliest connection with the society, the mournful exclamation that forces itself from me is—

'All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.'

"The present hon. secretary is Henry Stevens, F.S.A. His predecessors were George Godwin, F.S.A., and Frederick William Fairholt, F.S.A. The hon. treasurer is Francis Bennoch, F.S.A. The principal duty of the secretary is to read at a meeting the 'minutes' of the meeting preceding, to preserve a careful record of all the 'jokes,' to make note of the various 'curios' exhibited, and especially to misrepresent, as far as possible, what any member or guest had said.

"It is worth stating that four of the members are total abstainers, the Lord High President being one of the most powerful existing advocates of that 'reform'—a physician in large practice, universally respected, having the regard as well as respect of patients, many of whom are, in a Noviomagian sense, very profitable customers.

"On the 17th of January, 1883, it was my happy privilege to dine with the society as—then and now—its 'Grand Patriarch.' I quoted the lines of Moore—

'When I remember all  
The friends long linked together,  
I've seen around me fall  
Like leaves in wintry weather—'

"I did not add the lines—

'I feel like one who treads alone,  
Some banquet-hall deserted,  
Whose lights are fled, whose garlands dead,  
And all but he departed.'

"The existing members—many of whom occupy high positions in letters and art—gave me the cordial greeting I anticipated, and was justified in anticipating."

Mr. Roach Smith in that section of his "Retrospections" called "Roman London" in Vol. I., speaks of the Society of Noviomagians, and I will make that an excuse to enrich this book with a free quotation from those very interesting pages :

"As many of my readers have not ready access to the *Archæologia* and other antiquarian publications, I will endeavour to give them a

faint notion of discoveries which have thrown some light on the state of London under the Romans. Of the vast crowds who daily fill the streets of the Metropolis, like bees in a hive or ants upon a hillock on a summer's day, not one in a million knows or cares to know the history of the place he so anxiously labours in. Their thoughts do not wander beyond the present, and even in that their souls are devoted only to business; their concern is simply for what will bring them in the most money. They are not taught to think beyond; and thus the faculty of thinking beyond selfish and animal gratifications, having never been exercised, becomes for them almost or quite extinguished. As what is now has ever been, it is no wonder that the few who have inquiring minds and are educated to know the present through the past, find themselves without guides. London is connected with the history of the introduction of civilization into Britain. It was ever the metropolis of the province; the chief seat of the government; subjected to calamities such as no cities were free from; yet never desolated. Whatever may have been the disasters to which it was subjected, the inhabitants clung to the soil; and the great depth at which what we call the Roman level is found, speaks of continued populousness, trade and extended commerce. In no one year can we imagine London without a municipal government. It is probable that the Romans found it a place resorted to by foreign merchants, which, with its commanding situation, caused them to adopt it for the central management of newly subjected Britain.

"The extent of the original city was less circumscribed than the later, which is defined by the line of wall yet to be traced in fragments, with the sites of its gates, Ludgate, Newgate, Aldersgate, Moorgate, Bishopsgate, Aldgate; and Bridgegate and Dowgate on the side of the Thames. The wide space taken into the new circumvallation was, in part, devoted to cemeteries by the sides of the main roads, a portion of which nearest the city being assigned to the most honourable or influential families. Some of their monuments have been brought to light under very remarkable circumstances. It has been ascertained that, to a large extent, the later city wall was constructed of materials which had previously been used in public buildings; and also of sepulchral monuments of a superior kind. I much doubt if we are justified in believing that the latter had gone to decay and were useless as memorials; and therefore assigned to the builders. Human nature was then as we see it now, and expediency would overrule sentiment, as it always does. The most natural explanation seems to be that the rulers in Londinium ordered their destruction as memorials; and applied them as materials for the new city wall. They had, no doubt, a plausible pretext at hand; just as at the present day we see churches pulled down, churchyards desecrated, and tombs and gravestones in the churches themselves destroyed or removed whenever they are in the way of so-called improvements. Generation after generation presses on, busy about the concerns of its brief tenure of life, as regardless of what has gone before as of what will come after.

"The recent discovery of leaden *ossuaria* on the premises of the

Messrs. Tyler, near Newgate Street ; former discoveries in Moorgate Street, Bishopsgate Within ; and that in Bow Lane of a skeleton with a coin of Domitian in its mouth, point, without doubt, to a period anterior to the erection of the city wall, commonly known as London Wall. The extensive building with rich tessellated pavements, which was cut through in Paternoster Row, may have been a suburban villa, subsequently enclosed. The discoveries on the site of the Royal Exchange, described fully in my *Illustrations of Roman London*, are also conclusive of the gradual extension of the Roman city. It has been inconsiderately asserted that Roman London did not contain buildings of a high architectural order. It is probable that they did not vie with those of the chief cities in the south of Gaul ; but it is absurd to jump to conclusions with such meagre evidence as is presented to those who have had no other but casual opportunities for judging on such a subject. A glance at the Museum formed by the present Corporation of London, at the collections in the British Museum, and attention to what has been published, will dispel all doubts about the state of Londinium, and show that the population was large, wealthy, and not wanting in taste and refinement ; an average population worthy the most extensive city in the province.

“When I came to reside in Lothbury, excavations for the City Improvements had commenced for some time ; including the approaches to the new London Bridge, which supplied Mr. Kempe for his interesting Paper in the *Archæologia*, printed not very long before he introduced himself to me. At that time deep cuttings were being made on the west of the Bank of England, along Moorgate Street and in Lothbury. Previously I had no opportunity of seeing, or knowing of them. Now I was brought face to face with circumstances destined to give tone and character to my future life. Of course I became at once a collector ; and something more ; I studied what I collected. I was soon able to correct Mr. Kempe in a notion he had formed on some of the inscribed stamps of the red lustrous ware, incorrectly called Samian, and to convince him that they were wholly the names of potters ; and that the pottery was imported into this country. His general views were correct ; as, indeed, they were on all the various subjects on which he wrote. I visited him when he resided in Rodney Buildings, New Kent Road. In his garden I noticed a very fine antique marble bust, life-size, of Marcus Aurelius, which he subsequently presented to me. I cleaned it from paint, and found it in good preservation, but wanting the nose. This was restored by the able sculptor Mr. Nixon ; and then I transferred the bust to the mansion of Lord Londesborough.

“As, in a short time, my collection of Roman antiquities from the excavations increased, Mr. Kempe asked me to write an account of them for the Society of Antiquaries. This I willingly did. The Paper, addressed to him, was read, being accompanied by an exhibition of most of the objects described. It was so well received that I at once became introduced personally to the leading Fellows of the Society. With Messrs. Brandreth, Corner, and Rosser, I ever

remained on the most friendly terms. After the sittings of the Society, they and a few more, with their visitors, used to meet at 'The Dog,' in Holywell Street, and discuss the various matters that had been brought before the society. These adjournments from Somerset House were agreeable and intellectual, and they often served, in various ways, to assist the Society; and likewise to bring together members of a newly formed select society called the Noviomagian, from discoveries made by Messrs. Kempe and Crofton Croker near Holwood, which, they considered, had revealed the site of the Noviomagus of the *Itinerary* of Antoninus. This Society yet exists; but with only a very few, if any, of its original members. [1883.]

"Mr. Kempe was so well satisfied with the reception of the Paper and with the favourable impression I had made, that he shortly after urged me to become a candidate for a fellowship, assuring me that there was no doubt of my being cordially received."

But the young candidate for the fellowship, although very strongly supported, was also opposed to such an extent that Sir Henry Ellis, the acting secretary, suggested the propriety of withdrawing the certificate and waiting awhile. And Roach Smith says: "Here comes an episode worth recording, because it bears on, and shows the importance of, forming character in early life. Who could have supposed that my good report in Chichester would be of use to me in the hour of need in the heart of London? Yet it was of use, and on this very occasion. At a meeting of the Noviomagian Society the intended opposition and the cause were being discussed, when one of the members, Mr. John Newman, of the Bridge House, said: 'I know a little more, gentlemen, of this young man than you do; I knew him at Chichester; and have heard a good report of him from that place; and I will do all I can for him.' He then invited the whole Society to meet me at dinner, for the express purpose of securing their votes, as most of them were Fellows of the Society of Antiquaries, and the votes of their friends and acquaintance. . . . It was at this dinner party I first met Mr. Crofton Croker, Mr. Jerdan, Mr. Bowyer Nicholls, Mr. Smee of the Bank of England, and others. The result was that I was elected by one of the largest majorities ever known in a ballot of the Society. . . . Some years ago the Noviomagian Society visited Cobham Hall, and I went there to meet them. When I arrived, they were departing to dine at Gravesend, and I was pressed to join them. I declined, as, on leaving home, I said I should be back at an early hour. Alderman Moon was asked to persuade me; and I could but smile at his bland and flattering compliments; persuasive but unavailing. Mr. Corner then took me aside and reminded me of a certain occasion when the society had done me some little service. I at once got into one of the carriages; gratitude conquered; I broke my word (it was not registered in heaven) and resigned myself to white-bait, champagne, and old friends."

Now let Fairholt once more speak in this book. In the Appendix to Vol. I. of Mr. Roach Smith's charming "Retrospections," from

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which I have just been quoting, he gives the following from his diary :

## "MY JOURNEY BOOK.

"F. W. Fairholt, 11, Montpelier Square, Brompton

"June 23rd, 1849.—My birthday. Visited Mr. S. C. Crofton Croker, Addlestone, near Chertsey, Surrey. Went to Hill ; and saw, at Chertsey, the bronze dish described by the *Archæologia* as Runic. It looks very modern; and like a Russian inscription. Afterwards visited Walton-on-Thames through Oatlands Park (now let on building leases) and the obelisk erected here to the memory of the Duchess of Devonshire, the one which formerly stood in the midst of the Seven Dials, which support the dials from which that degraded London local name. The top stone, with the dials, is now in a public place.

"June 30th.—The anniversary of the Noviomagian Club. I have now been some years a member. We breakfasted at Crofton Croker at his house, 3, Gloster Road, Old Brompton. The society has now been founded twenty-one years, and our first meeting of antiquaries at Keston Heath, in Kent, at which A. J. Kempe presided, on the opening of some ruins and an account of which is published in the *Archæologia*. Together with a few friends of congenial tastes was found to be very pleasant, that it was determined to meet in London in a club (named after the Roman Station, Noviomagus, at Keston) founded at Wood's Hotel, Portugal Street, Lincoln's Inn. Croker, President. To-day we visited Hampton Court, consisting of myself, Croker, Godwin, Stevenson, Saunderson (Comptroller), all members; Mrs. Croker, her son, Mr. B. Croker, architect, visitors. We were joined at Hampton Court by a number of friends, and afterwards dined at the Star and Garter, Richmond House.

Here is a little hurried note from Fairholt to Samuel C. Crofton Croker, without date, as usual: "24, Montpelier Square, Tuesday. Hall,—What is to be done about Noviomagus? I called at the office last week, but you had flown to Liverpool. You told me you would be home to-day. Lemon has just called. I don't know what you call it. HILL is now President. I had a note from Chambers a day ago, saying that he was coming to us more. I believe Durham will also be here. I must get some one in my place, as I shall be away till the March. I am now working against time, and shall not be here all this season. I am nervously worried at present, but more so when I see you. It seems as if all things conspired against my journey. So, of course, I shall redouble every effort. Yours, F. W. F." Thus he fought against "all things" that stood in the way of his start for Egypt.

Here are later letters from another famous Noviomagian, Samuel C. Crofton Croker, July, 1885. My dear Hall,—Many thanks for your notes and pages of Noviomagian reminiscences taken from your wonderful

Your ears ought to have tingled on Saturday night about 8 30, when I had the important duty cast upon me of proposing the health of our absent members, the chief of whom was the 'Grand Patriarch,' whose name I need not mention. We had a most interesting visit. For years we have contemplated a visit to Salisbury, Old Sarum, and Stonehenge, all of which we have at last accomplished! The only wonder is how we could have put it off so long. The weather was perfect, the air delicious, and the company very agreeable. Richardson, Stevens, Lawrence, Bayliss, and the Laureate were there with two or three others of whom you know nothing. But with our wives we managed to enjoy ourselves, there being seventeen, all told," etc.

"5th September, 1885. My dear Hall,—After five weeks among the hills of Wales, we returned home last night; and my first visit this afternoon was to 24, Stanford Road; but the bird was flown. . . . We were sadly shocked, and you must have been greatly grieved to learn of the death of your old friend Col. Ratcliff. During our brief absence three of our friends have passed away! How our interests change with time. At one time we looked to see how many, and who, were married! Then to ascertain who were born. Now I confess I confine my attention to the obituary! And every week announces the loss of some one of our friends more or less remote. Happily we are both all the better for our breathing the fresh air, our residence being 1,200 feet above sea-level, and the weather was delightful. I only opened my umbrella twice during nearly five weeks. When you have done with your galavanting I suppose you will settle down for awhile. You can go to Bath, but you cannot get to Tavistock Square!!! We had a charming visit to Salisbury; the weather was perfect; and at dinner you were duly remembered by the Brotherhood of Noviomagus. But such a neighbourhood requires a week to do it justice. Trusting you will be able to give a good report of yourself, in which my wife unites and sends her love. I am, ever, jealously yours," etc.

"22nd July, 1886. My dear Hall,—I write at a venture, but suppose, and hope, you are at home, to thank you for the paper containing your admirable sketch of Bath. We go into Leicestershire on Friday for a couple of weeks, and after a week's rest at home, we are half disposed to accept the invitation of our old friend Lady Beaumont to visit her for two or three weeks at Drishane Castle, which is only fifteen miles from your beautiful Killarney. Then we go to your famous Bath for a month at least, mainly for my wife's health. Of course I can come to town when necessary. So we are pretty full until the end of September. Happily we are wonderfully well. I was so sorry you could not even come to meet our old friend Tupper, Mr. Phelps the American Minister, and Russell Lowell, a month ago. It was a joyous gathering and only required you to make it perfect. Our friend Lady Elphinstone, whose friendship I made through my good friend the late Sir Erasmus Wilson, declared that in all her experience she never enjoyed a meeting half so much. My wife is shouting 'Supper waits!' so of course I must drop my pen! With

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our united love, I am," etc. "The old members of Noviomagus contributing towards the Memorial to our late friend Steve you know for fear you might scold me if kept in ignorance."

This is, of course, from another pen: "49, Upper Bedford Square, W.C., 22nd November, 1887. The Recorder of Noviomagus was requested by the Citizens at their opening on Wednesday last, officially to inform the Patriarch that considered it an appropriate occasion to convey their kind remembrance. And they further desired the recently elected officer to add the name of S. C. H. is frequently mentioned by them, and they wish him to know that he is not forgotten at their meeting. The Treasurer informed the Brotherhood that he had received an interesting letter from the Patriarch, which, unfortunately, he was at home, but which he would read at the next meeting of the Brotherhood."

Again, from the same address and pen: "23rd December. The Recorder of Noviomagus has been requested to convey to the Patriarch the information that his letter to the Treasurer was with much pleasure at the meeting on Wednesday, and that his kind feelings were expressed."

Here is one more letter from the previous writer to the Patriarch: "28th January, 1888. My dear Friend,—Thanks for your sympathetic letter. Our dear friend's departure is a sad loss. Only three days ago he was at the Art Union, greatly shaken and very weak, to take the chair when he retired, and I felt as if I should like to see him again. He was, nevertheless, very cheery, and I arranged that he should call upon you on some early day. We are both well considering the changeable weather, and considering too that we are in the fiftieth year of married life, which we shall complete on the 28th day of June, if we live so long. I was in Paris ten days last week, and we had bright sunshine all the time, with a cold—breeze. My wife sends her love and makes me the through which she conveys her tenderness to another! I am shocking?" etc.

A few days ago, before I had read what I have since quoted a few pages back—from Mr. Hall's "Retrospect" as to the duty of the Secretary being "to preserve a careful record of all the jokes and sayings which have been uttered at the meetings of the Society," I had been wondering whether such a record had been kept, and Mr. Roach Smith asking the question, who replied: "I was not a member of the Noviomagian Society or Club. Mr. Hall is, and he could tell you if any records are now kept. All I can say is that their meetings are intellectual picnics." I therefore wrote to my friend The Patriarch, something to this effect: ". . . I have been told that Mr. Roach Smith had been a Noviomagian, and wrote last year enquiring if the society had kept a regular record of their sayings and doings, as such must be a very valuable book, or series of books. He replies that he never was a member and I must ask you if such a record has not been kept, what a pity! And if it has, where is the treasure! And why not publish it, and conjure down a good deal of gold with it? It must contain the combined wit and learning of the members of the Society."



wittiest and most learned men of the century, drawn out under circumstances most favourable to its brilliancy—the polish that diamond gives diamond ; and what a store of diamond-polished diamonds there must be ! Pray assure me that these precious records exist,” etc.

This is the reply received from him by return of post—this morning, 30th November, 1888 : “ My dear friend Goss,— . . . One day I shall have a long letter to write you concerning the Society of Noviomagus. Mr. Roach Smith was never a member ; which I wonder at—for his friend Fairholt was for several years the secretary. I was, as you know, its president for nearly twenty-five years. At every meeting minutes were made of anything that occurred worth recording—any bit of wit—any odd story. These records are somewhere ; an abstract would be surely worth collecting and printing. I remember, and at this moment recall one. Among the guests was a simple-minded civil engineer, of high professional rank. One of the members had brought, to show us, a ticket-of-leave—a formal document. It was my business to persuade the modest civil engineer that the ticket-of-leave was *his*, and that two policemen in plain clothes were waiting to arrest him on his leaving the hotel (the Ship at Charing Cross) at which we were dining. He looked and seemed seriously frightened, and really thought I was in earnest. When the evening was over, and we dispersed, he took my arm, and seemed to think he was safer under my protection,” etc. Now would it not have been a better joke still—a truly Noviomagian joke—could it have been shown that this modest, simple-minded civil engineer was, after all, an exceedingly droll and funny fellow himself, and that he was a Noviomagian of Noviomagians in deceiving them all, by “ making believe ” that he was seriously frightened ; and finished the joke cleverly, without a smile, by acting as one of the said policemen in plain clothes, when he took the arm of the Lord High President as he was leaving the hotel, and so arrested his Lordship himself as the delinquent ticket-of-leave man ? Possibly the civil engineer was too modest to confess this his cleverness to the exalted personage thus captured ; but had he done so, nobody would have enjoyed the fun of the thing more than the Lordly victim of this very modest and very civil engineer of high rank in his profession.

So let this view of it also be placed on record, as truly Noviomagian.

I think I have said that Llewellynn Jewitt was sometimes the guest of the Noviomagians, and I am sure he would never be a mere listener there. I remember that on one occasion when he was talking to me about this society he suddenly called me some frightful names, and when I looked at him his excuse was that he had only paid me the very highest of Noviomagian compliments.

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Since the foregoing has been in type, but prior to its pagination, I have been favoured by a distinguished Noviomagian with the “ Minutes ” reported by the present Recorder, Mr. T. F. Dillon Croker, F.S.A.—son of the late distinguished antiquary, Thomas Crofton

Crocker, F.S.A.—on the occasion of his appointment to the place of the late Henry Stevens, F.S.A. :

“ The momentous Minutes of the State of Noviomagus, by the ‘Recorder,’ 21st April, 1886.

“ My Lord High, Fellow-Citizens and honored Guests, pledging with thanks, and anticipating I may say rather prematurely the compliment that I heard was to be paid me this evening me the Secretaryship, and which I assure you I value most have put together a few notes which with your Lordship’s will now proceed to read. My first entry is a sad one—one—on taking the office of Secretary of Noviomagus, which so-recently-fledged a citizen as myself may well hesitate especially when coming after one whose playful wit, and, whose kindness of heart endeared him to his friends in general to the state of Noviomagus in particular. I allude to the loss we have sustained in the death of our dear old friend Henry. How we shall miss and lament his genial presence, his cheerfulness and his boy-like quips and cranks! To slightly paraphrase from Othello, he has done the state great service, well we ever ready to impart information and generally exhibiting a large volume on these occasions, thus keeping up the dignity and *raison d’être* of our Society—his minutes at the same time brim-full of fun and good-humoured satire, worthy of that ‘Boy.’ He was as has been truly stated, ‘a book lover,’ but also the lover of his fellow-men, by whom he was in turn loved. His judgment was ever sound and his friendship lasting. His knowledge of the dead languages was deep and profound—producing often lively sallies from his facile pen—witness the reference to the ‘lost Books of Livy’ in his famous programme for the Noviomagus proceedings in 1879, in which he so pleasantly discourses, in a simple and humorous manner of Noviomagus, the once great ruined and unknown City supposed to have existed in Ancient Britain a year *One*.

“ If the spirits of those gone from us be permitted to reappear, ‘pale glimpses of the moon,’ as some of us believe, our spirits will certainly with us to-night in ‘spirit guise,’ and though the State of Noviomagus may be for the time o’ershadowed, I feel confident it would have been his own earnest desire that we should hold this evening in the usual Noviomagian fashion, by combination of wit with wisdom. I have received some verses written by a friend and will with your permission quote the concluding lines :

‘ Let’s pledge thy mem’ry in a bumper glass,  
And think you with us as the wine we pass;  
Dream that when e’er our Club shall meet again  
Your spirit’s with us—ours to sustain;  
Dream that our ‘Mountain Boy’ of Vermont green  
Rejoices with us—though alas! unseen.’

“ In my feeble endeavour to carry out duties so ably performed hitherto, if I stumble I hope that those higher in authority will forgive me up and set me on my legs again, or may I be permitted to

my marrow-bones—they having been so long the *standing* dish of Noviomagus. A too sanguine Citizen said to me—or if he did not exactly use these words he said something like them—‘Screw your courage to the sticking place’—that may be all very well in theory, my Lord High, but I have sometimes observed that the sticking place is just where so many persons stick. The equilibrium of what I am pleased to call my mind has been somewhat upset by the suddenness of the appointment without the option of a fine, however, to borrow a couplet from Thackeray in acknowledging an invitation to one of our dinners :

‘I accept with duty and obajience  
The invitation of the Noviomagians.’

“On entering upon a new office, one not unnaturally likes to know something of its duties. I have been enlightened to a very limited extent. I have however, as you will perceive, done something towards the Minutes, I have brought the Book with me wherein to enter them, and I have jotted down a few remarks that have occurred to me, but I can at the same time assure you that the Minutes are of no moment, indeed they are of such a trivial nature—they are so minute—that were I a vendor of Oysters, instead of a sedate Noviomagian Officer, I should be disposed to call them ‘seconds’—still Noviomagians are tied by no rule. Why should one chronicle small beer? What would be the good of recording that one speaker made some ridiculous remarks to which no one paid the least attention? Although no Novio. should put down, or accept aught in malice, neither should there be any occasion to add words by way of extenuation.

“So far as I am aware, the only minutes considered worthy of being printed, were those of 1844–5, once priced by Russell Smith, the eminent Bibliopole, at £1 5s., as excessively rare, he never having seen another copy, although one which was brought to the hammer some years since only realized the insignificant sum of two shillings, which shows that there is a difference of opinion as to the value of our proceedings. At our last dinner, which took place on the 17th of last February, to our shame be it spoken there was a small party of, I think, five, which caused the general though somewhat frivolous remark, unworthy of such a learned company, of ‘What, five! Oh five, for shame!’ there being what an Irishman would describe as ‘a plentiful scarcity of Citizens.’

“What we lacked in quantity however was fully made up in quality, both as regarded the wit and the viands. To the latter at all events full justice was done. The Lord High did not show up, and from being *overdue* he quickly became *missed*. The Poet Laureate had therefore regretfully to order dinner without the presence of that exalted personage—thus ignoring in one sense only, his favourite Scotch motto, ‘Dinna forget.’ The absence of State Physician Extraordinary may possibly have been caused by his wandering in fresh woods and *Pasteurs* new—that is to say in his going to the dogs, but that cur-sory remark is mere surmise. All honor to the Public Orator who being voted unanimously to fill the vacant chair did his duty like

a true and loyal Citizen as he is. Should he say 'No'—well, he is a modest No-viomagian, and we all know how modest they are. He orated at such a rate that—it is against our rules to compliment therefore on his own merit he being a modest Citizen, since I must be neither a valuer nor a praiser, I'll be dumb-in-it rather than be definite.

"There were some very brilliant things said. No note was taken of them at the time, so it is to be feared that they will be for ever buried in oblivion. The toast of our parent Society of 'Anti quere ones' was of course duly honored, other toasts were likewise drunk, but the drinkers so far as I myself could tell at that stage of our proceedings kept tolerably sober—that is to say they retained their balance. The Treasurer exhibited his closed book of accounts, in which *he* balances by *ledger de main*. None having ever had the least notion how it's done. The manner in which he has always contrived to insinuate himself into our confidence is certainly very extraordinary. As usual without opening his book he declared unblushingly (also as usual) that the accounts had not been audited, and that they never should be—nevertheless retaining the coin to our *ad-vantage*.

"There was another item in the evening's proceedings to which it is high time I referred, and which I had almost forgotten. A poor misguided Citizen was encouraged to give some imitations (so-called) of a dramatic nature, which seemed to be taken for granted by those who were possibly not acquainted with the originals: he however succeeded in taking himself off soon afterwards, which effort was considered by every one present to be a success, somewhat of a relief, and the best thing he could do under the circumstances.

"And now having really nothing more to add to this lame and impotent—or should I rather say impudent—record of the sayings and doings of the 17th of last February—a record unworthy the name of minutes—I throw myself on the indulgence of the State, hoping that I may not be pelted with those Oranges or Nuts which I see so temptingly, so artistically, and I may add so suggestively displayed near me. I think it is just possible that I may at least be spared that humiliation, although as Hamlet very forcibly puts it, 'use every man after his *desert*, and who should scape?'

"T. F. DILLON CROKER, Recorder."



## PART THE SECOND.

"THE SON OF A STAR," BY DR. BENJAMIN WARD RICHARDSON, F.R.S., F.S.A., THE LORD HIGH PRESIDENT OF NOVIOMAGUS, ETC.—THE EMPEROR HADRIAN IN LOW SPIRITS.—HE VISITS NOVIOMAGUS.—"SALUTI AUGUSTI!"—THE CITIZENS HIGHLY INTEREST CÆSAR, ROUSE HIM UP, AND DO HIM GOOD, VIZ.: THE LORD HIGH PRESIDENT, ÆDES, BENIGNUS, CROCUS, BALAS, DIVENTUS, BULLIENS, RECTUS, HILARUS, LAURENTIUS, PHŒNICIUS, LYRICUS, AND PEREGRINUS.—PATRIARCHUS.—TRISTUS.—AN ARMY AND ITS GENERAL ALL DROWNED IN CROSSING A RIVER.—A SONG BY THE LORD HIGH "TO ABSENT FRIENDS."—MENDAX.—THE LATE STEPHANUS.—THE WONDERFUL DISCOVERIES OF PHŒNICIUS THE TRAVELLER.—HADRIAN CÆSAR SINGS A SONG—"MY HEART'S DESIRE."—CROCUS MIMICS ALL THE CÆSARS.—AN EXPRESS FROM ROME FOR THE EMPEROR, WHO HURRIES AWAY FROM NOVIOMAGUS.—"AVE CÆSAR!"—LIST OF THE PRESENT CITIZENS OF NOVIOMAGUS.—THE LEGEND OF PARADISE.



AM once more, curiously, just in time for another important interpolation here, again just before the pagination of last corrected "proof" of that section which will now follow this. Having received information yesterday—December 14th, 1888—from the learned Recorder of Noviomagus, that the Lord High President, Mr. Hall's successor, had published a book entitled "The Son of a Star," containing a Noviomagian chapter, I telegraphed for a copy, which is now promptly before me. The work is a wonder, which is no wonder, for it is the work of a wonderful man.\* It is a romance of the second century, full of interest, and knowledge, and profound naturalness, as well as exalted art. The only part I have to do with, however, is very cleverly unnatural, for the chapter is headed "The Noviomagians," and is the fifth of the second volume, and I have special permission from the author—the "Lord High"—to make use of it. The Emperor Hadrian is a personage of the wonderful story, and is returning from the north of Britain, from an inspection of the great wall. The Emperor is a hypochondriac, and "Towards the close of their journey from Eboracum to Londinum Hadrian is seized anew with one of the attacks of depression of mind which form so painful

\* "The Son of a Star, a Romance of the Second Century," by Benjamin Ward Richardson, in three volumes. London: Longmans, Green, and Co., 1888.

a part of his life. . . . By the time he reaches Lond malady of depression has so much increased that it is venture even to approach this master of the legions." A ho who is the attendant of Cæsar, in the disguise of Antinous, bearer, "chants to him some of her exquisite native psalmodies, translated into purest Latin verse. He listens of vacant wonder and pleasure, but it does him no good in Then his physician Tryphon tries to administer hellebore, suspicious hypochondriac will not take it, fearing poison. will Cæsar adopt Tryphon's advice to hunt, or to sail down river Thamesis, or to witness races, or a fight in the arena could intensely divert him, and lift him out of himself for day," Tryphon declares, "he would possibly be cured. If he will soon crave to die." . . .

"In this dilemma the merry Tinnius Rufus, of all men lea to give a prescription as these wiser heads think, comes in that is as gold to tin compared with all that has been suggest viously. 'Why not coax him to go to Noviomagus, the city a of the new magicians?' This is the prescription of Rufus a beard. While on the march Rufus has already told them son about this singular place, and now he is asked more about it them more. Noviomagus is not farther than sixty stadii, abo British miles, a mere two hours' march, to the south-west of tl at Londinum. It is mainly a Roman colony; its people, harmless, are great scholars and searchers into ancient myster antiquities; but they have an extraordinary fashion, they do eve by contraries, and the results are rapturous. The suggest splendid, but how is it to be carried out? Easily carried ou citizen of Noviomagus who presides over the little community Lord High President of the State, is a friend of Rufus, a invited him to a banquet of the State, which is the greatest pe of all. Why should not Hadrian, as a simple soldier compa the camp of Cæsar, go with him to the banquet? The Tryphon introduces the proposal to Cæsar with so much art plot is seized with actual avidity. He does not press Cæsar to merely tells him about the place, and gradually intimates tha in his jovial kind of way has said how droll it would be Emperor were to accompany him to the banquet, an event as as that a star should fall or a general earthquake break up earth. The true word spoken in jest is, in this instance, pr the letter; the day for the Noviomagian banquet arrives, and with a single companion, a common Roman soldier, is away towards Noviomagus, the State of the new magicians.

"The two cross the great river Thamesis in a galley, and through a wooded plain begin to ascend a height from wh camp at Londinum is seen by them lying to the north-east in beauty. The effect of the change on the mind of Hadrian is time well marked. The brisk exercise, the rattling tongue of the newness of the scenery, the expectation of what is soon t

have the best influence over the Emperor. It is as if a dense cloud were lifted from him ; he begins again to like companionship, and to find a happier speech. He becomes enthusiastic about the camp at Londinum. 'What a site it is,' he exclaims, 'for a mighty city, with that river equal to four Tibers at least flowing towards the ocean in such gallant style. One day this may become the emporium of the world.'

"Rufus listens incredulously, but respectfully. He is glad to see the marked change in his master, and rattles away more merrily than ever. They make a little detour in order to avoid a camp to the east of them, and turning briskly round, and marching nearly due west, they come in sight of the temple or minor Parthenon, dedicated to Minerva, which marks the centre of the Noviomagian territory, in the very heart of the Regni of Britain.

"For some of the singularities of the Noviomagian citizens Hadrian has already been prepared. He has been advised that if he were forbidden the banquet ever so sternly he was still to take his place, because the more decisively he was forbidden the more eagerly was he welcomed. He is told that in Noviomagus every man [of the banqueters] holds an office, except one, who, representing every person not in office, is designated the Regular Citizen ; and he is made fully conversant by his merry comrade with the grade and genius of every officer. No other story could have delighted so much the present childish mind of the Cæsar. It is school-boy days once more. He marvels what sort of men the Noviomagians will be to look at when he mixes with them. Will they really be grown-up men ? When at last he does meet them in the ante-room of the Temple, he finds them all grown-up men, and very like other men of the graver Roman type ; men well dressed, of good manners, and, when they choose, of learned speech. Although Rufus is known to them all, they pretend not to recognise him, and order him and his doubtful friend away, with many curt and severe observations on their intrusive impertinence. Tinnius Rufus and his comrade heed them not in the least. On the contrary, they make themselves quite at home, and assume, on their parts, that they are the masters of the situation, and that their hosts are impudent intruders into their domain. The Noviomagians, charmed with the sublime impertinence of the soldier-friend and companion of Rufus, ask aside of Rufus : 'Who is this merry fellow of yours ? Really who is he ?' And, amidst roars of laughter, Rufus answers in the plainest language he can speak, 'Cæsar.'

"They accept, as the finest joke that ever has been played off in Noviomagus, this incredible reality, and at once in mock dignity address the stranger as if he really were Cæsar. Rufus trembles for a moment as having gone too far, but observing that the person most concerned is infinitely amused by it, and prepared to play out his part thoroughly, he keeps up the deception.

"The banquet is served in the new fashion, with the guests sitting at the table, and Cæsar is put in the place of honour by the side of,

and on the right-hand of the Lord High President, the place designed for Rufus until this greater man was declared by Rufus himself.

"At the close of the banquet the President, as a first duty, rises in his place, lights a taper which gives forth a pleasant odour and throws off rings of smoke as he waves it, and with all the company rising to their feet proclaims: 'Saluti Augusti!' 'To the health of Cæsar!' It is the common mode of reverence and recognition of the omnipresent Emperor from the time of Augustus Cæsar. About this act of devotion there is no joke in Noviomagus; it is one of the two serious parts of the Noviomagian performances. Hadrian is so much touched by the sincerity of this act that he conceals his real self with difficulty. For the first time since his elevation he has witnessed, behind his own back as it were, how he is revered. He does not rise with the others to his feet. Splendid! 'Cæsar must not rise to Cæsar.' Of course not. He might have been a Noviomagian from his cradle, he plays his part so well. Step by step he begins to learn, in detail, the names of all the great Noviomagian fraternity and their qualifications.

Ædes, the general in command of the forces of the State, is represented as having been selected to that office because of his surpassing peacefulness of disposition. He knows nothing of the soldier's art, and is so timid that he ran away the first and only time in his life when his courage was tested. The story is well told, but Hadrian sees through it and admires the spare generalissimo of the mimic state so much that if the wife and children of that hero were diviners they might forecast an anxious farewell in store for them.

"Benignus, who combines in himself the two offices of Laureate and Treasurer, is, as his name implies, of benign and yet of merry countenance. Rufus approves him much, and all the company hold him in great reverence. On important occasions he writes a poem, and he is an entertainer of poets of other cities and countries. But his grand office in Noviomagus is that of collector of taxes and keeper of the State treasury. Of these taxes he refuses to give any record whatsoever. His word, he says, must be his bond. By the laws of the State the Treasurer may be able to write, but he must not be able to read.

"Crocus, the learned Recorder or Secretary of the State, is a very different personage. He is small, quick, and at the beginning serious. As time advances he becomes intensely witty, and his report of the last meeting is listened to by all with the utmost amusement. Crocus narrates the doings of the State well, but the best art he possesses is that of imitation of the style and manner of great orators, statesmen, poets, and princes. By a fundamental law, it is ordained that the Recorder may be able to read, but he must not be able to write. These particular laws, that the Treasurer must not be one who is able to read, and the Recorder not one who is able to write, are of immense value. They prevent the Treasurer from reading up any extravagant ideas on the subject of political economy, and they prevent



the Recorder from committing to paper or parchment any secrets or mysteries of the State, that ought to be concealed.

"Balas, the Public Orator, has been originally elected to his post because of his utter inability to put two consecutive sentences together. Such, however, is the perversity of human nature that this Noviomagian, called Balas because he was at first only able to bleat out a little speech, has become, by the many calls made upon him to expound Noviomagian oracles, such a fine orator that there is now a standing notice for his dismissal from his post, which notice being marked 'urgent' is never brought forward.

"Diventus the Architect of Noviomagus is described as the gravest man of all the assembly. . . .

"The Keeper of the Public Records, including the wool-gathering records, is the learned Bulliens. The disturbance which his perpetual boiling over keeps up is most troublesome to the master of the feast, whose worst and wildest rulings meet with most favour, especially from the Censor Morum, one Rectus, a man of excruciating puns, never at rest, and whom the genial Hilarus, the Prefect or Sheriff of the State, cannot control, no, not even by better puns of his own.

"Laurentius the high-priest of the famous temple, Phoenicius the traveller, Lyricus the minstrel, Peregrinus the pilgrim, and last but not least, Patriarcha the venerable Father of the State, nearly as aged as Fidelis the centurion; these, surrounding and supporting the Summus Præses, the Lord High President of the State, form with the other citizens and guests a group as lively as it is inconsistent.

"On the mind of Hadrian the many absurd stories, told without the least reserve, produce a mirthful rallying which adds to the curative effect his journey has produced. He begins to reason on the inconsistencies until the inconsistencies become consistent. 'What,' says he to himself—'what a happy sovereign of a future day that one will be who shall have a council or senate of the true Noviomagian type; a secretary who cannot write; a treasurer who cannot read; a public orator who cannot speak; a commander-in-chief who cannot set out troops; or a general of the sea who has never boarded a ship!' In the course of fifteen or twenty centuries of civilization even so strange an event as this may turn up in some centre of empire. If Londinum, so favourably placed on the great river, should expand into a mighty seat of government, why should not Londinum, so near to Noviomagus, attain to this perfection as it attains to its full development? The reflection only whets his thirst for more Noviomagian wisdom and practice, with which they ply him to any extent.

"They do it practically. They proceed to take a vote on the question that Rufus, under the new Noviomagian name of 'Tristus' (the sad), shall be admitted to citizenship. The vote unanimously says *no*, therefore Rufus is unanimously elected. This, the invariable rule of voting, is found to have many advantages, one of which was seen but a few weeks before, after a great debate on the question whether the state should go to war with a native chief called Getorix.

There was every reason why this marauder should be op the worst arguments, in opposition, carried the day, and the it. Gétorix thereupon marched unopposed on Noviomagi crossing a river was lost with all his men.

“In their public games the racer who, after doing his very in last, is the winner, while he who, having tried his best, first is the loser. This principal holds good also in the the wrestling feats, in every competition; and, although at it is opposed to common ideas, it is greatly in advance of methods, because no one is injured by it and the conceited in their place. In speaking of another person in Novion rule is to praise the person named by relating the very o what the world generally would say of his virtues, his vic negative qualities. It is astonishing how well this answers. is handsome he is rated ugly, which subdues his conceit. hideous he is designated handsome, which keeps him in goc a point of enormous importance with all people whom n made objectionable. A confirmed rogue is treated as a honest man, under which device he is kept in honesty more than by the discipline of fifty strokes from the vitis. If a n nature gifted with transparent falsehood, he is made proverb truthfulness. All men swear by his word. ‘Mendax’ was years thus honoured throughout the State. All men swore by and his word was accepted as law. At first Mendax rel attention, but when he found what it led to and the scrapes into, he changed altogether and became such a confirmed the truth as to be a nuisance from the insane exactitude w he related the most trivial anecdote, or performed the m service. At last, having been put to determine whether the the sky, which all called blue, was not green, he stuck to pertinaciously that he ceased to be quoted as an authorit thing and had to leave the place. . . .

“The hours pass happily away, and the Lord High Presid State and the Cæsar of Tinnius Rufus move on merrily. The Lord High is as frugal as his guest, and like his gue: no wine; but raising a flagon filled with the purest of drinks distilled by the sun and condensed from the mountain Master of Life, he proposes the other toasts or sentiments co the festival. He drinks to Noviomagus. He informs hi that he is at peace with all nations, and that he and the Cæsar the most friendly relationships, a statement which the chief, his companion, Tinnius Rufus, enthusiastically cheer, with: at each other which for the moment so bewilders the Lord F he calls the gods and the guests to witness the proof of his from the fact of the presence of the great potentate by his s

“Hilariously, the citizens pledge ‘their noble selves;’ and leader calls upon them to do the same to those members some valid reason are not able to be present, descanting ful virtues of each absentee in true Noviomagian humour. He

to call on Lyricus to sing a song which he, the Lord High, has composed to go with this toast: whereupon Lyricus tunes his lyre, and playing on it the accompaniment, cheerfully obeys, in a melody as simple as the words of the song:

“‘TO ABSENT FRIENDS.

‘We’ll pledge our absent friends, dear friends,  
Our friendship true to prove;  
And show to all that distance lends  
No distance to our love.

When from the sun the earth away  
Turns her retreating face,  
Still burns the sun with brightest ray  
And still maintains his place.

And when from regions of the night  
The wearied earth doth stray,  
Is there all beaming with his light  
To welcome her to-day.

Thus friendship true nor sinks nor sets,  
But always loves and lives.  
The absent ones she ne’er forgets,  
Forgotten she forgives.

Then pledge our absent friends, dear friends,  
Our friendship true to prove;  
And show to all that distance lends  
No distance to our love.’

“As the applause which follows the refrain of the song ceases, the chief guest bids Tinnius Rufus get him the words for Cæsar. Certainly. Cæsar shall have the words. The Public Orator rises by command to recall the memory of the illustrious dead. Stephanus, their late Recorder, who has been received into the number of the Gods, is the chief departed memory. Him Noviomagus ever mourns, and is now erecting a monument to his fame; but others also are named, with cheerful pathos and affectionate remembrance.

“For a time the scene changes.’ The guests are told that for an interval mirth will give way to serious discourse. The Lord High President has the full power to appoint one of his officers, or one of the guests, to relate some veritable experience or fact that shall at once prove pleasant and instructive. This time he commissions Phœnicus, who has long been absent on his travels, to tell of his adventures. Phœnicus, of true Phœnician birth and accomplishments, relates thereupon his latest travel, to which the one particular guest listens with rapt attention. Phœnicus has sailed to an island in the far northern sea, in which island there is perpetual night and perpetual day for months at a time; in which the sparse population spend almost a winter of sleep; in which the cold is so severe that at periods the island is a ‘rock of ice;’ but in which, nevertheless, there are springs of boiling water shooting up from the ground many feet high. ‘If this is not Noviomagian,’ observes Tinnius Rufus, as Phœnicus concludes, ‘it is so near to it I see not the difference.’ And he laughs till his fat cheeks tremble like two jellies. The effect

on his companion is of a serious kind. He asks for more. In what direction is this island? How distant is it? Is to it easy? Are the inhabitants fierce or gentle? Who chief of it? Have the Romans ever been there? Has a or Greek author described it? Did Phœnicus understand the language of the people? Have the hot springs any medicinal use? These and fifty more questions are asked of Phœnicus in inquiry, and answered by him with his natural courtesy and intelligence. Why should a common soldier of the army is not even a centurion, want to know so many things of a distant northern island? The soldier is set down as a very ignorant soldier. 'Are all the soldiers who serve in the body-guard as interested in these subjects of travel as yourself?' inquired Lord High of his guest. 'Not all, but some are.' 'They are in the mind of their Imperial master,' continues the innocent speaker, reddens, and Rufus pales. The conversation is getting fortably warm. 'Ask him to sing,' suggests Rufus as a diversion, 'he has a good voice, and is fond of the art.'

"The Lord High President is charmed with the idea, at that moment or two is able to tell the citizens that amongst the accomplishments of the Cæsar of Rufus there is a voice which will sing. Will their guest give them a taste of his melody? Then of Rufus, the common soldier of Rome, will be delighted to sing to Lord High President and his loyal people. It is the duty of the soldier to obey his sovereign. Can they favour him with a lute is brought. It is tuned by the performer, who loves to show his musical skill, with a touch, and ear, and grace which Noviomagus. Could a common soldier tune a lute like that which is seen in the puzzle, solves it by whispering something which quickly round the table: 'His mother was a famous musician, his instrument is attuned, Noviomagus listens, and Cæsar, with his voice, sings, in words and music all his own, the song subjoined.'

"MY HEART'S DESIRE.

'What is my heart's desire?

To know! to know!

Whence comes the living fire  
That in my breast doth glow,  
And whither it must go.

What is my heart's desire?

To sit on high,  
And like a God aspire  
To conquer destiny,  
As one who cannot die.

What is my heart's desire?

To lay up gold,  
Such riches to acquire,  
And such possessions hold,  
As cannot all be told.

What is my heart's desire?

A woman's love,  
Sweet as a well-tuned lyre,  
True as the star above,  
Round which all others move.

What is my heart's desire  
 Above all these?  
 A friend who will not tire  
 Of friendship's subtleties,  
 Though all my faults he sees.

"As the last touch of the lute dies away Noviomagus rises, perfectly entranced with the voice, the style, and the matter of the singer, who is soon again absorbed in the gossip and various amusements which prevail. The hours pass, for once at least, merrily with Hadrian.

"Crocus the Recorder and mimic of mimics has skilfully got up the Cæsars, their manner of life and various styles of speech. He is called upon to 'play the fool,' and he does it in this representation. He begins with Julius Cæsar haranguing his troops; he passes to Augustus finishing the comedy of his life; Tiberius defending debauchery; Caligula feeding horses on golden oats; Claudius making love to Agrippina; Nero reciting the fall of Troy; Galba hiding his money bags; Otho praying to be allowed to die; Vitellius the glutton ordering his dinner; Vespasian making the young nobles march barefoot; Titus bargaining with Josephus the Jew; Domitian killing flies with a pin; Nerva selling his old clothes and imperial robes for the good of the State; Trajan having his head shaved by a supposed conspirator; and lastly, Hadrian disputing with Favorinus in defence of luxury over a bunch of sorrel, a crust of dry bread, and a cruet of vinegar. From humour to sadness, from genial satire to genial praise, from wisdom to the extremest folly, the merry Recorder of Noviomagus leads his friends along. Happy for him, as Rufus keenly feels, his criticism on the last Cæsar is to the very shade what the last Cæsar could hear of himself, not only without offence, but sitting unchanged and looking up at the orator with a face of as true levity, kept under control, as the orator himself maintains. 'So much for Cæsar,' cries out the Recorder, as he resumes his place, to the applause of all around. The mirth still continues, jokes abound; tales of all kinds and countries and persons are exchanged, and the last of the formalities is about to be carried out.

"The Lord High President of Noviomagus has risen in his place to pledge the health of the Cæsar of Rufus, of Tinnius Rufus himself, and the other renowned visitors, when a scene altogether unprecedented takes place. An intrusion into the banquetting hall of Noviomagus! Impossible! 'Nay, my Lord High President,' says the pale and breathless messenger who bears the news, 'it is true; there are those outside who will enter, and whose business admits of no hindrance. They threatened to run me through with their swords if I came not with this paper to Cæsar.' Taking the whole affair as a Noviomagian joke, the Lord High President, amidst a roar of laughter, receives into his own hands the massive despatch, and transfers it with profound mock solemnity to the mysterious guest, by whose side the lute still lies. The despatch bears an inscription 'From Rome,' and the seal or signet appended to it is the seal of the Senate of that mother of empires. The joke is superb, even in Noviomagus. It must be the work of Hortensis, the regular citizen

of Noviomagus, who, conspicuous by his absence since the first part of the banquet, has been concocting this huge surprise as a sly compliment to the companion of Rufus. Cæsar himself receives the document in the same jovial spirit, but as his eye glances over it his countenance changes.

"Like a flash, the face of the merry soldier is transformed into the dignity of the stern and mighty Emperor. 'Who brings this missive?' he exclaims in a voice of authority and thunder. Noviomagus is bewildered. The red face of Rufus becomes pallid; the Lord High President hesitates, but the rest of the company, accepting the speech and action as magnificent comedy, cheer and laugh the more. Taking no heed of their noise, the receiver of the despatch breaks the seal and reads the epistle. We who are allowed to read it with him may tell the message. It is a message from the Senate to Cæsar the absolute. It prays, it all but insists, for his instant return to Rome. An insurrection of the Jews in Cyprus has led to a threatened universal rising in Palestine, which nothing less than the immediate presence of the Emperor can prevent. The Emperor reads, reflects a moment, and with peaceful manner amounting even to tenderness speaks :

" 'Citizens of Noviomagus, and henceforth all of you knights of Rome, know that it has been your fate to make Cæsar happy. But Cæsar has duties that call him home, and Tinnius Rufus, from this night Governor of Palestine, is required also at his post. Nay, move not, I pray you, for one moment from your mirth, but heartily let Cæsar thank you as he says farewell.' The Noviomagians rise still half incredulous, as Cæsar, attended by Rufus, is about to retire from the hall in the wake of the messenger. Is it credible; have they been entertaining Cæsar after all? The bent knee of the President, as he kisses the hand extended with imperial dignity towards his lips, the noise of horsemen without the walls, and the loyal submission of the new Governor of Palestine make, at last, the incredible the credible. They all bend, and Cæsar departs, yet not without one last look round as he reaches the portico leading into the outer court; one more graceful recognition; and one more *vale*—farewell; followed by a shout from Noviomagus that is deafening: 'Ave Cæsar!'

"They would have rushed out in a crowd, but the returning messenger tells them it were in vain. An escort of soldiers, he relates, was at the door. Two dismounted were holding the horses for the two who have left the table, and these latter mounting the steeds have in one moment galloped, in the midst of the escort, along the way to Londinum.

"The two remaining soldiers, centurions both of them, are left by Cæsar to the care of Noviomagus until the morning. They are received with a warmth and welcome which is as new to their life as it is pleasant to their tastes. They take the places lately occupied by Cæsar and Rufus. They are treated to food, and fruit, and wine. They turn out, when all restraint is off them, to be true soldiers, as mirthful as they are resolute. They tell their stories about the long

marches they have had with Hadrian for two years past. They describe the scene of the Jew and the Numidian bear ; the festival in honour of Fidelis and the death and cremation of that hero ; the character of Julius Severus ; the influence of Antinous and all else they have seen, with a simple frankness that wins for them the greatest admiration. The Public Orator descants on them so eloquently that at last he is, by necessity, deposed from his office ; the Laureate tries an extempore poem *re* Cæsar ; the Recorder reads from a blank parchment a minute chronicling events, which the Keeper of the Public Records undertakes faithfully to preserve ; the Censor Morum perpetrates a pun on the word centurion, which is too bad to be worth noticing ; and the Architect finishes by constructing for the guests 'a bed of thorns,' on which they sleep as they have never slept before in all their memory."

And as the Noviomagians thus made believe that Cæsar was Cæsar, without knowing that he was Cæsar, so they once made believe that Llewellynn Jewitt, their guest, was Mephistopheles, and almost made him believe so himself before the night gave place to morning.

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The learned Recorder, the immortal Crocus, who so amused the Emperor Hadrian—son of a star, musical—and did him so much good, has kindly furnished me with the following latest (17th December, 1888):

"LIST OF NOVIOMAGIAN CITIZENS, WITH PLACES OF HONOUR.

The Grand Patriarch	..... S. C. Hall, F.S.A.
The Lord High President and State Physician Extraordinary	{ Dr. Benjamin Ward Richardson, F.R.S., F.S.A.
The High Sheriff and Lord Chief Barren Rocks	
The Secretary of the Treasury and Poet Laureate	{ Charles Hill, F.S.A.
	{ Francis Bennoch, F.S.A.
The State Chaplain and Broker	{ Friar Edwin Henry Lawrence, F.S.A.
The Public Orator	{ Wyke Bayliss, F.S.A.
The Phoenix	{ John Samuel Phenè, LL.D., F.S.A.
The Keeper of the Noviomagian Printed Books	{ George Bullen, F.S.A.
The Surveyor of Public Buildings, Official Decorator of the State Palaces, and Generalissimo of the State Militia	{ Robert W. Edis, F.S.A.
The Purveyor of the Port (and Sherry) of the State of Noviomagus	{ F. W. Cosens, F.S.A.
The Censor	..... George R. Wright, F.S.A.
The Recorder	..... T. F. Dillon Croker, F.S.A.
The Troubadour	..... Dr. R. D. Lithgow, F.S.A.

The Pilgrim . . . . . Cecil Brent, F.S.A.  
 Title not decided on . . . . . J. Gardner, F.S.A.  
 Copernicus . . . . . W. H. Cope, F.S.A.

HONORARY: H. N. Stevens."

The learned Recorder also writes: "Mr. De Grey Birch, of the British Museum, will be proposed on Wednesday, and his election is a 'foregone conclusion.'" Thus we see that the old rule of limiting the citizenship to thirteen has been shelved.

Let not the reader who has not read "The Son of a Star," judge of that wonderful work by the above-quoted chapter. And I should be doing injustice to Dr. Benjamin Ward Richardson's book to merely quote that chapter for my Noviomagian purpose, and omit to say that the other chapters are remarkable for sublimity and for many-sided excellencies. Here is an example:—"The Legend of Paradise," in the first volume—the Paradise of Eden—

"Saved only of all gardens from the flood,"

a garden whose portals are—

"Touchless with human hands,  
 Sightless with human eyes."

The legend is related by four reciters who each in turn take up their appropriate parts. Thus the prayer of Akiba is recited by—

"MARAH.

"Oh faithful Cherubin whose flaming sword  
 Doth hide the garden of the Holy One!  
 May I, a shepherd born in Israel's fold,  
 Ask thee to ask of Him I dare not name,  
 Th' Omnipotent! World without end the same!  
 That I the last of those who stood alone  
 Interpreters of His most sacred word,  
 May through thy glory enter Paradise,  
 And by thy radiant wisdom grow more wise?'  
 So spake the last of those who stood alone,  
 The matchless scholars of the deathless race.  
 Calm dignity from off his image shone,  
 Sweet modesty was written on his face,  
 With courage intermixed and gentle grace,  
 All set in comeliness.

ERI.

With cheerful voice the guardian spirit spoke:  
 'Akiba the beloved, thy deeds are known.  
 He whom thou servest through thy nights and days,  
 Hath read thy heart of hearts and seen thy ways.  
 Thou art to Him a plain and open book,  
 And what thou askest now is all thine own;  
 Thine own for knowledge, wisdom, precept, word.  
 Enter thou to the garden of the Lord.'

TIRZAH.

Beyond the sword of fire,  
 Untouched by fire or sword,  
 He gains his soul's desire,  
 The garden of the Lord!



## JACHIN

That he may grow more wise  
Akiba enters Paradise.  
His feet retrace each round  
Of the enchanted ground,  
Saved only of all gardens from the flood.  
The tree of knowledge yields him living food.  
Within the bower where Adam slept he sleeps  
Fearing no evil : knowing well that He,  
Of omnipresent majesty !  
The Holy One of Israel ! keeps  
His steps from falling and his sleep from fear,  
Life of his life : unseen yet ever near.

That he might grow more wise,  
Akiba entered Paradise.  
Entered and lived and learned.  
And when his wondrous task was done  
Back through the wilderness returned,  
To teach to every chosen son  
Of Israel born, the sacred mysteries."

But the beauty, even of this quotation, is incomplete in the absence of the previous characters of the previous stanzas : just as the beauty and power of a grand opera are little understood by the late comer, who witnesses only the final scene.



near the Marble Arch. Samuel Rogers once invited me to his house I could not accept on day named, upon which he asked me to come any other time I could, and his secretary would show me his treasures if he were not in. I went, saw all, but missed himself; and he afterwards wrote me a most kind letter, which I have. I've often heard Peel and Disraeli in the House; and elsewhere I have also heard Brougham, Palmerston, and Russell. O'Connell once addressed a political meeting in Paisley, where the worthy Provost—a Mr. Hardie—in introducing him, said 'When Providence had any great end to accomplish, it always raised up the right man to bring it about; just as in our country, when we were in great danger from *Papery*, it raised up John Knox'!!! Here he was interrupted by a storm of laughter, in which O'Connell very heartily joined.

"I and my father before me were always very strongly anti-slavery: we were of Covenanter descent and belief. Three of my father's brothers were clergymen, and two of them professors of divinity. You speak of Spring Rice, afterwards Lord Monteagle; my friend and correspondent the late Sir Henry Taylor married his daughter; yesterday I had a note from her from Bournemouth. I knew the late Rev. Z. M. Hamilton, Lord Macaulay's cousin, have been his guest in Shetland, and he mine here. His son, Sir R. C. Hamilton, Governor of Tasmania, was got into the Civil Service by Lord Macaulay, and his father gave me the historian's letter, telling of his son's appointment. Sir R. and his wife have several times in old days been my guests. He was in politics liberal; I am conservative, and an admirer of the late Lord Iddesleigh, whom I have met, and with whom I have corresponded. What is now going on around us, and the grave difficulties with which not only statesmen, but the electorate, have to contend, were very clearly foreseen, and definitely foretold, by Lord Beaconsfield, when, in 1873, he said: 'But there are other questions which must soon engage the attention of the country. Whether the Commons of England shall remain an estate of the realm, or whether they should degenerate into an indiscriminate multitude? Whether a national Church shall be maintained; and, if so, what shall be its rights and duties? The functions of corporations, the sacredness of endowments, the tenure of landed property, the free disposal and even the existence of any kind of property, all those institutions and all those principles which have made this country free and famous, and conspicuous for its union of order with liberty, are now impugned, and in due time will become great and burning questions.'

"You speak of 'Annuals'; I have quite a collection of them; some of the plates are lovely. I have the first edition of your 'British Ballads,' and many of the early volumes of the 'Art Union.' Frith I knew, and once had a picture of his in my possession for nineteen years. Sir Noel Paton is a very old friend of mine, since 1846, or earlier; I've visited at his father's house—Wooer's Alley Cottage—Dunfermline, in those old days. George Godwin I have met, and dined with, at a friend's house in Scotland. His name was familiar in connection with the London Art Union, and I have a little book of his on architecture.

country. Lord Eldon was right ; so was Wordsworth ; and so were the representatives of the old Covenanters, who protested against it at the time. What they foretold has *already* come about, and *is* now going on around us, and will culminate, I fear, in the Roman Catholics getting the upper hand, but only for a short time, both in this country and in America. The bulk of people will not believe such a thing possible till it is actually accomplished. Although from my point of view there are serious errors in the Roman Catholic system as a religion, it is *not* as a religion I object to it in this connection at all ; but, because conjoined to the religion, there is a *civil* element, which invariably grasps at power. Religion is used as a cloak for attaining this object.

“Look at Canon Law as taught at Maynooth *to-day*. When the interests of the Pope clash with the interests of the Queen, hers must give way. Wherever it can be done, heretics ought to be converted or *exterminated*. The Inquisition, Mons. Capel lately said, only deals with those who murder souls, as the recognised civil law, in many countries, does with the murderers of bodies. Rome avowedly wants Westminster back again with all property since built upon the land. In fact a sincere Roman Catholic cannot take part in a Protestant Government, without Jesuitical absolution. The aim of the system is to abolish the right of private judgment, and, consequently, to put down Protestantism. Rome aims at being above all civil governments. She tried to hurl France at us, at the time of the Volunteer movement, and failed. Then she set France against Germany, and failed in a different way.

“For long, she said to her followers in Britain—‘Stand aloof, and don’t touch heretic money.’ That did not do, and she faced about, saying, ‘Absorb all places—post-offices, editorships, civil service, &c., &c.—spoil the Egyptians.’ So we have priests on School Boards, although Roman Catholic children don’t attend them, Lord Ripon, late Governor-General in India, Lord Kenmare, the present Master of the Household, Mr. Matthews, the Home Secretary, &c., &c. By the *aid of liberals the Coronation Oath* will probably next be swept away. They will plausibly say : Why should the monarch be more trammelled in conscience than her own subjects ? In this country, where the two great parties are so equally balanced, the Roman Catholics don’t care a straw for either, but only as means to get most for their own church, and they throw their solid vote into one of the scales to attain that end, and so dominate the country. The present Parnell enquiry will surely open men’s eyes to the fact that the root of the Irish question is Roman Catholicism. Just as Poland had Rome to thank for bringing Russia down upon her.

“In all this I speak of the Roman Catholic *system*, not of its individual members, many of whom have nothing to do with its lust of power, don’t even know that it exists, and are good and exemplary in all the relations of life and friendship. I know some of them, and would be the last to say a word against any of them, earnestly wishing that Bible truth would emancipate them from the thralldom of priestcraft. Nor would I persecute anyone for religious belief. But the

placing of Roman Catholics in power, knowing their tenets, and thus affording them facilities for subverting the Constitution and persecuting us—call it persecution if you will—is, to my thinking, an act of egregious folly, for which this country is now paying, and will have to pay, a heavy price. And the Americans, too, are already beginning to open their eyes and get an inkling of Rome's policy there. The emissaries of its system are *Thugs*. The Propaganda never sleeps, and its unwearied action has already managed to blunt the wariness of our people, and it is advancing stealthily by sap and mine to the heart of the citadel. Liberalism, Infidelity, and High Churchism, each in its own way, is working Rome-ward, the first two of these, perhaps, with no such intention, but efficiently serving its interests all the same.

"Where Rome temporises and offers to aid a firm Government, here or in Germany, it will stipulate for a *quid pro quo*—the *quo* being also in its own interest. Its aim never changes, and, if it had the power—nineteenth century notwithstanding—it would light the fires of Smithfield to-morrow, for according to Rome, the toleration of heretics is one of the seven deadly sins.

"These are my views on this question. All now going on in this direction was clearly foreseen and plainly predicted by Wordsworth, in his prose writings, over fifty years ago. This measure, as I have already said, was also protested against by the successors of the Covenanters, whose clear-headed, practical statesmanship in other matters, is everywhere acknowledged by well-informed, reasonable, sensible men. They were the last to leave Charles II., and the first to welcome William III. The danger to our country is *so* great that few people believe it possible, and will not take it in till it overtake us. People say, 'peace, peace,' when the enemy is at the gates! But I must close.

"Pardon this long scribble, textually following the topics of your book, and accept of cordial thanks for the great treat I have had in reading 'The Retrospect of a Long Life,' you were so kind as to send me. Adieu! I am, my dear friend, always yours faithfully,  
A. J. SYMINGTON."

It will be observed that Mr. Symington makes a proper distinction between the good and truly Christian members of the Roman Catholic Church, so very numerous, and those who by mere profession of Christianity obtain Christian leadership, as a ladder to power, and to its cruel exercise upon the non-submissive. History exhibits that power obtained and exercised in the name of Christianity, when, so far from being Christian, it was but a revival of the fiendish power of the sacerdotal butchers, of whom I have spoken, who constantly offered human sacrifices to Baal. And it was one of the great missions of Christianity to destroy that sacerdotalism, which ruled with sword and fire, replacing the sword and flambeau, and their priestly wielders, with the innocent crook and the gentle pastor. If there be any who would treat mankind of the present or the future to a restored Inquisition, let them beware for themselves! It is truly marvellous that any man of education should be so illogical, and that any man of any

creed or time should be so barbarous, as to justify the most infernal Inquisition with the argument that it only deals with those who murder souls as the recognised civil law, in many countries, does with the murderers of bodies. Before the civil law deals with the alleged murderer of a body, it demands and obtains ample and complete proof of that murder. What proof could the Inquisition afford that a soul has been murdered?—a soul which it has never seen nor felt does not understand nor know anything of, and therefore of whose condition it is perfectly ignorant; while there are numerous witnesses equally worthy of credence, who declare that the soul in question has not been murdered, but saved alive.

As to High Churchism and its tendencies, I remember a conversation with a clergyman, once upon a time, who said that he thought both High Church and Low Church were right; and I am disposed to think that *he* was right. The *forms* of the Romish Church are not its Christianity, although there are millions of good Christians who conform to them. Neither are the forms of High Churchism its Christianity. There is no Christianity whatever in the costumes or adornments of the pastors, nor in their extra genuflexions, nor in any of their special ways. If the shepherd do his duty to his flock, it matters little as to the colours and fashion of his frock. At the same time if we drop the simile and regard him as the pastor of the congregation, and his *innovations* in the way of dress or decorations are distasteful and offensive to his congregation, it is mercifully mild language merely to say of him, if he persist in his offensiveness in such a matter, or in any other *innovation* of matter of form, that he is the pitiable victim of self-conceit, petticoat-conceit, and tinsel-conceit; a state of mind anything but Christian and anything but pastoral. Let those have the forms who desire them, and let those be spared them who desire them not—by “those” I mean majorities—for there is no Christianity in them either to lose or to gain, and no positive harm in them, except when they raise indignation in the congregation of worshippers, used to and approving, as did their fathers before them, the forms of worship which they have inherited from those fathers. I myself prefer a musical, bright, hearty church service—with a short sermon—with surpliced-choir and congregation all joining heartily in that great and wondrous Pæan of Christian Triumph of which I spoke in Chapter XL., and I believe that this which I prefer is called by some High Churchism, and I love the pastors known to me who conduct these services. But if the introduction of the showy forms and the priestly claims of *some* High Church clergy means, as some seriously think and assert, the beginning of an attempt to gradually Romanise the Anglican Church, with the view to the ultimate restoration of supreme universal temporal power to the one united, or disunited, Church, let me venture to predict that it will utterly fail. If there be ambitious men who seek to reach power by the hook and the crook of professed Christianity, and think some day to add again to the crosier, the sword and the torch of the Inquisition, let them beware that they cut not and burn not themselves, for they will never more cut and burn their opponents in the name of Christianity. I

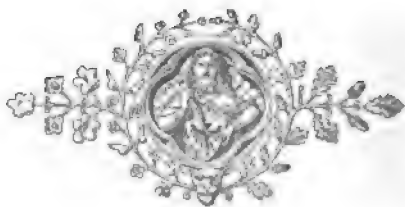
know that there are insolently arrogant ones, defying com-  
 who declare that congregations shall have no voice, because  
 no knowledge, as to what is right or wrong in Church  
 government. But the majorities will in the long run decide  
 that ; and will discover, too, that they have a New  
 Christianity which is totally independent of a would-be  
 priestly rule. It was somewhat so at the time of the Re-  
 Some seem to think that the King of England ordained the  
 tion. No power on earth could have done it but the peo-  
 selves, in whose hearts and minds it was already accomplish-  
 the King acknowledged and confirmed it. And no power  
 could have long prevented that outward accomplishment  
 Reformation when the great majority of Englishmen had  
 upon it. And I, who say this, am a staunch Conservative.

It will readily be admitted that my words of warning  
 degree tainted with bigotry. Chapter XXXV. and the Mar-  
 chapter, and others, will testify to that ; and there are hun-  
 Roman Catholics who can testify to evidences of my love  
 even to the extent of aiding the Roman Catholic education  
 children, when it is the local creed, and includes loyalty to Q  
 Empire. And be it noted that I am not denouncing Roma  
 High Churchism ; but only the alleged ambition of false C  
 seeking power thereby and therein. And in this my view  
 perfect unison with the views of Llewellynn Jewitt and  
 Carter Hall. Every true Christian of every creed and  
 know and feel that any bitter words I may use cannot  
 apply to him. And the wolves in sheep's clothing will kno-  
 selves ; and the country too will know them if they attempt  
 the wolf. It is too late now for the cruel and tyrannical to  
 to ride on the power of Christianity. The days of con-  
 between Christianity and old deeply-rooted Paganisms are pa-  
 the now completely triumphant religion of love and me-  
 never more permit the cruel priestly coercion of the Inq-  
 nor a priestly tyranny in any form. The sword already fig-  
 much in the Blazon of Episcopacy of England, and it found  
 there in those long ago days, which will never be permitted  
 again, when men not only entered the Church under the cloak  
 Christianity, to obtain power, but when obtained they exerci-  
 power as cruel tyrants. But never again will Englishmen be a-  
 at the sound of the clinking and clanking of episcopal k-  
 swords, which will never more be anything to them but curious  
 logical symbols. In the future they will be religiously ruled  
 the good Christian Pastor wielding nothing more dangerous  
 venerable Crook, an episcopal symbol more ancient and v-  
 still than the Keys and the Sword.

As to the arrogance of some High Church clergymen, who  
 thwart the will and authority of a father in his family, I remem-  
 indignation and contempt with which Llewellynn Jewitt  
 them. I remember his saying that he preferred Roman Cat

any day to its Anglican sham. Some are alarmed at the influence these people seem to be gaining over so many of the future mothers of England. But if High Churchism should develop to an attempted religious tyranny, those women who may be found to be the slaves of its propagandists will be generally avoided in the marriage market. And the future sons of those who do marry will certainly rebel against the revival of the old sacerdotal pretensions and insolence, and be in favour of Christian pastoral meekness and gentleness, in spite of their priest-ruled mothers.

The human tendency of spiritual leaders to become temporal tyrants does not belong exclusively to the Roman Church, nor to the High Anglican. It is *human*, as I have said, and shows itself as much as it dare in all creeds and sects ; and it has done so in all ages and nations. Woe to the communities who kneel to man at the same time that they kneel to Heaven !



*More Notes by Andrew James Symington, F.R.S.E.A.*

A NOVIOMAGIAN LETTER.—A LAMP IN THE TOMB.—DR. R. ANGUS SMITH.—PROFESSOR BISCHOFF.—OXIDE OF HOMER.—“DEATH OF THE OLD NORSE KING.”—CARL CHRISTIAN RAFFN.—THE LATE LORD IDDESLEIGH AND JOSEPH SKIPSEY.



ONE of my literary friends, who has been reading the “proof” sheets of this book from the first, and had regularly expressed approval of all, startled me the other day with a strong condemnation of the Homeric section of the Appendix, advising its withdrawal. Ever distrustful of my own literary work, I at once felt that episode to be lost labour. But being, nevertheless, quite unused to such literary waste, I awaited the opinions of others who were reading, and hastened to send a spare copy of proof to Mr. Symington, on whose classic taste and literary judgment I knew I could rely. All other reports proved to be favourable to the Homeric episode, including Mr. Symington’s, and the condemnatory letter proved to be Noviomagian. Mr. Symington reports: “I’ve read the Homer episode with much interest. Were it in the text, from its length, it might be open to be called ‘padding;’ but, in Appendix it adds richness and weight, and those who object need not read it. I do not know what precedes it, or how it is introduced, so my suggestion—which is that your own admirable introductory matter to the Homeric episode should come before, instead of after, the quotation—is made in the dark. The passage is valuable, illustrative, and pat.” In another note he writes: “The Homeric episode is a fine glimpse of the past, and is in the line of your subject. Being in Appendix it does not interfere with continuity, adds a buttress to the antiquarian structure, and is a lamp in the tomb.”

The mention of Juno in this episode reminded Mr. Symington of a funny circumstance which he detailed in his letter. It will be remembered by readers of Homer that whilst Venus was “golden”—golden-haired, Thetis “silver-footed,” and Andromache “white-armed,” Juno, the Queen of Heaven, was most remarkable for her fine, large, bright, clear, soft, dark eyes—like the beautiful eyes of certain oxen. And this is Mr. Symington’s story:

“Once my dear old friend Dr. R. Angus Smith, F.R.S., when staying with me, as he did several times a year since 1840, spent part of a day reading Chapman’s Homer in a bower in the grounds. In



the evening, Bischoff and some German chemists joining us, B. said, 'I've just come in from Oban, and have seen no papers or magazines for a fortnight—What is the latest chemical discovery?' On which Smith replied, 'Symington has just been telling me, that Juno is the oxide (ox-eyed) of Homer!'

"I send you, and place at your service, two *Scandinavian* scraps in the same burial vein. The one is literal, line for line, from the Danish. It has never been published, but is to appear at the end of an article on my late friend Prof. Rafn, in January 'Fireside.' The other is a copy of verses written long ago—in the Forties—and which had the honour of being translated into Icelandic in 1859." Here is the last-named:

"DEATH OF THE OLD NORSE KING,

"BY ANDREW JAMES SYMINGTON, F.R.S.N.A.

"Haste, clothe me, Jarls, in my royal robe;  
My keen biting sword gird ye:  
Haste! for I go to the Fatherland,  
Both King of earth and sea.  
My blade so true, with a spirit-gleam—  
Death lurks in its skinkling fire—  
I grasp thee now as of olden time  
In conflict hot and dire.

I've trampled foes; from their blanchèd skulls  
Now drain off the dark-red wine;  
Fall bravely all, in the battle-field,  
Be crowned with wreaths divine;  
My eyes wax dim, and my once jet locks  
Now wave with a silvery white,  
Feeble, my arm cannot wield the blade  
I dote on with delight.

Grim Hela breathes a chilling shade,  
I hear the Valkyrii sing;  
Now to the Halls of the brave I'll rise  
As fits an old Norse King.  
Heimdallar's ship, with the incense wood,  
Prepare as a pyre for me,  
Blazing, I'll rise to the Odin Halls,  
At once in the air and sea!

They've lit slow fire in the incense ship;  
The sun has just sunk in the wave;  
Set are the sails, he is launched away,  
This hero-king so brave!  
The death-chaunt floats in the deep blue skies,  
All wild, in the darkling night;  
Fearful there glares from the blazing ship  
A wild red lurid light.

It shimmering gleams o'er the lone blue sea—  
The flickers shoot wild and high—  
Odin hath welcomed the brave old King  
To his palace in the sky!  
The bale flames die, and a silence deep  
Now floats on the darkness cold,  
Where so fearless and free, on the deep blue sea,  
Had died this Norse King bold!"

And here are the first-named stanzas :

"CARL CHRISTIAN RAFN.

"DIED 20TH OCTOBER, 1864.

"TRANSLATED FROM THE DANISH OF

"BENEDICT GRÖNDAL,

"BY DAVID MACKINLAY AND ANDREW JAMES SYMINGTON

*"Fellows of the Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries."*

"He goes to rest and now lies sleeping,  
Who stood among us here so long !  
Ah ! how the years, like cataracts, leaping,  
With battle rush, on swiftly throng !  
Now we, through tears of sorrow calid,  
Dark grave and hero's body see,  
Which on the bier lies cold and pallid,  
Wrapt in the white shroud peacefully.  
O'er hero-graves of eld, he, warden,  
Stood and up-conjured Spirits' sight,  
And many a flower in Denmark's garden  
He planted, gleaming lightning-bright.  
And Saga,\* splendour, honour sheddeth  
On learning's path, wide o'er the land  
Which from fair Sealand's coast outspreadeth  
To earth's blue-sea-encircled strand.

The heroes stand in steel plate armour,  
Rolf Krakë, Vidga, Valent's heir,  
And bathed in flames of magic charmer,  
Valkyrjor's burg stands wondrous fair.  
The Dragon sleeps in mountain-hollow,  
And, brooding, sits by the red gold ;  
The gleam lights up the eastern billow,  
And sparkles on the dead men's mould.

All that in magic sleep was holden,  
Itself raised at his voice's sound ;  
Smiled Freia from her chariot golden—  
Then was the Nor'field lit around.  
Then broke the fetter old and rusty  
Which bound our Foretime's spirit grand,  
The gold resign must Dragon trusty,  
Constrained by his strong champion hand.

But few so long and well have striven :  
Few earned to be so garlanded :  
Such deep eld-lore to few is given :  
But few names have such lustre shed.  
But few have carried Odin's banner,  
But few Valhalla's sun have seen :  
Few, heroes, able been to conjure,  
Up from the dead-stool gold'n, I ween !

Farewell ! the pilgrim-staff, thou dear one,  
Hast thou at length now put aside ;  
And sweetly rests—his grave no drear one—  
A long-loved friend good true and tried.  
In runes, thy name shall stand recorded,  
As well, in tear's gold'n spring ne'er dry,  
As on Valkyrjor's shield rim-worded,  
A beacon on Time's boundary !"

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\* The Goddess.

Mr. Symington, referring to my remarks upon the late Lord Iddesleigh, on page 501, says: "He was a noble, true-hearted man. A year or two since, I told him about Joseph Skipsey, the collier-poet of Newcastle, and sent him some reviews, etc., which I had written to help him. Lord Iddesleigh expressed interest in them, but said nothing more. This summer I had a visit from Skipsey, who told me that Lord Iddesleigh had then generously sent him a cheque for £50, to make life a little brighter for him! That was the first I heard of it, and it was so like him. Would there were more men of his stamp to guide the affairs of the nation—less for party, and more for patriotism. He was a Christian, a Scholar, and a Gentleman, with splendid abilities, retiring manners, ripe judgment, and a warm heart."



## Hell.

*See Page 437.*

THE FATHER OF MERCY AND OF LOVE.—MENTAL FOOTBALLS.—THE CRUEL MAGICIAN, WHO BURNED HIS DAUGHTER FOR TWELVE YEARS AND THEN PUT HER TO DEATH.—THE SHEEP AND THE GOATS.—THE UNJUST STEWARD.—THE AGONY, AND “FATHER, FORGIVE THEM!”



**I**N writing about Heaven in Chapter XLII., I had so forgotten all about Hell, that the MS. was actually despatched to the printer with this termination: “As to the whereabouts of Heaven, let me say finally, there may be Heaven upon earth, there may be many Heavens in God’s infinite domain, or there may be one Heaven extending everywhere in that infinite domain, as He is everywhere.” It was only in correcting “proof” that I perceived no place had been left in all the “infinite domain” for the locality of Hell, which in my mind had been no bigger than the grave. Then I slightly altered the paragraph by adding to “proof,” between the words “extending” and “everywhere,” the word “ULTIMATELY,” intending to leave it to the reader to think out the unpleasant subject in his own way. Still I am afraid there are advocates of a densely populous and everlasting Hell of Torments, who will not be satisfied with that word, and who will quote scripture against me. But my faith in the Father of Mercy and of Love will be proof against all quotations. Nothing that contradicts that mercy and that love can ever enter into my religious faith, which is very strong, and no matter whence the arguments may be dragged. Yet I confess that on the subject of Hell I am not in a proper position to argue, having never once read or heard any controversy on eternal punishment, nor intending ever so to do. Nevertheless it is my duty to say why the subject is so seldom in my thoughts, and is deemed unworthy of examination doctrinally. How incompatible is the idea of an everlasting Hell of unchangeable wrath and insatiable vengeance, ordained and maintained by the Author of everlasting joy and blessedness—the same Father of love, beneficence, mercy, and pardon—and for His own children! If there be wicked souls which the power of the Father who created them—the Omnipotent—can never change for the better, nor purify by a temporary fire of purification which shall burn out their dross of wickedness, so that they may ultimately associate with the redeemed and happy, and share with them the heavenly universe, it would seem better that they should die, and better still that they had never been born. That the conduct of many evil-doers deserves a more severe punishment than they receive in this life, there can be no question. The extreme punishment instituted by civilized human law, for the worst crimes, is death. Human law and execution cannot follow the criminal with punishments beyond death; but had the law the spirit

to do so it would devise torments before death, which it declines to do, as too cruel and too fiendish. Is it not blasphemous to maintain that the universal Father of Love is, after all, less merciful to His own erring children than miserable man to his worst criminals—the enemies of his race? I know not, as I have said, what controversies may have been held upon the subject, and care not, because there is no datum whatever upon which to found a logical structure, but only vain thoughts, to be played with like mental footballs, and I will not study that game. And as to those who will insist upon an eternal Hell of Torments, I will turn away from them, and let them have it, and leave it to them, instead of arguing with them. But, to a human father of a very disobedient provoking daughter I will put this case: I will suppose a very very stern father, and that the offences of his child are very very great. He is not content to give her a severe chastisement and then disown her; because she has offended exceedingly, and he is so very stern—cruel. Let the one be the most wicked imaginable, and the other the most cruel imaginable. And he must be powerful as well as cruel—this paternal human magician—beyond any control, and possessing a fire which can inflict all the agonies of burning, without consuming or killing. Have I called him cruel? Yet he condemns his erring child only to have one of her arms subjected to this everlasting fire—only one limb instead of the whole body—which is comparatively merciful. But she is never to have a drop of water placed within her reach. Yet with all the agonies of fire and thirst, she is not to be permitted to die of fire and thirst. And she is his own child—this disobedient one. Execution succeeds the verdict, and her cries of agony are incessant night and day. How long? O, night and day, night and day, for weeks. She cries out to her father night and day to stop the burning and give her water. But he is heedless, and the arm still burns with unspeakable agony; and the terrible thirst still rages; and she cries incessantly to her father for relief—night and day. And then she longs for death as a sweet rest; and she cries out to him for death, night and day—for months. But he is angry still, and will not grant his child the craved boon of death. She still burns and still thirsts with unabating agony, and he knows and hears all that happens in that house. He not only hears the terrible cries and beseechings, but he beholds that tortured burning limb and the agony of his child's countenance unmoved—how long? O, night and day, night and day, week after week, month after month, for a whole year. Will he now relent after so terrible a punishment? Will he pardon his daughter, his own child, and restore her to health? Is it possible to conceive any human nature that will not relent now? *He* will not! He insists that the punishment, with no ultimate good to come of it, shall continue, and will not even grant death. And so the wailings and pleadings and beseechings, and that burning limb, and that awful thirst, and that agonized countenance of his child move him not, year after year, for twelve years. Surely he is cruel enough now for our purpose. But he will not restore the punished one to life and health. At last he mercifully grants her the rest of eternal death,

that she may never more have the opportunity to disobey him and kindle his anger again for ever. Now see how merciful that human father is, compared to the Father of Love, who is represented as condemning millions of His children to worse torments than these, for ever and ever. What are twelve years compared to eternity? I only ask that Hell be allowed to be extinguished at *some* time, and its old site be made eligible for heavenly mansions. The eternal torment theory makes the work of creation to be one continued and very serious mistake, and no work of love at all. And if the loving Father could possibly err at all in His works and plans, surely, as soon as He found that this constant increase of human life led to the constant increase of the population of a Hell of everlasting torments, He would cast out this planet from the solar system, or blow out its sun at once, cease the work of creation, and restore the universal anterior death of the elements of organic matter. If the terrible threat of everlasting woe be deemed useful as a deterrent to evil-doers, I would say that it rather begets utter unbelief, and that the threat of eternal death, in contrast to eternal life and happiness, would be more effective. As to the parable of the sheep and the goats, it is but a parable; and I would rather believe that the word "everlasting" found its way there by error of some early copyist, than blaspheme the Giver of all Good. The word may have crept into the text of the parable by the pen of the same careless copyist of the Gospels who, in St. Luke, wrote of the unjust steward that he was wise, who, after having robbed his master and been found out, made haste to make friends for himself of his master's debtors by further villany in giving them receipts in full for only part payment of his master's credits—possibly the same scribe, who represents our Lord, who was preaching against the "mammon of unrighteousness," as saying to His disciples, "And I say unto you, Make to yourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness: that when ye fail, they may receive you into everlasting habitations." And yet, "Ye cannot serve God and mammon."

## “I Live to Give,” and “Domestic Servants.”

*See Page 447*



**A**FTER the necessitated close of the Clevedon and Bath chapter, as stated on page 447, the following two letters which belong to it have come under my notice. The first is printed in the *Clevedon Mercury* of October 27th, 1888.

“Sir,—As perhaps many of your readers are aware, the motto of my dear friend, Mr. S. C. Hall, who has recently been spending a few weeks in *charming* Clevedon, and who has greatly enjoyed his visit and reaped much benefit therefrom, is ‘Look Forward’—a capital one—and a few weeks ago put into verse by myself, and published in the *Bath Chronicle*, with which my good friend was much pleased, exclaiming, ‘But I have a new motto now—‘I Live to Give.’’ On some future occasion I may have something to say on this matter. For the present let the enclosed poem suffice.—Very truly yours,

“W. JONES-HUNT.

“22, High Street, Bath, October 22nd, 1888.”

### “I LIVE TO GIVE !

“I live to give ! this be my motto good—  
 What saith the Word, which I in truth believe—  
 The Word which is my spirit's daily food ?  
 ‘Tis blessed more to give than to receive !’  
 No churlish donor, meeting out the dole  
 With selfish purpose, asking, ‘What the gain  
 To me for aiding some poor hungry soul ?’  
 Such giving I abhor, treat with disdain.

I give as unto Him Who sparrow feeds—  
 I give as unto Him Who tells the hairs  
 Of head—of him who doth another's needs  
 Supply—Who for another's trouble cares.  
 I give, it may be gold or worth of same—  
 I give, it may be but a word, a smile—  
 I give, whate'er it be, in His Great Name,  
 Who lived for others' good, Who knew no guile.

I live to give ! Oh ! happy, happy lives  
 Are those devoted to another's joys !  
 Happy the life withholding not, that gives  
 With open hand, that thus its time employs—  
 These are the ones who in the footsteps tread  
 Of the Great Master ; they, too, like Him live,  
 Continued blessings o'er the earth to spread :  
 Oh ! priceless privilege—I Live to Give !”

The other is printed in the *Clevedon Mercury*, of Nov. 10th, 1888 :

"Sir,—Following my poem 'I Live to Give,' in the *Clevedon Mercury* of Saturday, October 27th, is an extract by a 'Constant Reader,' from Mr. S. C. Hall's most charming book, 'Retrospect of a Long Life,' headed 'Domestic Servants,' and as I am under promise to supply the *Mercury* with an article on Mr. Hall's new motto, I have thought the extract in question would furnish me with a good and suitable introduction. Though I do not for one moment purpose to enter upon so delicate a matter, by a combat with public opinion in the arena of controversy, as to whether domestic servants are better or worse than they were in the days of yore ; yet, at the same time, I must confess if I were compelled to take sides, I am strongly persuaded I should be found on the side of those who would prefer the humble servant of the olden time, with plain blue gown and neat white spot, with stout chequered apron and useful bib, with strong, healthy, plump arms and happy rosy face and cheerful smile, to the highly educated and delicate 'help,' the 'Miss' of the present day. It is, however, with a clause only of the extract that I have to do, namely, that portion which reads as follows : 'Yet such inscriptions are by no means rare upon the headstones in our churchyards ; it has been my happy destiny to make such a record twice.' The particulars of these are well known to me ; how many times I have sat by my dear, dear friend, listening with deep and glowing interest to the simple and pathetic account of their histories. The first was Hannah Davey, an old domestic in the family of Colonel Robert Hall, Mr. Hall's good father, an evidence that the principles of the 'New Motto' were working in the heart, long, long before the motto, as such, was conceived. Hannah Davey, who had reached a good ripe old age, was dying, and the worthy son of a right worthy sire was by her side, in the tenderest manner possible, in a way peculiar to himself, he kindly and sympathetically said to her, 'Well, Hannah, is there nothing that I can do for you?' 'Nothing, nothing,' she replied ; 'and yet there is—I am thinking of what will become of my body when I am dead.' 'Oh, make your mind easy on that score ; be assured I will see to that.' The faithful servant, who had been true to the family in life, was not to be separated from her master in death. And so she was buried at Kensal Green ; and on one of the four sides of the tomb erected to Colonel Robert Hall, the visitor may see inscribed the name of 'Hannah Davey, the faithful servant of Colonel Robert Hall.' The entire cost was borne by the loving and generous heart, who has also had inscribed on another panel of the tomb the name of his only child, the infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall. Alice Myers was an honest and true Hibernian girl, a native of Wicklow, in the service of Mrs. Fielding, the mother of Mrs. S. C. Hall, and who came with her to London. She had been with her over fifty years when she died. She was buried in Brompton Cemetery, Mr. Hall defraying the whole of the expenses of the funeral. These are the two cases referred to in the 'Retrospect,' but there is yet another faithful domestic of whom I have heard Mr. Hall speak in happy terms—Mary Hooper, of Topsham. She was living when a few years



ago Mr. Hall went to visit his and her native town, and he tells a most amusing tale regarding that interview. It had been many, many years since they had last met, and they had both grown old—she of course much older than he, though time had silvered both their locks ; but she could not understand how the rolling years had turned the boy Samuel into the venerable gentleman who now stood before her ! and when asking her several questions about himself, he said, ‘Am I anything like him?’ she exclaimed, ‘You like him? no, not a bit.’ Judge of her surprise when he informed her he was the veritable Samuel himself. ‘You Master Samuel? You Master Samuel?’ she cried out with delight, the silent tears testifying how great was her joy. She has since passed away to swell the untold number of the great majority, but a son survives. Need I say he does not want? Oh, no! neither will he—while Mr. Hall lives; the means of obtaining many comforts are supplied by the warm-hearted one who rejoices in his new motto, ‘I Live to Give.’ I would fain extend this article and tell of many other incidents redolent of generous and loving deeds, dating from early age, of noble aspirations, of self-denials for others’ good; I could tell of his meeting with the beggar at Stirling, and how in the absorbing interest of the grand and stupendous scenery before him, he for the moment, regarded not the appeal and drove the man away, and how his conscience afterwards smote him, and how he searched Stirling through and through, in the vain hope of meeting the man, and how he vowed after this that no application for aid should ever be refused again—a vow kept to this present day. But I must close. At some other not far-distant day I may resume the subject, gratifying I know to your constituents to read, as well as pleasing for me to write.

“Bath, November 6th, 1888.

W. JONES-HUNT.”



Letters and Souvenirs from the Russian Baron Nicolas Casimir  
De Bogoushefsky to Llewellynn Jewitt.

*See Page 459.*

RUSSIAN OFFERINGS OF FLOWERS.—CHRISTMAS GREETINGS.—THE CZAR'S "TRUE AND WELL-BELOVED SERVANT."—THE RUSSIAN WHITE LILY.—THE WEDDING WREATH OF THE DUCHESS OF EDINBURGH.—THE ARCHBISHOP PAUL.—AUTOGRAPH OF PETER THE GREAT.—MESSAGE FROM THE GRAND DUKE ALEXIS TO LLEWELLYNN JEWITT.—A TREASURY OF AUTOGRAPHS.—EASTER GREETINGS.—WAR EXPECTED BETWEEN ENGLAND AND RUSSIA.—FLOWERS AGAIN.—SAD AFFLICTIONS.



Y beloved friend, Mr. Edwin Augustus G. Jewitt, has presented to me, just in time for the further enrichment of this Appendix, a packet of letters and other documents from the Russian Baron, and his sisters the Baronesses, to Llewellynn Jewitt. It appears to be a favourite Russian custom, and it is a very sweet and pretty one, to pluck flowers and enclose them in letters to beloved friends, to be preserved as souvenirs. The oldest such souvenir before me accompanies a note in Russian, by the great composer Séror, which is thus endorsed by the Baron: "A. N. Séror, Russian Composer (Operas—'Ragueda,' 'Wrajya,' 'Sila,' etc., etc.)" Then follows the year "1870," preceded by a cross, signifying Christmas, and the memorandum—"With my last I sent you some music of Séror—now I think an autograph of his will be acceptable.—BAR. DE BOGOUSHEFSKY."

The next is a souvenir consisting of fifteen printed views of St. Petersburg—a sort of panorama folded in covers, with gilded title on outside of front cover—"Souvenir de St. Petersbourg," and written inside the same cover—"Xmas, Pskow, Russia, 1873. On Russian Xmas Day this humble Souvenir, with wishes of many happy returns of the Day, is offered to Llewellynn Jewitt, Esqre., by his sincere friend and much obliged correspondent, NICOLAS CASIMIR BAR'N DE BOGOUSHEFSKY." In this signature, and in many others, the letter c is omitted.

The next follows closely, written upon highly ornamental embossed paper, with a coloured picture, in the top left corner, of a flower-crowned female figure with wings, draped in pink, bearing a white lily in her right hand, and a basket of mixed flowers in her left, just alighting in a garden walk. And this is the letter: "Pskov, Russia,

December, 1873. Between *our* Xmas, and *our* New Year Day. To LL. Jewitt, Esq. Dear and honoured Sir, and much esteemed Friend, —With indescribable joy I have received yesterday your kind, nice, truly *English* letter, and the beautiful little souvenir—it came all perfumed, only, alas! on the morning of *our* Xmas (there is a difference of twelve days). I cannot imagine how it came so late. I opened your letter at first—although I saw on the same tray a large packet sealed with H. Majesty's private seal. (He has graciously sent me a new order and his condescending good wishes, to his 'true and well-beloved servant'). . . . The dear English custom—many, *many* thanks, hearty sincere thanks to you, dear and honoured Sir, and, dare I say Friend much esteemed, although distant Friend. Receive, dearest Sir, my sincere thanks for remembering so nicely a poor Russian who esteems you with his whole heart. Pray receive my (somewhat late) wishes for a happy Xmas, and a happy happy New Year. . . . Will you condescend to convey my deep respects and respectful gratulations to your honoured Family, and your honoured Son in especial.

"We poor ignorant Russians have no Xmas cards—although some families do get them from England and send them about (I just got one from Grand Duke Alexis, with mistletoe on it), only my supply of these dear little things did not arrive, and has not arrived yet, from my agent in Pbg. by some mischance, so will you accept my sincere apologies for not sending you one. Will you consider the poor paltry little book—'Souvenir de St. Petersbourg' as one?—if not, sure a chimney fire will correct my error. The thing is meant as a souvenir of a visit to our Northern Palmyra (as we call it—*i.e.*, *not* I). May it serve as a remplaçant of a Xmas card. Perhaps this queer ornamental sheet of paper will appear curious to you. But 'tis the custom in Russia on this day and on New Year's Day in special to write on no other paper—even to our Lord and Master the Emperor! May the white pure lily the genius holds in her hand represent *truly* my sentiments to you and yours—health, happiness, a long life full of peace and joy. That is my wish, and I pray the Lord to grant my prayer in His Infinite Mercy and Wisdom. The White Lily is an emblem of Peace and Friendship amongst us Russians. Let there be Peace and Friendship among us, and Happiness and God's blessing, for this and the following, and many many years to come—among You and those dear to You. And now excuse, pray, my long tedious epistle, and believe in the eternal esteem and affection of your very obliged affectionate friend, BARON NICOLAS DE BOGOUSHEFSKY.

"P.S.—Packets with photography of antiquities with a detailed letter, or my first Note on Russia and the Scyths, will be sent in a fortnight or ten days. Many thanks for the portraits you sent; they are very nice."

The next interesting object is a small envelope, edged with red, containing a small sprig of myrtle, and thus noted: "To my dear friend LL. Jewitt, Esqre. Twig of myrtle from the bridal wreath of H.I.H. the Gd. Duchess Mary Alexandrovna, worn by her on the

day of her wedding with H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh, Jan., 1874. From his sincere friend Baron Nicolas de Bogoushefsky ——— de la Chambre de S.M. l'Empereur de Russie."

The next is a fine lithographic portrait, signed beneath in Russian autograph, and endorsed at back: "This portrait with the autograph of His Grace the Archbishop of Pskov, Porkhof Paul—the undersigned has been requested by His Grace to send to LL. Jewitt, Esqre., and to his honoured daughter, as a souvenir from the Bp. Paul, and with his Pastoral Benediction, 1874, March.—BARON BOGOUSHEFSKY."

The next in date is a document of very great interest. It is a sheet of hand-made paper measuring  $13\frac{1}{2}$  inches by  $7\frac{1}{4}$  inches. At the top is written "Autograph of Czar Peter I.—the Great, of Russia." Then, mounted upon the sheet, is the Russian autograph document itself; beneath which the Baron writes: "That this note is signed 'Pe:er' (in Russian) by the Emperor Peter I. surnamed The Great—I certify, and beg my honoured friend Llewellynn Jewitt, Esq., F.S.A., of Winster Hall, near Matlock, Derbyshire, England, to accept this, for *all Russians*, precious Autograph, as a small souvenir of his obliged and sincere friend, and most obedient servant, BARON NICOLAS CASIMIR DE BOGOUSHEFSKY, Impl. Under-Secretary for the Philanthropical Society, Vice-Pres. Imp. Psk. Arch. Commission. Estate Zapolia, Russia, Gt. Pskov, 2/14 July, 1874."

"Translation of the note: 'In the same affair as accomplices (in it) are Peter Grouzinzof, servant (slave) of Pcess. Natalie Galitzin, and the inhabitant of the Government of Kiof, and gl. Contractor Ivan Michailov, therefore you must after finding them put them under guard in prison."

'PE:ER.'

"N.B.—This note was written to Pce. Menatchikoff, and concerns the conspirators against the Czar, who belonged to his son's (Alexis) party."

The next document is a note in the hand of another Grand Duke Alexis, to the Baron, in which he says: "If you are writing to your archæological correspondent in England, Mr. Jewitt, say everything to him on behalf of, your very sincere, ALEXIS." Thus: "Mon cher Vieux,—Je vous envoie ci-joints les épreuves corrigées du 4 ème chapitre. Si vous écrivez à votre correspondant archéologique en Angleterre, Monsieur Jewitt, dites lui bien des choses de la part

"de votre bien sincere, ALEXIS."

"P.S.—Envie moi, si tu peux, les épreuves du V. & VI. Chr., aussitôt que tu pourras. Cette occupation m'amuse et c'est beaucoup comme tu sais."

This note the Baron has thus endorsed: "Autograph of the Grand Duke Alexis to myself and respecting you. I forgot to write to you his salutations, so I take the liberty of sending them in *Autograph*."

Here is a treasury of autographs accompanying the following: "2/14 March, 1875, Pskof. Most honoured dear Sir! This letter contains some autographs (unfortunately only the signatures cut out of

autographs) of some German and Russian celebrities, which I beg you to accept. If you find them not worth having, the chimney will correct my error. Per next letter I will write more, and will send, if allowed, some more of my autographs. I enclose autographs of: Empress Maria Theresia, General Suwarow, our War Minister Milutin, Emperor William of Germany, and an autograph prospectus (five lines and signed) of L. Ranke, the great German church historian. Excuse me this short note. Unfortunately just now I must attend a session of county magistrates of which I am a member—a J. P.! Yours very truly, N. DE BOGOUSHEFSKY." The autographs are all with the letter. The following covers more:

"10/22 April, 1875, Pskov Honoured Sir!—Allow me from myself, my sister, and the Archbishop, our friend, to wish you and your honoured Family all possible health and happiness and joy for the Holy-days—(I mean Easter Sunday). We Russians consider this day as one of our most important fêtes—symbolising the triumph of the Xtian faith over the Darkness of Paganism. Believe me, dear sir, you and your honoured family will not be forgotten in our warm prayers and festivities on this important day. Excuse me this short letter, but all sorts of affairs call me elsewhere. I profit by this occasion and enclose two or three autographs of celebrities, which are perfectly genuine, and which I beg you to favour me by accepting. With feelings of sincere respect I have the honour to remain your most obed. servts. and sincere friends, MARY and NICOLAS DE BOGOUSHEFSKY.

"P.S.—Our good Bishop was sitting near me when I wrote this, and wished to sign this note to certify his benediction and congratulations." And there is his signature, "✠ PAULUS EPS. PLESCOVSIIS." The autographs enclosed are those of Professor Todorus Hubertus Donatus Temme, Prussian author of a great number of novels; the Emperor Peter III. of Russia, which is thus endorsed by the Baron: "Autograph signature of the Emperor Peter III. (a Prince of Holstein) Emperor of Russia, husband of Empress Catherine the Great. He was strangled by order of his wife in 1762—who succeeded him as Empress." And lastly, the "signature of Count James D. Bruce, a Scotch adventurer, who became the favourite and Minister of the Great Czar Peter."

The next relic is an envelope containing flowers, and labelled: "Wild flowers gathered on the Fairy Mound in the Park of Zapolia, 15/27 May, 1877, by Mary and Nicolas de Bogoushevsky, and offered as a Souvenir to their respected friend Llewellynn Jewitt, Esq., F.S.A., of Winster Hall, England." The next letter is dated 26th March—7th April, 1878. Dear and respected Sir,—I hasten to write this note to reiterate the assurance of my sincere esteem and profound veneration for you, and to beg you, whatever may happen, not to forget us here—who are so truly attached to you and under so many obligations to yourself and your respected family. War will be probably declared before this reaches you. Alas for human cruelty! If any English prisoners can be aided by me and mine, they shall be,

and cared for most affectionately ; be sure of that. I national prejudices and greatly pity human weakness. I may reach you, so I register it. I never had a word from since your last registered letter. Are you well? May you well and happy. With my and my sister's respects, I have to be, respected Sir, *ever* your obliged and devoted humble  
BARON NICOLAS DE BOGUSCHEFSKY."

Here is another floral tribute of great interest, enclosed in an envelope thus endorsed : "Part of a bouquet of white anemones—gathered by the Grand Dukes Serge and Paul, son of Emperor of Russia Alexander II., in July, 1878, near Vilibaity, the Birthplace of St. Olga, the first Xtian Duchess (—near Pskof (on my estate), and then given to the under now respectfully offered as a Souvenir to my esteemed friend in England, Llewellynn Jewitt, Esq., F.S.A., of Winster Hall—  
C. BAR. DE BOGUSCHEFSKY, Estate Zapolia, Pskof, Russia.

"The rest of the bouquet, consisting of twenty-nine twigs, dried, re-formed, and is preserved in the Family Museum at the House, near Pskof, Russia, N.B."

Flowers again : "Field flowers—gathered in the autumn (September) of 1878, at Zapolia in Russia (Govt, Pskof) for Llewellynn Jewitt, Esq., by his respectful and devoted friend at Zapolia, N. C. BARON DE BOGUSHEFSKY."

And flowers again, in envelope endorsed : "The first flower season gathered in a deer park near Zapolia, Govt, Pskoff, Russia, for Llewellynn Jewitt, Esq., F.S.A., etc., etc., of Winster Hall, by his friends at Zapolia House—Mary and Nicolas de Bogoushevsky 10/22 April, 1879."

The following is from the Baroness Mary alone, with variation in the spelling of the name : "Will Mr. and Mrs. Jewitt and their esteemed Family, receive the most friendly wishes and congratulations for this 'fête,' from their very attached and obliged friends in Russia? With the kindest regards and the above wishes, yours  
MARY DE BOGUSHEFSKY."

"Villa Pokrasskoe, nr. Pskoff, Russia, 10/22 December 1882. Dear Sir and kind friend,—Only a few words to say how we are and your family, joy, prosperity, and good health for Mary and the New Year, and that we are, and ever will be, your friends." This is separately signed at length by brother and sister.

"Estate Pokrasskoe, nr. Pskow, Russia. 5/17 January, 1883. Sir and respected Friend,—We need not say how happy we have been to receive your kind letter containing such kind wishes and expressions and the beautiful cards. I assure you we did not forget, and we drink your and your honoured Family's good health and prosperity both on your and our Xmas, and on New Year's Day. This will never be forgotten, and never *will* forget, as long as we live, have so much kindness on your part. Please receive our very affectionate greetings and kindest wishes for this new year 1883 A.D., and

transmit our good wishes to your honoured Family. Our old Abp., to whom I have communicated your good wishes, has commissioned me to thank you very much, and to transmit to you and your Family his best wishes and an old man's blessings—(he is very old and infirm now, and, I am afraid, very near his grave, alas!).

"We have extraordinary warm weather, and *we have not yet had any snow*!! It is very bad, as the air is not cleared by frost, and all sorts of diseases are abroad—especially Diphtertis. I congratulate you and Mrs. Jewitt on the completion of your forty-third Anniversary. I hope you will be allowed by God's Mercy and Goodness to see this Anniversary, many, many times to come—in health and joy. Thank you for asking about my health. I am much better now, thank God; there is only a little dry cough left which looks dangerous. Please excuse again a much shorter letter than I would have liked to write, but there are so many things that one could *say* and yet cannot *write*. . . . Believe me, dear and respected Sir, I am, ever your truly obliged and sincerely attached humble friend—NICOLAS BN. DE BOGOUSHEVSKY."

"Dear and respected Friend,—Allow us, *i.e.*, me and my sister, to wish you and your esteemed family a happy Xmas and merry New Year, and many returns of the days. We hope you are all well and happy. God bless you and give you all possible joy and all you desire. I am pretty well, but overwhelmed with affairs—official and private—so excuse long silence and short note *please*, for this time. After the fêtes I hope to have more time at my disposition. We have drunk your healths in our family on *your* Xmas, and will ne'er forget to do so on our Xmas and New Year's Day. Believe us, dear and esteemed Sir and honoured friend, ever your devoted and obliged servants, Bns. N. and M. de Bogoushevsky, Pokravskoe, 21st December, O.S., 1883, nr. Pskof, Russia."

Again beautiful flowers, thus labelled: "Russian flowers, gathered on the 23/24 May, O.S. (Trinity Day) for I.L. Jewitt, Esq., by his sincere and respectful friends Mary and Nicolas, Bns. de Bogoushevsky, at Zapolia, near Pskov, Russia."

And now we come to the last touching letter and scene of this very friendly correspondence. How interesting would it have been could we have seen Llewellynn Jewitt's share of it! especially his loving letter of sympathy in reply to this last from his Russian friend in his trying Job-like situation. For while he is struck down with physical disease—"un coup d' apoplexie," he has lost largely of his worldly treasures by a great fire, including his grand library and collection of precious autographs, which, besides being altogether irreplaceable, were uninsured. Besides this, in trying to help a poor friend he has lost a large sum of money, and he has another sad grief in the loss of the sweet society of the Baroness Mary for so many years his close and loving companion, she having married an officer of high rank and departed with him. But another sister is filling the void, and on her brother's behalf writes this touching letter to Llewellynn Jewitt:

"Pskow le 6/18 Janvier, 1885. Monsieur!—Permettez-moi de

The old Suspension Bridge, three hundred yards above which the great swimmer made his final dive, is about two miles below the Falls, and the Whirlpool referred to above is about a mile below the bridge. This Whirlpool, about three miles below the Falls, is thus described by an American writer, who says that the river—"bending towards the Canadian side, and contracted to a width of 220ft., rushes violently into a deep depression in the steep cliff on that side, from which it emerges, turning back almost at a right angle into the American side. This depression presents the appearance of having been hollowed out by a great eddy or whirl of the waters, and is known as the Whirlpool." To pull through this whirling force appears impossible to human strength. The passage of the Rapids which supply the Whirlpool was alone a most dangerous undertaking, with the jagged rocks jutting out on each side, and the rush of water so powerful in its narrow restraint, that the middle of the flood bulges about thirty feet above the sides. All this danger Matthew Webb had contemplated and calculated before making his desperate attempt, as he had previously contemplated and calculated the tremendous labour of swimming the English Channel, and what appeared impossible to all others appeared possible to him. Some weeks before the attempt he had observed to an American interviewer: "I am going to swim the Whirlpool Rapids, and I will say it is about the angriest bit of water in the world. I came over from England two weeks ago to make the trial, and I went to the Rapids last week, and made a critical examination. They are rough, I tell you, and the Whirlpool is a grand one, but I think I am strong enough and skilled enough to get through alive. . . . When I strike the Whirlpool I will strike out with all my strength, and try to keep away from the suck-hole in the centre. I will begin with the breast stroke and then use overhand strokes. My life will then depend upon my muscles and my breath, with a little touch of science behind them." The following, published by another interviewer, shows that Webb had calculated the dangers and toils: "At the spot where Webb intends to take water the current runs at a speed of thirty-nine miles an hour, and the depth of the Niagara River is 95ft. At the foot of the cataract the stream is wide, but at the Rapids it is comparatively narrow. Captain Webb does not under-estimate the danger of two groins of jagged rock, which project from the shore, and above which the waters foam. He wishes to avoid these subaqueous crags; still he would prefer not to try the middle of the river, because there, in the very centre of the Whirlpool, death would be certain. . . . At a given moment he will, clad only in the light gear in which, in 1875, he crossed the British Channel, jump from his shallow, and float among the Rapids. If he finds the eddying waters too furious to be swum in with comfort, he will dive, and only come up now and again to the surface for respiratory purposes. . . . He will require two or three hours to get out of the circle of attraction of the Whirlpool, the diameter of which is about a quarter of a mile. Once beyond the circumference of the Whirlpool, he will endeavour to reach the shore on the



Canadian side ; but if he should be frustrated in this attempt by the impetuosity of the current, he will allow himself to float in the direction of Lewiston, on the American shore of the Niagara River." The following biographical notice, in addition to the leading article, appeared in the *Daily Telegraph* of July 26th, 1883 :

"Captain Matthew Webb, who had just attained his thirty-fifth year, was born at Ironbridge, in Shropshire, where several of his brothers and sisters still reside. His father was a physician, but very early in life young Webb developed an intense liking for the sea, and even as a boy was celebrated for his daring and skill as a swimmer. As a mere lad he entered the mercantile navy, and gradually rose through the usual grades until he became captain of a merchantman. There is a story that in this capacity Mr. Webb was so intrepid and dashing that it was difficult for him to get a crew who would a second time go to sea with him. On one occasion, some years ago, during a storm, he leapt from the deck of a Cunard steamer to save the life of a sailor who had fallen overboard. For this courageous act was conferred on him the first gold medal ever granted by the Royal Humane Society, the Duke of Edinburgh making the presentation. Swimming would appear to have been a passion with him, and in 1875 he conceived the extraordinary notion of crossing the English Channel from Dover to Calais. That also was, at the time, regarded as utterly impracticable. Many attempts had been made, all resulting in failure ; but Captain Webb refused to believe that he should not succeed, and, as a preliminary trial of strength and endurance, he swam from Blackwall to Gravesend, covering the distance—eighteen miles—in four hours fifty-two minutes forty-four seconds. Gaining confidence from this success, he essayed the journey from Dover to Ramsgate, and succeeded in accomplishing this more difficult task in eight hours forty-five minutes. Both these efforts of endurance and skill took place in 1875, and, apparently satisfied with them, Captain Webb now finally determined on attempting the Channel passage. Friday, August 13, was the day fixed upon. The swimmer was to have started at daybreak, and at that time the sea was calm and apparently inviting ; but something in the atmospheric appearances suggested a doubt whether similarly quiet weather could be counted upon for twenty-four consecutive hours, and a postponement was agreed to. But only for a short time. At a few minutes after five o'clock on the same evening, though the sea was lumpy, and a fresh breeze blew from the South-West, Captain Webb, having previously been well rubbed with porpoise oil, took the water, diving from a boat at the Admiralty Pier at Dover. He was closely accompanied all the way by a boat with two personal friends on board, and a lugger, in which were a number of gentlemen, who had undertaken to see the completion of the task—if it was completed. The daring swimmer struck out strongly and cheerfully, and for an hour or two made good progress, and seemed in excellent condition. His first refreshment was some roast beef, which he consumed without difficulty. But the wind increased, the sea grew more rough, and a little after heavy rain began to fall. It was now impossible to attempt taking solid food, and with

a glass of cod-liver oil the captain continued his voyage under the most disagreeable conditions as to weather. Indeed, he suggested giving up the struggle, but as a lull in the wind took place at sunset he went on. Again, however, the wind rose, the rain fell, and the sea became greatly more troubled. A short further trial was made, but all agreeing that there was no hope of improvement, Captain Webb finally left the water at midnight, feeling warm, and looking still fresh and vigorous, notwithstanding his extraordinary exertions.

"Although the sea proved thus too rough for him, and the wind and weather so thoroughly unpropitious, still more than half of the passage was accomplished, and the captain seemed convinced that he could safely undertake the whole journey. So another trial was determined upon, and successfully undertaken on August 24th. Then the waves were quiet, the tide favourable, the wind agreeable, and when, at one o'clock on that day, Captain Webb dived from the end of the Admiralty Pier, amid the cheers of a considerable concourse of people, it was with a strong belief that he would accomplish his journey in about fourteen hours. As a matter of fact it took him 21h. 45min. 55sec. He was accompanied, as before, by a lugger and row boat, containing judges and some of his friends. His refreshments consisted of beef-tea, coffee, and brandy. There was nothing very noticeable in the passage until about 9 30 on the night of the 24th. Webb called out that he had been stung on the shoulder by a jelly fish, asking for some brandy. At that time, it is recorded, there was a perceptible weakening of his stroke, and it was feared that eight and a half hours in the water and the chilly air of the evening were beginning to tell upon him. A few minutes later, however, he shouted that he was all right, and felt no more of the sting. Again, just after midnight, the wind freshened, and at two o'clock the reports were not reassuring. It was said the swimmer was getting perceptibly weaker, and the diver prepared himself to render prompt assistance. But the administration of a little brandy revived Webb, and he again pursued his monotonous way. As the shore of Calais came into view, wind and tide both fought against the struggler in the water. Once more there were signs of weakness, again anxiety among his friends; but at last, after many misgivings, Webb touched ground, and was cordially welcomed by the French crowd that lined the beach. On landing he was very weak, but, as the boatman expressed it, 'jolly in his talk' up to the end. He went to bed immediately, slept soundly, and the medical aid volunteered was declined as unnecessary. On returning to England, Mr. Webb was received with great enthusiasm, and a very considerable sum of money was subscribed and presented to him.

"Since that time Captain Webb has performed many remarkable feats. In 1880 he won a five days' swimming race at the Lambeth Baths; and in March of the same year he remained in the tank at the Westminster Aquarium during a period of sixty hours, with an interval of 21min. 30sec. Then, in the following August, at Scarborough, he remained seventy-four hours in the water, with only a few minutes' interval. Even this was eclipsed by what he did last year in

America, where, at the Horticultural Hall Building, Boston, he remained  $128\frac{1}{2}$  hours in a tank, less 94 minutes for rest. In 1881 Webb was defeated by W. Beckwith in a six days' swim of ten hours a day at the Westminster Aquarium; but on October 1st, 1881, at Hollingworth Lake, Lancashire, Webb defeated Mr. A. Jennings in a five hours' swim, accomplishing a distance of five miles 660 yards. As we have stated, just before leaving for America, Webb was again defeated by Beckwith, having been compelled to give up the struggle in consequence of suffering from congestion of the lungs. Captain Webb married about three years ago, and leaves behind a wife, who is in delicate health, and two children.

"A Wellington correspondent telegraphs that last evening he visited Captain Webb's brothers at Ironbridge, Dr. Thomas L. Webb and Mr. Arthur Webb, gentleman farmer. Some of the Ironbridge people who had heard rumours as to Captain Webb, awaited the train from Wellington to learn whether the report was correct. So confident were many persons of their old favourite's strength and ability that it was simply impossible to convince them of the sad truth. Others were much affected by the news. At Wellington and other places along the line great excitement and consternation were caused on reading the brief telegram, 'Captain Webb drowned,' in the local evening paper, and several persons were moved to tears. Mrs. Webb, Dr. Webb's wife, had only heard a rumour, and it fell to the lot of our correspondent to confirm her worst apprehensions. Dr. Webb, on returning home, was naturally greatly grieved by the news which he had only heard about eight p.m. He was deeply touched by the numerous inquiries and expressions of regret and sympathy made by people in the town. He knew nothing whatever about what his brother was doing in America further than what was stated in the newspapers, and was greatly grieved though not surprised when he learned that his brother proposed attempting the hazardous feat. Knowing his relative's disposition as he did, he was satisfied that he would not be deterred from making the attempt by reason of what anyone would say when once he had made up his mind. A man who had the pluck and determination to swim the Channel, and having the iron will of his brother, was not one to stick at a trifle, and the sorrowful news of yesterday was only such as they had too often feared to receive. The doctor gave some particulars of Captain Webb's doings since the Channel swim. After that feat the Captain appeared to be content with his success, lecturing upon swimming, performing minor experiments, giving prizes, etc., for swimming, and lecturing at schools. He was also particularly diligent in inventing what he termed improved means of locomotion. He patented a very ingenious kind of bicycle, a swimming machine and propeller on the screw principle, and had got the idea of a flying machine, but nothing gave him so much pleasure as doing something to promote swimming, not solely for pecuniary objects, as he was a man of generous impulses, and good-natured to a fault. As long as he was content with a life of this kind his relatives were happy; but he was, sailor-like, of a restless disposition, and often talked about doing another great swimming feat.

He told Dr. Webb he thought of doing a big thing in America. The Americans, he said, were more enthusiastic than the English. He frequently had letters from friends in that country pressing him to go over there and do something of an eclipsing character. He visited his relatives at Ironbridge occasionally, and they often advised him to abandon the idea of further hazardous exploits. Dr. Webb pointed out that at his age (thirty-five) his muscles would not be so powerful, that a man's body must gradually deteriorate after thirty; but it was evidently a subject that he did not like. He laughed at his friends' fears, and could not be persuaded that he could lose any of his power. When Dr. Webb heard of his illness after swimming at Lambeth he wrote seriously warning him; but Captain Webb did not reply on the subject. Several times he said he should try to swim to Ireland. It was incorrectly reported that his first life-saving feat was on board the Conway. At a very early age he saved one of his brothers, who was bathing. As a boy he was continually swimming on the Severn and in pools in the neighbourhood, to the admiration of his companions. To the great satisfaction of his family, he once informed them that he thought of settling down at Boston, United States, but his love of excitement and of swimming, and his dread of a quiet life, as he thought a landsman's must necessarily be, prevailed."

The following appeared in the *Daily Telegraph* of July 30th, 1883:

"NEW YORK, SUNDAY EVENING.

"The last act has been completed in the tragedy of poor Captain Webb's sensational end, and the wild speculations that had been current in some quarters as to the possibility of his escape have been effectually set at rest by the finding of his body four miles below the fatal Rapids. No doubt the tremendous force of the Whirlpool, in which objects have sometimes been seen whirling round and round for days, had kept it near the spot. The body bore evidence of the fearful violence of the struggle which the unfortunate swimmer had undergone. His bathing drawers were torn to fragments, and on the centre of the head was a deep cut, which left the skull exposed for three inches. This would seem to indicate that Webb had been dashed by the resistless force of the current against one of those jagged peaks of rock which he himself specified as amongst the greatest perils of his journey. The other bruises on the body were but slight and unimportant. A jury was immediately summoned, and an inquiry held in due form, at the close of which a verdict of found drowned was returned. Captain Webb's death has created all the more sensation and regret from the fact that until the last moment no one supposed that he would actually be rash enough to make the attempt. It was believed, and with too good reason, as the event has proved, that it was impossible for any swimmer, however skilful or intrepid, to escape the double danger of the projecting rocks at the side and of the fatal Whirlpool in the centre."

The spot on the river where the body was found was near Lewiston, at which place it was landed. And thus, after his death, was accomplished what he had purposed living, that, failing to reach the shore

on the Canadian side "he will allow himself to float in the direction of Lewiston, on the American shore of the Niagara River."

Half-way between Niagara Falls and Suspension Bridge, in the cemetery called Oakwood, and in a heart-shaped piece of land known as "Strangers' Rest," the remains of earth's greatest swimmer of all past time repose. The widely circulated report that he undertook this, his last bold feat, for money, was utterly false.

Matthew Webb visited the Potteries for public purposes three or four times after his great Channel feat, and on each occasion was the guest of his excellent and most hospitable friend, Dr. J. S. Crapper, at the White House, Hanley. On one occasion his brother, Dr. Thomas L. Webb, the same who in his youth dined with Llewellynn Jewitt, accompanied him, when I had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of that gentleman.

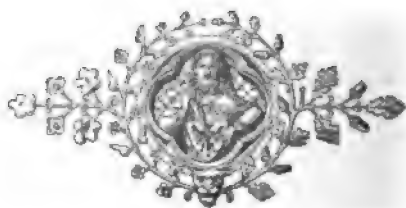
While the Captain was on a visit at the White House, in December, 1875, a *conversazione* was held in his honour at the Mechanics' Hall, Hanley, when he was presented with an address, and the gold medal of the Stoke Victoria Athletic Club. I had written some verses for the occasion, which, after the presentation, were sung by the Burslem Vocal Union, accompanied by the audience, among whom copies of the lines had been distributed. While the singers were ranging themselves on the platform I had deserted the group of magnates which surrounded the Captain, and hidden myself among the audience in a back seat. This was observed by the Captain, and, as a mark of courtesy to myself, he also forsook the group, and came and sat by my side on that back seat. It will be remembered by some, that, shortly before Webb's great swim, an American named Boyton had crossed the Channel in a special buoyant dress of his own invention; and the feat, even with that aid, astonished the world, rendered Boyton instantly famous, and obtained the gracious recognition and applause of our Queen. And these are the lines which were chanted, to the tune of triumph, by the Burslem Vocal Union, the chant and its hero being further honoured by the accompaniment of a hundred choice sweet voices of ladies among the audience:

"See the Channel hero comes—  
 See the Channel hero's here;  
 Sound the trumpets, beat the drums,  
 Greet him with a British cheer!  
 Hail a hero when he comes,  
 Sound the trumpets, beat the drums!  
 Boyton filled the world with wonder,  
 When 'the swim' again he tried—  
 Beaten once, would not knock under—  
 Strove, and conquer'd wave and tide.  
 Hail a brave, whence e'er he comes,  
 Sound the trumpets, beat the drums!  
 'Shall we Britons idly cheer  
 At being thrash'd in our own seas?'  
 Ask'd Matthew Webb—'are there not here  
 Boys to beat such swims as these?'  
 Yet hail a brave whence e'er he comes,  
 Sound the trumpets, beat the drums!"

Boyton well his laurels won,  
The Yankee's brave: but not less brave  
To breast the tide am I for one:  
Britannia's sons still rule the wave!  
Hail a hero when he comes,  
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums!

Boyton's buoying dress he spurn'd;  
Without such aid the feat he'd try.  
His might and pluck the laurel earn'd  
And gave his name to history!  
Hail a hero when he comes,  
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums!

What was Leander's task to his,  
Who toil'd through fifty miles of wave—  
And proved himself a Hercules—  
The fame of British pluck to save?  
Hail a hero when he comes,  
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums!  
See the Channel hero's here,  
Greet him with a British cheer!"



## General Notes.

PAGE 4.—As to the longevity of the ancestors of the Jewitts are Arthur Jewitt's words in his book of biographical memoirs: "This family, it may be observed, is rather remarkable for longevity. My grandmother is supposed to have reached nearly her one hundred and fourth year, my mother her one hundredth, my aunt Thomas her ninety-eighth or ninety-ninth, and my uncle William her eighty-eighth. My uncle George died comparatively young, he died at about eighty-four."

PAGE 38.—Besides "A Little Book of Songs and Ballads" is Fairholt's young friend Edward Rimbault, I have another important book of his, of considerable magnitude and value, entitled, "The Organ, its History and Construction: a Comprehensive Treatise on the Structure and Capabilities of the Organ, with Specifications and Suggestive Details for Instruments of Organs, intended for a Handbook for the Organist and the Amateur." London: Edward J. Hopkins, Organist of the Temple Church; preceded by an entirely New History of the Organ, Memoirs of the most Eminent Builders of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries, and a History of Matters of Research, in Connection with the Subject, by Edward Rimbault, LL.D., Member of the Royal Academy of Music, Stockholm, etc. London: Robert Cocks and Co., New Bond Street, etc., etc., "MDCCCLV." This appears to be a most complete and important work on its subject. I have also a pamphlet, "Who was 'Jack Wilson,' the Singer of Shakespeare's Stag?" an attempt to prove the identity of this Person with John Wilson, of Music, in the University of Oxford, A.D. 1644. By Edward Rimbault, LL.D., F.S.A., etc., etc., etc. London: John Smith, Old Compton Street, Soho Square. MDCCCLVI."

PAGE 43.—Readers who would know more of Frederick Fairholt, and he is worth knowing fully, should consult Mr. Roach Smith's "Collectanea Antiqua," and "Retrospections." Fairholt is buried at Brompton, but Mr. Roach Smith obtained permission to put up an enamelled Brass, by Mr. J. G. Waller, to his memory in the church at Stratford-on-Avon, not far from the bust of Shakespeare. To this town he left his Shakespearian collections.

PAGE 80.—Mr. Samuel Wood, whom Llewellynn Jewitt mentions in his Shrewsbury, was an accomplished numismatist and general antiquary.





pension. Miss Meteyard (Silver-pen) was a voluminous writer. "Hallowed Spots," dedicated to Mr. Roach Smith, is a notice to the great and good, who in past ages have fought for truth and liberty.

PAGE 216.—It is highly improbable that Mr. Newton Roach Smith should not, at once, have detected the obviousness of this fabricated inscription.

PAGE 234.—For interesting matter respecting Mr. Henry Slack, F.G.S., Barrister-at-Law, see Mr. Roach Smith's "Contributions," Vol. II.

PAGE 248.—When speaking of the benefit conferred upon the people by Llewellynn Jewitt's water-supply, I ought to have mentioned a special great good resulting from that act. It is pretty well known that those who are compelled to drink water derived from a watershed are liable to the terrible disfigurement and a bronchocele or goitre. That used to be a pretty frequent complaint among the inhabitants of Winstanley, when they drank the water supplied from the carboniferous limestone. The substitution of a stream from the distant millstone-grit watershed has freed the people from fresh visitations of that hideous complaint.

PAGE 254.—The announcement by Llewellynn Jewitt in the introduction to the fourteenth volume of *The Reliquary* that "*The Reliquary* has died a natural death," will be puzzling to those who have been taking in the work of that title, and can count on their fingers the number of its eighteen valuable volumes. *The Reliquary* was first published in 1871, and the first four numbers were entitled *The Antiquary*, which word, used as a noun, is an abomination in the eyes of the educated antiquary. It died a natural death, as Llewellynn stated, and regretted, in 1873, or early in 1874. Mr. Strutt was the first editor, and after him Mr. Roger. It was not until January 1874 that the present flourishing Journal *The Antiquary*, was started as a volume consisting of six monthly numbers, published by Elmslie & Co., 62, Paternoster Row, London, and edited by Edward Wallis. The present editor is Mr. T. Fairman Ordish.

PAGE 287.—When Llewellynn Jewitt resigned the presidency of the Winstanley Floral and Horticultural Society, which he had founded, he was presented by its members with a beautiful silver dish, stand, tray, and candlestick, thus inscribed: "A token of the good wishes. Presented by a few members of the Winstanley Floral and Horticultural Society, to their President, Llewellynn Jewitt, Esq., Winstanley Hall, Derbyshire, Feby., 1880." The testimonial was accompanied with the following address:

"Dear Mr. President,—I have been requested on behalf of the Society, and other friends, to undertake a duty which at the same time affords me very great pleasure, and yet awakens feeling

regret. I have been asked, Sir, to offer for your acceptance a small gift as a token of our sincere regard, as a memento of our pleasant work together, and as an expression of our hearty good wishes for your continued health and prosperity in the future ; and, in doing so, I must not let the opportunity pass by of assuring you how much we have all been struck with admiration of your talents, how we have been unceasingly stimulated by your unflagging energy and devotion to work, and how, most of all, our hearts have been won by your gentle bearing amongst us, and your unfailing kindness of heart. We should have been sorry indeed for you to have parted from us without some mark of our appreciation. We feel that we owe you very much as President of our Society, and how difficult, if not impossible, it will be to find a successor to walk in your steps. These flowers of gratitude, good wishes, and kindly remembrance we offer to you on the occasion of our taking leave of you as our President and Friend, and can only express the hope that, however much we may miss you here, you may be blessed with health and prosperity for many years to come, and that the change, which we all regret so much, may, in some way or other, prove a blessing in disguise, by drawing your contemplation towards that more settled and happier home above, where these unbidden changes never come, and these wrenches of separation are no more. JOSEPH PRINSEP, Hon. Sec. of the Winster Floral and Horticultural Society. Winster, February 5th, 1880.

“In the name of those present, and other friends, I beg your kind acceptance of this Inkstand, as a pleasant remembrance of your sojourn in Winster, and the good wishes of your friends on leaving.”

PAGE 305.—Thomas Wright was sent to Cambridge by, and at the cost of, Mr. Hutchings. This fact does not appear anywhere but in Roach Smith's "Retrospections," Vol. I., from information given by the late Mr. John Wood, of Carisbrooke, I.W., his schoolfellow and early friend.

PAGE 357.—It was while Mr. Hall was expecting soon to rejoin his beloved wife, as in his letter to me, "She has heard the words of her Lord and Master, in whom she trusted—'Good and faithful servant.' I pray that I, too, may hear them—and soon : " it was while living in this expectation that he composed the following beautiful lines :

#### "NIGH AT HAND !

"Through mists that hide from me my God I see  
A shapeless form ; Death comes, and beckons me :  
I scent the odours of the Spirit land :  
And, with commingled joy and terror, hear  
The far-off whispers of a white-robed band :—  
Nearer they come—yet nearer—yet more near :  
Is it rehearsal of a 'Welcome' song  
That will be in my heart and ear, ere long ?  
Do these bright spirits wait till Death may give  
The Soul its franchise—and I die to live !

Does fancy send the breeze from yon green mountain?  
 (I am not dreaming when it cools my brow.)  
 Are they the sparkles of an actual fountain  
 That gladden and refresh my spirit now?  
 How beautiful the burst of holy light!  
 How beautiful the day that has no night!  
 Open! ye everlasting gates! I pray—  
 Waiting, but yearning—for that perfect day!  
 Hark! to these Allelujahs! 'hail! all hail!'  
 Shall *they* be echoed by a sob and wail?  
 Friends, 'gone before,' these are your happy voices:  
 The old, familiar, sounds: my soul rejoices!

Ah! through the mist, the great white throne I see:  
 And now a Saint in Glory beckons me.  
 Is death a foe to dread? the death who giveth  
 Life the unburthened Life that ever liveth!

Who shrinks from death? Come when he will or may,  
 The night he brings will bring the risen day:  
 His call—his touch—we neither seek nor shun:  
 His life is ended when his work is done.  
 Our spear and shield no cloud of Death can dim:  
 He triumphs not o'er us,—we conquer him!

How long, O Lord, how long, ere I shall see  
 The myriad glories of a holier sphere?  
 And worship in Thy presence:—not as here  
 In chains that keep the shackled Soul from Thee!

My God! let that Eternal Home be near!

Master! I bring to Thee a soul opprest:  
 'Weary and heavy laden': seeking rest:  
 Strengthen my faith; that, with my latest breath,  
 I greet Thy messenger of Mercy—DEATH!

"S. C. HALL."

PAGE 397.—It is pleasant to learn that the historic residence of Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall at Addlestone, is still maintained in all its original beauty and elegance, and in its art and horticultural interest, as of old. Since the last chapter of this book was in type, I wrote to my friend Mr. Thomas Apsley Rickman, of Addlestone, on the subject, and he informs me that the present proprietors and occupiers—November 22nd, 1888—Mr. John and Mr. Edward J. Tulk, the sons of the gentleman who purchased the estate from Mr. Hall, "are men of great taste and horticultural knowledge, the house being a perfect little museum, and the garden hard to beat anywhere." It appears that the trees now surviving, with the original labels, are: Grace Greenwood, S. C. Hall, Anna Maria Hall, Dinah Maria Mulock, Frederick Goodall, Macready, Mary Howitt, Lady Morgan, Jenny Lind, and Samuel Lover. But the Frederick Goodall is a laurel, not a fir. The idea of planting these trees, to become of great historic interest in the future, was, like most of Mr. Hall's ideas, excellent, and will in the future be imitated by other hosts and hostesses who have "grounds" and entertain distinguished guests. And let me give to such a timely and important caution, which is this: Take care that the plants be placed sufficiently apart in their infancy, that in

their matured age the distinguished group may not be forced to a too close and perpetual mutual embrace all round, which must, in time, prove fatal to some of them.

PAGE 399.—In interesting connection with Mr. Hall's remarks on Prince Louis Napoleon's early faith in his own imperial destiny, I have cut the following paragraph from the *Daily Telegraph* of October 24th, 1888: "Various reminiscences of illustrious people are conjured up by the recent death of the Dowager Duchess of Hamilton, Princess Mary of Baden. The Princess who was born on October 11th, 1817, was married at the age of twenty-six to the Duke of Hamilton, who was one of the personal friends of Louis Napoleon, and who, when the Prince President became Emperor, purchased a magnificent mansion in the Faubourg Saint Germain. The Duchess of Hamilton was one of the most welcome of the guests at the Tuileries, and, while shunning to a considerable extent the more gorgeous gatherings at the Imperial Court, she was an assiduous attendant at the Empress's little teas and at the family *réunions* at St. Cloud. When her husband, the Duke of Hamilton, died suddenly on coming out of the *Maison Dorée* on the Boulevards, in 1863, the Duchess retired altogether from the brilliant life of the Court. There were various reasons why the Duke and Duchess of Hamilton were *personæ gratissimæ* at the Tuileries in the dazzling days of the Imperial régime. The Duke was, it is true, a trusty friend of Louis Napoleon's, but his wife was the daughter of the Emperor's favourite aunt. The Dowager Duchess of Hamilton who has just died was, in fact, one of the children of Stéphanie Louise Adrienne, Vicomtesse de Beauharnais, who was the adopted daughter of Napoleon the First, and in April, 1806, married the Grand Duke of Baden. On the death of Queen Hortense, in 1837, it was the Grand Duchess Stéphanie who watched with maternal solicitude over young Louis Napoleon, of whose filial familiarity towards his aunt an amusing anecdote is told by the Vicomte de Beauchèsne, who knew the Grand Duchess well. Prince Louis, his aunt, and the Vicomte were playing whist one evening, when the Prince, who was losing, was preparing to leave the room without paying the Grand Duchess. 'I call you to witness,' said the Duchess to M. de Beauchèsne, 'that he is going away in my debt.' 'Never mind, aunt,' returned the Prince; 'you shall get your money when I am Emperor.' At this the Duchess remarked to the Vicomte, 'Prince Louis is always joking,' little thinking at the time that her nephew was destined to repay her with interest. It was the Grand Duchess Stéphanie who represented Queen Josephine of Sweden and Norway at the baptism of the young Prince Imperial who was killed in Zululand. Cardinal Patrizzi acted as sponsor on the part of Pope Pius the Ninth at the same christening. The Dowager Duchess of Hamilton who has just died, although not residing in the French capital, was a great benefactress to its poor. Her grandson, Prince Louis of Monaco, whose mother, Lady Mary Victoria Douglas Hamilton, was married to Count Festetics, of Vienna, after having been divorced from Prince Albert of Monaco, is now completing his studies in the

College Stanislaus, the famous establishmen of the Jesuit. He was a great favourite with his grandmother, and frequ his holidays with her in Baden."

PAGE 419.—Here is another of Fairholt's letters address S. C. Hall, while she and her husband were on the continer. It is addressed to "Mrs. S. C. Hall, Hotel de Baviere, Le is dated "*Art Journal* Office, Monday, September 23rd." as usual. But it was written the day before that letter wh on page 419, from Mrs. Fielding, at Addlestone, to her son daughter, at the same above-named address :

"Dear Mrs. Hall,—I had always considered you and M the same, and, therefore, in writing to one I calculated I the same thing as write to the other ; but your last note acc of 'unkindness' in not answering your note and telling you Fielding, is what I can't comprehend. I have never let unanswered from either of you, and have been regularly ever to Firfield. I fancy some must be left at post towns after y them, as there appears to be a quicker movement on your p on that of the post. Mr. Hall's 'bit more' to his art reached here last Saturday morning (the 21st), when, of co sheet had long been at press, and it could not be insertec delighted at all you tell me about the *Art Journal* in Ger hope to Heaven it will make a strong push. Vertue starts t burgh to-morrow evening, and will bring with him the bo you want. I have no doubt he will find the prospectuses : McCracken's folks say there is no quicker mode than that tl adopted. I hope you have all. I am glad the *Journal* is liked in Germany, and hope some good will come of Exhibition Commissioners for 1851 have just given notice for for two catalogues, one full and comprehensive, 'which will extend to two or more volumes,' to be sold at a price fixe party contracting. The other to be sold for one shilling. Tl very 'smashing' article against the Exhibition altogether in wood. 'Tell Mr. Hall!! We have just got the *Journal* finis a very nice and varied number. I am glad to say I have no Mrs. Fielding keeps well, and the weather is nice and mil Kennett walks out, and I believe all are going on rightly. you are all well. Pray write when you have definitely se reaching home. Mrs. Fielding is very anxious about it. I also most glad to see you, and long to have a talk about Nui a place I have been anxious all my life to see. I anticipa pleasure in a long chat or two when you are again at home, a be much delighted the shorter that time may be. Remen most kindly to Mr. Hall, and to Mr. Murray, to whom and yo hope to be always able to subscribe myself, yours very truly FAIRHOLT."

On the 9th of May, 1888, the following appeared in the paper, *The Star*: "Samuel Carter Hall is celebrating the eigh

anniversary of his birthday to-day, in splendid health of mind and body. His long white locks fall picturesquely over his broad shoulders, and his handsome face, which Paul de la Roche portrayed in youth, has the look of calm benevolence it has always worn. Possibly Mr. Hall is the only man who has been to sixty private views of the Royal Academy, commencing, of course, at a date when that assembly was not the fashionable event of to-day. As the founder and nearly fifty years editor of the *Art Journal*, and as the prime mover and worker for the acknowledgment and patronage of English artists as against foreign importations of 'old' masters, he claims special notice and honor. *Harper's Magazine* will publish Mr. Hall's portrait in their next article on 'London as a Literary Centre.' Among Mr. Hall's literary works, 'Ireland,' the joint work of his wife and himself, will keep his memory green wherever the shamrock blooms.

"The King of Spain can now walk. He will shortly be weaned."

PAGE 510.—Mr. S. C. Hall, after reading the "Sketch of the Life and Death of Llewellynn Jewitt," which appeared in the first number of the new series of *The Reliquary*—January, 1887—wrote an article on the subject, which appeared in *The Two Worlds*. As a spiritualist he was, naturally, struck with Llewellynn Jewitt's words, quoted on page 510 of this book: "I know I am sending her love and blessing, as much as if she had not been called away from us—for she is still present with us in spirit, and her spirit will ever still, as of old, guide our lives." And thus Mr. Hall wrote in *The Two Worlds*:

"THE DEATH-BED OF LLEWELLYNN JEWITT, F.S.A., ETC., ETC.

"This most estimable man was not a spiritualist, yet it seems to me more than probable that during our long intercourse he received from me impressions, perhaps convictions, of the solemn and happy truths that spiritualism teaches, belief that death does not infer separation. Llewellynn Jewitt was emphatically a good man; a marvellously industrious worker and harvest gatherer in the fields of literature; one to whom the world, as well as his own country, owes a deep debt of gratitude. His dear and much-loved friend, William Henry Goss, of Stoke, has paid a considerable part of that debt. A 'Sketch of the Life and Death of Llewellynn Jewitt, F.S.A.,' is one of the most admirably and beautifully written tributes I have ever read. It is an affectionate remembrance of a very dear friend, whose character he was fully capable of comprehending, and is written with a view of rendering justice to one whose life has been passed in beneficial services to humanity. I need offer no apology to the readers of *The Two Worlds* for introducing a portion of it into these pages. It is a happy, graceful, and beautiful tribute to a happy, graceful, and beautiful memory. I rejoice to have my knowledge of this estimable man thus revived and strengthened. It was my privilege to have been associated with Llewellynn Jewitt in several of his most popular works, during the many years I was Editor of the *Art Journal*. The tribute of my honoured friend W. H. Goss I re-echo

to the full; but my object in quoting the passage in his little book is to supply evidence that there are many who, though they may not have been called upon to avow belief in spiritualism, are spiritualists in all the essentials of its solemn and happy truth. Hall then quotes the death-bed scenes to the end.

PAGE 569.—The following has been going the round of newspapers, and is interesting in connection with lucifer matches.

“THE RICHEST MAN IN THE COMMONS.—Isaac Holden, of the Keighley Division of Yorkshire, is perhaps the richest man in the present House of Commons. But he began life poor. Though he is Yorkshire by origin, he was born in Paisley. He began life as a schoolmaster, and, though few people know it, it was his inventive genius that the world owes the lucifer match. It was by giving instruction to his pupils in chemistry, that he discovered the principle which underlies the lucifer. Out of this great invention Holden made no money. Later on he became a bookkeeper, and it was while he was a bookkeeper that he first began to devote his mind to the study of machinery for the carding of wool. His machine was invented which revolutionised the whole system of woolcarding, and in that way revolutionised the whole manufacturing history of England and the world. Possessed of the patent for these valuable machines, fortune poured in upon Mr. Holden. He has mills not only in Yorkshire, but also in several parts of Scotland. The average sum he receives every year probably is something like £200,000. Like most millionaires, the habits of Mr. Holden are as simple as those of a clerk with thirty shillings a week. It is said that Mr. Holden ascribes his own marvellous health, with its exercise superadded. Throughout his whole life he has never had a day's exercise—unless, indeed, he was confined to bed. Mr. Holden is two years older than Mr. Gladstone, and is quite as

PAGE 586.—Mr. W. Jones-Hunt, in speaking of Mr. Hall's old servant, Mary Hooper of Topsham, says: “she has since died away . . . but a son survives. Need I say he does not? Oh, no! neither will he—while Mr. Hall lives; the means of giving him many comforts are supplied by the warm-hearted one who is in his new motto, ‘I Live to Give.’” This morning's paper of January, 1889—furnishes me with an interesting comment upon the above words. I have received from Mr. Hall, as usual, some letters of interest addressed to himself within the last few days, and these are from Topsham, from the grandson of Mary Hooper. The son in the first letter, only just survives; for *his* son writes to me now to return my best thanks for my poor father for your very kind kindness to him. He is getting very low, and cannot hold out much longer, and I am to tell you he hopes soon to meet your dear father and mother in Heaven. He also sends his best wishes to you and cannot express his thankfulness to you—such a kind word. His second letter says: “I am writing now to inform you

death of my poor father, who passed away on Monday, the last day of the old year. His hope was in the Lord, dying very happy. I must thank you for the great kindness you have shown towards him. This remarkable charity, which cares for a father's servant unto death, and beyond it, and for her son after her, needs no comment. It is brightness in itself. Because it is charity in secret obscurity, it is light in darkness.





The late James Orchard Halliwell-Phillipps, F.R.S., etc.



WHILE I have been penning the foregoing general notes as a conclusion to this book, another lamentable death has occurred, furnishing yet another, and, I trust, final note. On the third of this month of January, 1889, died James Orchard Halliwell-Phillipps, F.R.S., etc., at his residence in Brighton. He was an old and beloved, and loving friend of Llewellynn Jewitt, and has already been mentioned in this book; but, knowing little of him, I did not think of writing a notice of his death until induced to do so by the receipt this morning—January 22nd, 1889—of the following interesting extract from the *Sussex Daily News* of the fourth of this month:

“DEATH OF MR. J. O. HALLIWELL-PHILLIPPS.

“We have this morning an announcement to make which will call forth expressions of regret and sympathy, not in Brighton only, but wherever the language of England’s—of the world’s—Imperial Poet is spoken. James Orchard Halliwell-Phillipps, F.R.S., died yesterday afternoon at Hollingbury Copse, Ditchling Road, Brighton. And thus passes away probably the greatest Shakespearean authority the world has ever seen; and Brighton has lost for ever the kindly, diffident, earnest personality of a student who enjoyed a European reputation. For the reverence of Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps for the works of the immortal poet was not the blind unpractical reverence of the enthusiast who merely bows in silent adoration before the mind which he recognises to be so immeasurably greater than his own. It was surely this; but it was something more than this. Every Shakespearean student knows that the admiration of the quiet retiring recluse of Hollingbury Copse for the poet, whose works were not for a season but for all time, was boundless. But it was neither a selfish nor an egotistical admiration; for it is well-known to have cost him a small fortune. This fact was ably brought forward by Mr. Roach Smith three years ago, during the forty-second Annual Congress, at Brighton, of the British Archæological Association. Speaking at Hollingbury Copse (not in Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps’ presence, but after he had characteristically, and literally ‘run away from flattery,’) Mr. Roach Smith spoke of Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps’ life as having been ‘devoted and sacrificed to Shakespeare.’ ‘He is now,’ said Mr. Smith, amid the enthusiastic applause of the large body of archæologists and scholars whom the owner of Hollingbury

Copse had just regally entertained, 'he is now become the greatest exponent and illustrator of our greatest man. He must have been born for his mighty task. As the musician is born a musician; as the poet is born a poet; and as the actor is born an actor; so Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps must have been born with the peculiar genius which had enabled him to accomplish so much.' Mr. Roach Smith's remarks on this occasion were, indeed, altogether so happy, and summed up, moreover, so admirably the labour of Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps' life, that we cannot do better than quote the following passage: 'When Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps retired to this secluded and charming place in Sussex, he had some idea that it would be the terminus of his Shakespearean studies. I remember saying to him, 'Shakespeare will one day give you up; but you will never leave him.' And so it had proved. After a life of incessant labour in the great city where the great dramatist played more than one part on the stage of life, Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps had repaired to nature; and they found him now, like Antæus, touching his mother earth and arising with renewed strength and vigour. A departed mutual friend used to say, and I think with truth, that for fear of incurring the odious charge of flattery, we often run into the other extreme, and do not tell our friends to their faces how much we value them, deferring praise until the ear of our friends has become for ever deafened. It is not so with me; and no such false delicacy shall hinder me from declaring that, having lived to see so much of Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps in all kinds of circumstances; having been able to know much of him in various aspects; knowing his bearing; his unconquerable perseverance; his unselfishness; his right-mindedness; and his benevolence; I think of him as the model of a perfect man.' 'The model of a perfect man!' That is high praise. Tennyson can say no more for Alfred Hallam; and Alfred Hallam's work never lived like Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps', in the world's eye. But everyone who knew him seems to have entertained feelings of respect and affection for the modest unassuming scholar who yesterday passed from the light of the greatest of all mortal minds to the light which mortal eyes cannot gaze upon. Mr. Henry Irving used to be a frequent visitor to Hollingbury Copse; and how delightful must have been the converse of the two famous Shakespearean enthusiasts! One wonders if Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps has left a diary, and, if so, whether the conversations of the student and the actor-student, as they wandered about amid the picturesque jungle which crowned the Ditchling Hill, will ever be given to the world? It was just the place, this copse, this beautifully wild, irregular mass of trees and undergrowth for so retiring a spirit as Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps' to spend the waning years of his life in,

'Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife;'

with the radiant Sussex skies above him; the glorious breezes of the Southdowns giving him renewed life and strength; (for he was never a very strong man), and the sea lying all before him, from east to west along the southern line. There is no doubt that he loved Sussex; for he scarcely ever left it. He lived an ideal scholar's life

in an idyllic home. Hollingbury Copse is about three-quarters of an hour's quiet stroll from the offices of the *Sussex Daily News*. It is situate on the Ditchling Road, occupying a central position on the spurs of hills which run southward from the ridge of the Downs, and at the extremities of which lie the town itself. What was once waste alder, hazel, and tangled briers was enclosed by Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps about nine years ago; and hidden by the copse itself was the series of quaint buildings which the owner used to call his 'wigwam.' So little is the place known by the inhabitants of the town at its feet that now not everyone is aware of the fact that it was the home of the greatest Shakespearean commentator of the age. The house which Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps occupied stands on the western fringe of the little plantation that shelters it from the east winds, and from the grounds of which one of the most extensive and lovely views of Brighton and its suburbs can be obtained. The main residence is on the plan of a farmhouse at Stratford. It is erected entirely of wood, cased with galvanised iron, and painted in imitation of the 'half wood style' of the Elizabethan period; the rooms, being all on one floor, are open to the roof, and their freedom from paper and plaster, combined with excellent ventilation and light, shewed that Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps' respect for the discoveries of sanitary science was not less than his love for the fine arts. The corridors leading from one part of the building to another bear Shakespearean names, and were called by their genial owner 'lanes,' while in and around the house are Shakespearean quotations, fancifully painted by friends of the late owner. A prominent quotation is the burthen of the song of Amiens: 'Come hither, come hither, come hither; here shall be no enemy, but winter and rough weather.' But, after all, the real value of Hollingbury Copse in the eyes of the public is not its pastoral beauties, but the rich, in fact priceless, Shakespearean treasures which it contains. Here is the only reliable portrait of Shakespeare in existence, the famous Droeshout; and so many other relics of the immortal bard that, although a list of them is before us, we are reluctantly compelled to forego publishing it. As to what is now to become of these treasures will naturally cause keen speculation for some time to come. For our own part we should not be at all surprised to learn that Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps had left them all to the nation. Such an act would be quite in harmony with the whole tenour of his life, and the spirit of his researches. Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps had published editions of the Works of Shakespeare (1851-3, 1853-61); a Life of Shakespeare; a Dictionary of Archaic and Provincial Words; an Historical Sketch of the Provincial Dialects of England; a volume of popular rhymes and nursery tales; and many other works, most of which have had for their purpose the elucidation of the Shakespeare plays and sonnets. Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps' illness was of short duration. He first summoned his medical adviser, Mr. W. H. Nicholls, of Brighton, on Monday week; and on Sunday last the aid of Mr. Durham, of Guy's Hospital was sought. The distinguished patient, however, gradually got worse, and Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps died, as stated, yesterday afternoon. He was born in 1820."

Llewellynn Jewitt had a collection of impressions of seals, now, by the generosity of his son, added to my collections. There are two labels with them in the handwriting of Llewellynn Jewitt, thus: "Original Seals from Ancient Deeds from the 12th to the 16th Centuries." And: "Rush; Leaf; and Parchment Seals of excessive Rarity.—L. JEWITT, F.S.A." And there is a letter with them, shewing that some had been obtained through Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps, then Mr. J. O. Halliwell, which had led to disappointment. Many of them have signatures on the parchment scraps to which the seals are attached, and these will be the curious and rare autographs referred to in the letter, which is this: "Avenue Lodge, Brixton Hill, Surrey, 25th October, 1851. My dear Sir,—I am much grieved to hear about the seals. They are just as I received them, with the description I sent you; but I am really quite ignorant of such matters, being not at all learned in seals; but, under the circumstances, I can only express extreme regret, and assure you I shall take the first opportunity in my power of making up the disappointment. The autographs appeared to me to be curious, and some undoubtedly rare, and I only regret that extreme pressure of occupation just now prevents my offering to assist in picking them out. Have you any news? In great haste, believe me, most sincerely yours, J. O. HALLIWELL.

"Can you tell me anything more about the Shakespeare's. If there are any very rare, I should very much like to have cuts made of the title-pages. In fact I am meditating a work requiring great numbers of facsimile cuts of the kind, in which I shall hope for your kind aid."



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